

School Edition

THE WORKS  
OF  
ALFRED LORD TENNYSON  
POET LAUREATE

*IN FOUR PARTS*

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# ENOCH ARDEN

## AND OTHER POEMS

### ENOCH ARDEN

LONG lines of cliff breaking have left a  
chasm,  
And in the chasm are foam and yellow  
sands,

Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf  
In cluster, then a moulder'd church, and  
higher

A long street climbs to one tall-tower'd  
mill,

And high in heaven behind it a gray down  
With Danish barrows, and a hazelwood,  
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes  
Green in a cuplike hollow of the down

Here on this beach a hundred years ago,  
Three children of three houses, Annie Lee,  
The prettiest little dunsel in the port,  
And Philip Ray the miller's only son,  
And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad  
Made orphan by a winter shipwreck, play'd  
Among the waste and lumber of the shore,  
Hurdlecoils of cordage, swarthy fishing nets,  
Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats up  
drawn,

And built their castles of dissolving sand  
To watch them overflow'd, or following up  
And flying the white breakers, duly left  
The little footprint daily wash'd away

A narrow cove ran in beneath the cliff  
In this the children play'd at keeping  
house

Enoch was host one day, Philip the next,  
While Annie still was mistress, but at  
times

Enoch would hold possession for a week  
'This is my house and this my little wife'  
'Mine too' said Philip 'turn and turn  
about'

When, if they quarrell'd, Enoch strong-  
made

Was master then would Philip, his blue  
eyes

All flooded with the helpless wrath of  
tears,

Shriek out 'I hate you, Enoch,' and at  
this

The little wife would weep for company,  
And pray them not to quarrel for her  
sake,

And say she would be little wife to both

But when the dawn of rosy childhood  
past,

And the new warmth of life's ascending  
sun

Was felt by either, either first his heart  
On that one gulf, and Enoch spoke his  
love,

But Philip loved in silence, and the gulf  
Seem'd kinder unto Philip than to him,  
But she loved Enoch, tho' she knew it  
not,

And would if ask'd deny it Enoch set  
A purpose evermore before his eyes,  
To hold all savings to the uttermost,  
To purchase his own boat, and make a  
home

For Annie and so prosper'd that at last  
A luckier or a bolder fisherman,  
A careful in port, did not bicker  
For lags along that breaker-beaten  
coast

Then Enoch Likewise had he served a  
year

On board a merchantman, and made  
himself

Full sailor, and he thence had pluck'd a  
life

From the dead sweep of the down streaming  
seas

And all men look'd upon him favourably  
And ere he touch'd his one and twentieth

May

He purchased his own boat, and made a home  
 - For Annie, neat and nestlike, halfway up  
 The narrow street that clamber'd toward  
 the mill

Then, on a golden autumn eventide,  
 The younger people making holiday,  
 With bag and sack and basket, great and  
 small,

Went nutting to the hazels Philip stay'd  
 (His father lying sick and needing him)  
 An hour behind, but as he climb'd the hill,  
 Just where the pione edge of the wood  
 began

To feather toward the hollow, saw the  
 pair,

Enoch and Annie, sitting hand-in-hand,  
 His large gray eyes and weather-beaten  
 face

All-kindled by a still and sacred fire,  
 That burn'd as on an altar Philip look'd,  
 And in their eyes and faces read his doom,  
 Then, as their faces drew together,  
 groan'd,

And slept aside, and like a wounded life  
 Slept down into the hollows of the wood,  
 There, while the rest were loud in merry  
 making,

Had his dark hour unseen, and rose and  
 past

Bearing a lifelong hunger in his heart

✓ So these were wed, and merrily rang  
 the bells,

And merrily ran the years, seven happy  
 years,

Seven happy years of health and com-  
 petence,

And mutual love and honourable toil,  
 With children, first a daughter In him  
 woke,

With his first babe's first cry, the noble  
 wish

To save all earnings to the uttermost,  
 And give his child a better bringing up  
 Than his had been, or hers, a wish re-  
 new'd,

When two years after came a boy to be  
 The rosy idol of her solitudes,

While Enoch was abroad on watchful seas,  
 Or often journeying landward, for in truth  
 Enoch's white horse, and Enoch's ocean-  
 spoil

In ocean smelling oser, and his face,  
 Rough reddened with a thousand winter  
 gales,

Not only to the market-cross were known,  
 But in the leafy lanes behind the down,  
 Far as the portal warding lion whelp,  
 And peacock yewtree of the lonely Hall,  
 Whose Friday face was Enoch's minister  
 ing

Then came a change, as all things  
 human change

Ten miles to northward of the narrow port  
 Open'd a larger haven thither used

Enoch at times to go by land or sea,  
 And once when there, and clambering on  
 a mast

In harbour, by mischance he slept and  
 fell

A limb was broken when they lifted  
 him,

And while he lay recovering there, his  
 wife

Bore him another son, a sickly one  
 Another hand crept too across his table  
 Taking her bread and theirs and orphans  
 full,

Altho' a grave and staid God-fearing  
 man,

Yet lying thus inactive, doubt and gloom  
 He seem'd, as in a nightmare of the night,  
 To see his children leading evermore  
 Low miserable lives of hand to mouth,  
 And her, he loved, a bigger than he  
 pray'd

'Save them from this, whatever comes to  
 me'

And while he pray'd, the master of that  
 ship

Enoch had served in, hearing his mis-  
 chance,

Came, for he knew the man and valued  
 him,

Reporting of his vessel China bound,  
 And wanting yet a boatswain Would  
 he go?

There yet were many weeks before she  
sail'd,  
Sail'd from this port Would Enoch  
have the place?  
And Enoch all at once assented to it,  
Rejoicing at that answer to his prayer

So now that shadow of mischance  
appear'd  
No graver than as when some little cloud  
Cuts off the fiery highway of the sun,  
And isles a light in the offing yet the  
wife—  
When he was gone—the children—what  
to do?  
Then Enoch lay long pondering on his  
plans,  
To sell the boat—and yet he loved her  
well—  
How many a rough sea had he weather'd  
in her!  
He knew her, as a horseman knows his  
horse—  
And yet to sell her—then with what she  
brought  
Buy goods and stores—set Annie forth  
in trade  
With all that seamen needed or their  
wives—  
So might she keep the house while he  
was gone  
Should he not trade himself out yonder?  
go  
This voyage more than once? yet twice  
or thrice—  
As oft as needed—last, returning rich,  
Become the master of a larger craft,  
With fuller profits lead an easier life,  
Have all his pretty young ones educated,  
And pass his days in peace among his  
own

Thus Enoch in his heart determined all  
Then moving homeward came on Annie  
pale,  
Nursing the sickly babe, her latest born  
Forward she started with a happy cry,  
And laid the feeble infant in his arms,  
Whom Enoch took, and handled all his  
limbs,

Appraised his weight and fondled father  
like,  
But had no heart to break his purposes  
To Annie, till the morrow, when he spoke

Then first since Enoch's golden ring  
had gut  
Her finger, Annie fought against his will  
Yet not with brawling opposition she,  
But manifold entreaties, many a tear,  
Many a sad kiss by day by night renew'd  
(Sure that all evil would come out of it)  
Besought him, supplicating, if he cared  
For her or his dear children, not to go  
He not for his own self caring but her,  
Her and her children, let her plead in vain,  
So grieving held his will, and bore it thro'

For Enoch parted with his old sea  
friend,  
Bought Annie goods and stores, and set  
his hand  
To fit then little streetward sitting room  
With shelf and corner for the goods and  
stores  
So all day long till Enoch's last at home,  
Shaking their petty cabin, hammer and  
axe,  
Auger and saw, while Annie seem'd to  
hear  
Her own death scaffold rising, shrill'd  
and ring,  
Till this was ended, and his careful  
hand,—  
The space was narrow,—having order'd  
all  
Almost as neat and close as Nature packs  
Her blossom or her seedling, paused,  
and he,  
Who needs would work for Annie to the  
last,  
Ascending tired, heavily slept till morn,

And Enoch faced this morning of full  
well  
Brightly and boldly All his Annie's fears,  
Save, as his Annie's, were a laughter to  
him  
Yet Enoch is a brave God fearing man  
Bow'd himself down, and in that mystery

Where God-in-man is one with man-in-God,

Pray'd for a blessing on his wife and babes  
Whatever came to him and then he said  
'Annie, this voyage by the grace of God  
Will bring fur weather yet to all of us  
Keep a clean hearth and a clear fire for me,  
For I'll be back, my gull, before you  
know it'

Then lightly rocking baby's cradle 'and  
he,

This pretty, puny, weakly little one,—  
Nay—for I love him all the better for it—  
God bless him, he shall sit upon my knees  
And I will tell him tales of foreign parts,  
And make him merry, when I come home  
again

Come, Annie, come, cheer up before I go'

Him running on thus hopefully she  
heard,

And almost hoped herself, but when he  
turn'd

The current of his talk to graver things  
In sailor fashion roughly sermonizing  
On providence and trust in Heaven, she  
heard,

Heard and not heard him, as the village  
gull,

Who sets her pitcher underneath the  
spring,

Musing on him that used to fill it for her,  
Hears and not hears, and lets it overflow

At length she spoke 'O Enoch, you  
are wise,

And yet for all your wisdom well know I  
That I shall look upon your face no more'

'Well then,' said Enoch, 'I shall look  
on yours

Annie, the ship I sail in passes here  
(He named the day) get you a seaman's  
glass,

Spy out my face, and laugh at all your  
fears'

But when the last of those last moments  
came,

'Annie, my gull, cheer up, be comforted,  
Look to the babes, and till I come again

Keep everything shipshape, for I must go  
And fear no more for me, or if you fear  
Cast all your cares on God, that anchor  
holds

Is He not yonder in those uttermost  
Parts of the morning? if I flee to these  
Can I go from Him? and the sea is His,  
The sea is His He made it'

Enoch rose,  
Cast his strong arms about his drooping  
wife,

And kiss'd his wonder-stricken little ones,  
But for the third, the sickly one, who slept  
After a night of feverous wakefulness,  
When Annie would have raised him  
Enoch said

'Wake him not, let him sleep, how  
should the child

Remember this?' and kiss'd him in his  
cot

But Annie from her baby's forehead clipt  
A tiny curl, and gave it this he kept  
Tho' all his future, but now hastily  
caught

His bundle, waved his hand, and went  
his way

She when the day, that Enoch  
mention'd, came,

Borrow'd a glass, but all in vain perhaps  
She could not fix the glass to suit her eye,  
Perhaps her eye was dim, hand tremulous,  
She saw him not and while he stood on  
deck

Waving, the moment and the vessel past

Ev'n to the last dip of the vanishing sail  
She watch'd it, and departed weeping for  
him,

Then, tho' she mourn'd his absence as his  
grave,

Set her sad will no less to chime with his,  
But throve not in her trade, not being bred  
To buter, nor compensating the want  
By shrewdness, neither capable of lies,  
Nor asking overmuch and taking less,  
And still foreboding 'what would Enoch  
say?'

For more than once, in days of difficulty

And plessure, had she sold her wares for  
less  
Than what she gave in buying what she  
sold  
She fail'd and sadden'd knowing it, and  
thus,  
Expectant of that news which never came,  
Gm'd for her own a scanty sustenance,  
And lived a life of silent melancholy

Now the third child was sickly born  
and grew  
Yet sicklier, tho' the mother cared for it  
With all a mother's care nevertheless,  
Whether her business often call'd her from  
it,  
Or tho' the want of what it needed most,  
Or means to pay the voice who best could  
tell  
What most it needed—howsoe'er it was,  
After a lingering,—ere she was aware,—  
Like the caged bird escaping suddenly,  
The little innocent soul flitted away

In that same week when Annie buried  
it,  
Philip's true heart, which hunger'd for her  
peace  
(Since Enoch left he had not look'd upon  
her),  
Smote him, as having kept aloof so long  
'Surely,' said Philip, 'I may see her now,  
May be some little comfort,' therefore  
went,

Past tho' the solitary room in front,  
Paused for a moment at an inner door,  
Then struck it thrice, and, no one opening,  
Enter'd, but Annie, seated with her grief,  
Fresh from the burial of her little one,  
Cried not to look on any human face,  
But turn'd her own toward the wall and  
wept

Then Philip standing up said falteringly  
'Annie, I came to ask a favour of you'

He spoke, the passion in her morn'd  
reply  
'Favour from one so sad and so forlorn  
As I am!' half abash'd him, yet unask'd,  
His bashfulness and tenderness at war,  
He set himself beside her, saying to her

'I came to speak to you of what he  
wish'd,

Enoch, your husband I have ever said  
You chose the best among us—a strong  
man

For where he fixt his heart he set his hand  
To do the thing he will'd, and bore it thro'  
And wherefore did he go this weary way,  
And leave you lonely? not to see the  
world—

For pleasure?—nay, but for the where  
withal

To give his babes a better bunting up  
Than his had been, or yours that was  
his wish

And if he come again, next will he be  
To find the precious morning hours were  
lost

And it would vex him even in his grave,  
If he could know his babes were running  
wild

Like colts about the waste So, Annie,  
now—

Have we not known each other all our  
lives?

I do beseech you by the love you bear  
Him and his children not to say me nay—  
For, if you will, when Enoch comes again  
Why then he shall repay me—if you will,  
Annie—for I am rich and well to-do  
Now let me put the boy and girl to school  
This is the favour that I came to ask'

Then Annie with her brows against the  
wall

Answer'd 'I cannot look you in the face,  
I seem so foolish and so broken down  
When you came in my sorrow broke me  
down,

And now I think your kindness breaks  
me down,

But Enoch lives, that is borne in on me  
He will repay you money can be repaid,  
Not kindness such as yours'

And Philip ask'd  
'Then you will let me, Annie?'

There she turn'd,  
She rose, and fixt her swimming eyes upon  
him,

And dwelt a moment on his kindly face,  
Then calling down a blessing on his head  
Caught at his hand, and wrung it passion-  
ately,  
And past into the little garth beyond  
So lifted up in spirit he moved away

Then Philip put the boy and girl to  
school,  
And bought them needful books, and  
everyway,  
Like one who does his duty by his own,  
Made himself theirs, and tho' for Annie's  
sake,  
Fearing the lazy gossip of the port,  
He oft denied his heart his dearest wish,  
And seldom cross'd her threshold, yet he  
sent  
Gifts by the children, garden herbs and  
fruit,  
The late and early roses from his wall,  
Or cones from the down, and now and  
then,  
With some pretext of fineness in the meal  
To save the offence of charitable, flour  
From his tall mill that whistled on the  
waste

But Philip did not fathom Annie's  
mind  
Scarce could the woman when he came  
upon her,  
Out of full heart and boundless gratitude  
Light on a broken word to thank him  
with  
But Philip was her children's all in all,  
From distant corners of the street they  
ran  
To greet his hearty welcome heartily,  
Lords of his house and of his mill were  
they,  
Worried his passive ear with petty wrongs  
Of pleasures, hung upon him, play'd with  
him  
And call'd him Father Philip Philip  
gain'd  
As Enoch lost, for Enoch seem'd to them  
Uncertain as a vision or a dream,  
Faint as a figure seen in early dawn  
Down at the far end of an avenue,

Going we know not where and so ten  
years,  
Since Enoch left his hearth and native  
land,  
Fled forward, and no news of Enoch  
came

It chanced one evening Annie's children  
long'd  
To go with others, nutting to the wood,  
And Annie would go with them, then  
they begg'd  
For Father Philip (as they call'd him) too  
Him, like the working bee in blossom-  
dust,  
Blanch'd with his mill, they found, and  
saying to him  
'Come with us Father Philip' he denied,  
But when the children pluck'd at him to  
go,  
He laugh'd, and yielded readily to their  
wish,  
For was not Annie with them? and they  
went

But after scaling half the werry down,  
Just where the pious edge of the wood  
began  
To farther toward the hollow, all her force  
Ful'd her, and sighing, 'Let me rest' she  
said  
So Philip rested with her well content,  
While all the younger ones with jubilant  
cries  
Broke from their elders, and tumultuously  
Down thro' the whitening hazels made a  
plunge  
To the bottom, and dispersed, and bent  
or broke  
The lithe reluctant boughs to tear away  
Their tawny clusters, crying to each other  
And calling, here and there, about the  
wood

But Philip sitting at her side forgot  
Her presence, and remember'd one dark  
hour  
Hue in this wood, when like a wounded  
life  
He crept into the shadow at last he said,

Lifting his honest forehead, 'Listen,  
Annie,  
How merry they are down yonder in the  
wood  
Tired, Annie?' for she did not speak a  
word  
'Tired?' but her face had full'n upon her  
hands,  
At which, as with a kind of anger in him,  
'The ship was lost,' he said, 'the ship  
was lost'  
No more of that! why should you kill  
yourself  
And make them orphans quite?' And  
Annie said  
'I thought not of it but—I know not  
why—  
Then voices make me feel so solitary'

Then Philip coming somewhat closer  
spoke  
'Annie, there is a thing upon my mind,  
And it has been upon my mind so long,  
That tho' I know not when it first came  
there,  
I know that it will out at last O Annie,  
It is beyond all hope, against all chance,  
That he who left you ten long years ago  
Should still be living, well then—let me  
speak  
I grieve to see you poor and wanting help  
I cannot help you as I wish to do  
Unless—they say that women are so  
quick—  
Perhaps you know what I would have  
you know—  
I wish you for my wife I fear would  
prove  
A father to your children I do think  
They love me as a father I am sure  
That I love them as if they were mine  
own,  
And I believe, if you were fast my wife,  
That after all these sad uncertain years,  
We might be still as happy as God  
gives  
To any of his creatures Think upon it  
For I am well to-do—no kin, no care,  
No burthen, save my care for you and  
yours

And we have known each other all our  
lives,  
And I have loved you longer than you  
know'

Then answer'd Annie, tenderly she  
spoke  
'You have been as God's good angel in  
our house  
God bless you for it, God reward you for  
it,  
Philip, with something happier than my-  
self  
Can one love twice? can you be ever  
loved  
As Enoch was? what is it that you ask?'  
'I am content' he answer'd 'to be loved  
A little after Enoch' 'O' she cried,  
Scared as it were, 'dear Philip, wait a  
while  
If Enoch comes—but Enoch will not  
come—  
Yet wait a year, a year is not so long  
Surely I shall be wiser in a year  
O wait a little!' Philip sadly said  
'Annie, as I have waited all my life  
I well may wait a little' 'Nay' she  
cried  
'I am bound you have my promise—in  
a year  
Will you not bide your year as I bide  
mine?'  
And Philip answer'd 'I will bide my  
year'

Here both were mute, till Philip glanc-  
ing up  
Beheld the dead frame of the fallen dry  
Pass from the Danish barrow overhead,  
Then fearing night and chill for Annie,  
rose  
And sent his voice beneath him thro' the  
wood  
Up came the children hidden with their  
spoils,  
Then all descended to the port, and there  
At Annie's door he paused and gave his  
hand,  
Saying gently 'Annie, when I spoke to  
you,

That was your hour of weakness I was  
wrong,  
I am always bound to you, but you are  
free'  
Then Annie weeping answer'd 'I am  
bound'

She spoke, and in one moment as it  
were,  
While yet she went about her household  
ways,  
Ev'n as she dwelt upon his latest words,  
That he had loved her longer than she  
knew,  
That autumn into autumn flash'd again,  
And there he stood once more before her  
face,  
Claiming her promise 'Is it a year?'  
she ask'd  
'Yes, if the nuts' he said 'be ripe again  
Come out and see' But she—she put  
him off—  
So much to look to—such a change—a  
month—  
Give her a month—she knew that she was  
bound—  
A month—no more Then Philip with  
his eyes  
Full of that lifelong hunger, and his voice  
Shaking a little like a drunkard's hand,  
'Take your own time, Annie, take your  
own time'  
And Annie could have wept for pity of  
him,  
And yet she held him on delayingly  
With many a scarce believable excuse,  
Tying his truth and his long-sufferance,  
Till half another year had slipped away

By this the lazy gossips of the port,  
Abhorrent of a calculation crost,  
Began to chafe as at a personal wrong  
Some thought that Philip did but trifle  
with her,  
Some that she but held off to draw him on,  
And others laugh'd at her and Philip too,  
As simple folk that knew not their own  
minds,  
And one, in whom all evil fancies clung  
Like serpent eggs together, laughingly

Would hint at worse in either Her own  
son  
Was silent, tho' he often look'd his wish,  
But evermore the daughter priest upon her  
To wed the man so dear to all of them  
And lift the household out of poverty,  
And Philip's rosy face contracting grew  
Cueworn and wan, and all these things  
fell on her  
Sharp as reproach

At last one night it chanced  
That Annie could not sleep, but earnestly  
Pray'd for a sign 'my Enoch is he gone'  
Then compass'd round by the blind will  
of night  
Brook'd not the expectant terror of her  
heart,  
Started from bed, and struck herself a  
light,  
Then desperately seized the holy Book,  
Suddenly set it wide to find a sign,  
Suddenly put her finger on the text,  
'Under the palm-tree' That was nothing  
to her  
No meaning there she closed the Book  
and slept  
When lo! her Enoch sitting on a height,  
Under a palm-tree, over him the Sun  
'He is gone,' she thought, 'he is happy,  
he is singing  
Hosanna in the highest yonder shines  
The Sun of Righteousness, and these be  
palms  
Whereof the happy people strowing cried  
"Hosanna in the highest!"' Here she  
woke,  
Resolved, sent for him and said wildly to  
him  
'There is no reason why we should not  
wed'  
'Then for God's sake,' he answer'd, 'both  
our sakes,  
So you will wed me, let it be at once'

So these were wed and merrily rang the  
bells,  
Merrily rang the bells and they were wed  
But never merrily beat Annie's heart  
A footstep seem'd to fall beside her path,



She knew not whence, a whisper on her  
eal,

She knew not what, nor loved she to be left  
Alone at home, nor ventured out alone  
What ail'd her then, that ere she enter'd,  
often

Her hand dwelt lingeringly on the latch,  
Fearing to enter Philip thought he knew  
Such doubts and fears were common to  
her state,

Being with child but when her child was  
born,

Then her new child was as herself renew'd,  
Then the new mother came about her  
heart,

Then her good Philip was her all in all,  
And that mysterious instinct wholly died

And where was Enoch? prosperously  
sail'd

The ship 'Good Fortune,' tho' at setting  
forth

The Biscay, roughly riding eastward,  
shook

And almost overwhelm'd her, yet unweary  
She slept across the summer of the world,  
Then after a long tumble about the Cape  
And frequent interchange of foul and fair,  
She passing thro' the summer world again,  
The breath of heaven came continually  
And sent her sweetly by the golden isles,  
Till silent in her oriental haven

Here Enoch traded for himself, and  
bought

Quaint monsters for the marlet of those  
times,

A gilded dragon, also, for the babes

Less lucky her home voyage at first  
indeed

Thro' many a fur sea circle, dry by dry,  
Scance rocking, her full busted figure-herd  
Stared o'er the upple feathering from her  
bows

Then follow'd calms, and then winds  
variable,

Then brilling, a long course of them, and  
last

Storm, such as drove her under moonless  
heavens

Till hard upon the cry of 'breakers' came  
The crash of ruin, and the loss of all  
But Enoch and two others Half the  
night,

Buoy'd upon floating tackle and broken  
spars,

These drifted, stranding on an isle at morn  
Rich, but the loneliest in a lonely sea

Nowant was there of human sustenance,  
Soft fruitage, mighty nuts, and nourishing  
roots,

Nor save for pity was it hard to take  
The helpless life so wild that it was true  
There in a seaward gazing mountain-gorge  
They built, and thatch'd with leaves of  
palm, a hut,

Half hut, half native cavern So the  
three,

Set in this Eden of all plenteousness,  
Dwelt with eternal summer, ill-content

For one, the youngest, hardly more than  
boy,

Hurt in that night of sudden ruin and  
wreck,

Lay lingering out a five years' death in  
life

They could not leave him After he was  
gone,

The two remaining found a fallen stem,  
And Enoch's comrade, careless of himself,  
Enc-hollowing this in Indian fashion, fell  
Sun stricken, and that other lived alone  
In those two deaths he read God's warn-  
ing 'wait'

The mountain wooded to the peak, the  
lawns

And winding glades high up like ways to  
Heaven,

The slender coco's drooping crown of  
plumes,

The lightning flash of insect and of bird,  
The lustre of the long convolvuluses

That coil'd around the stately stems, and  
ran

Even to the limit of the land, the glows  
And glories of the broad belt of the world,  
All these he saw, but what he saw had  
seen

He could not see, the kindly human face,  
Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard  
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean fowl,  
The league long roller thundering on the reef,

The moving whisper of huge trees that  
branch'd

And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep  
Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,  
As down the shore he ranged, or all day  
long

Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,  
A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail  
No sail from day to day, but every day  
The sunrise broken into scud-like shafts  
Among the palms and ferns and precipices,  
The blaze upon the waters to the east,  
The blaze upon his island overhead,  
The blaze upon the waters to the west,  
Then the great stars that globed them  
selves in Heaven,

The hollowed bellowing ocean, and again  
The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail

There often as he watch'd or seem'd to  
watch,

So still, the golden lizard on him pruned,  
A phantom made of many phantoms  
moved

Before him haunting him, or he himself  
Moved haunting people, things and places,  
known

Far in a darker isle beyond the line,  
The babes, their babble, Annie, the small  
house,

The climbing street, the mill, the leafy  
lanes,

The peacock yewtree and the lonely Hall,  
The horse he drove, the boat he sold, the  
chill

November dawns and dewy glooming  
downs,

The gentle shower, the smell of dying  
leaves,

And the low moan of leaden-colour'd seas

Once likewise, in the ringing of his  
ears,

Tho' faintly, merrily—far and far away—  
He heard the pealing of his parish bells,

Then, tho' he knew not wherefore, started  
up

Shuddering, and when the beautiful  
hateful isle

Return'd upon him, had not his poor heart  
Spoken with That, which bang every-  
where

Lets none, who speaks with Him, seem  
all alone,

Surely the man had died of solitude

Thus over Enoch's early silvering head  
The sunny and rainy seasons came and  
went

Year after year His hopes to see his own  
And prize the sacred old familiar fields,  
Not yet had perish'd, when his lonely  
doom

Came suddenly to an end Another ship  
(she wanted water) blown by driving  
winds,

Like the Good Fortune, from her destined  
course,

Stray'd by this isle, not knowing where  
she lay

For since the mate had seen at early dawn  
Across a break on the mist wreathen isle  
The silent water slipping from the hills,  
They sent a crew that finding brief way  
In search of stream or fount, and fill'd the  
shores

With clamour Downward from his  
mountain gorge

Stept the long hair'd long bearded solitary,  
Brown, looking hardly human, strangely  
clad,

Muttering and mumbling, idiotlike it  
seem'd,

With inarticulate rage, and making signs,  
They knew not what and yet he led the  
way

To where the rivulets of sweet water ran  
And ever as he mingled with the crew,  
And heard them talking, his long bounden  
tongue

Was loosen'd, till he made them under-  
stand,

Whom, when their cranks were fill'd they  
took aboard

And there the tale he utter'd brokenly,

Scarce credited at first but more and more,  
Amazed and melted all who listen'd to it  
And clothes they gave him and free passage home,

But oft he work'd among the rest and shook

His isolation from him None of these  
Came from his country, or could answer him,

If question'd, aught of what he cared to know

And dull the voyage was with long delays,  
The vessel scarce sea-worthy, but evermore

His fancy fled before the lazy wind  
Returning, till beneath a clouded moon  
He like a lover down thro' all his blood  
Drew in the dewy meadowy morning-breath

Of England, blown across her ghostly wall  
And that same morning officers and men  
Laid a kindly tax upon themselves,  
Pitying the lonely man, and gave him it  
Then moving up the coast they landed him,  
Ev'n in that harbour whence he sail'd  
before

There Enoch spoke no word to any one,  
But homeward—home—what home? had  
he a home?

His home, he walk'd Bught was that  
afternoon,

Sunny but chill, till drawn thro' ether  
chasm,

Where ether haven open'd on the deeps,  
Roll'd a sea haze and whelm'd the world  
in gray,

Cut off the length of highway on before,  
And left but narrow breadth to left and  
right

Of wither'd holt or tilth or pastureage  
On the high nail'd tree the robin piped  
Disconsolate, and thro' the dripping haze  
The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it  
down

Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the  
gloom,

Last, as it seem'd, a great mist blotted light  
Flamed on him, and he came upon the  
place

Then down the long street having slowly  
stolen,

His heart foreshadowing all calamity,  
His eyes upon the stones, he reach'd the  
home

Where Annie lived and loved him, and  
his babes

In those far off seven happy years were  
born,

But finding neither light nor murmur there  
(A bill of sale gleam'd thro' the drizzle)  
crept

Still downward thinking 'dead or dead  
to me'

Down to the pool and narrow wharf he  
went,

Seeking a tavern which of old he knew,  
A front of timber crost antiquity,  
So propt, worm-eaten, ruinously old,  
He thought it must have gone, but he  
was gone

Who kept it, and his widow MURRAY  
Lane,

With duly dwindling profits held the  
house,

A hunt of brawling sermen once, but now  
Still, with yet a bed for wandering men  
There Enoch rested silent many days

But MURRAY Lane was good and garru-  
lous,

Not let him be, but often bickering in,  
Told him, with other annals of the port,  
Not knowing—Enoch was so known, so  
bow'd,

So broken—all the story of his house  
His baby's death, her growing poverty,  
How Philip put her little ones to school,  
And kept them in it, his long wooing her,  
Her slow consent, and marriage, and the  
birth

Of Philip's child and o'er his counte-  
nance

No shadow past, nor motion any one,  
Regarding, well had deem'd he felt the  
tilt

Less than the teller only when she closed  
'Enoch, poor man, was cast away and  
lost'

He, shaking his gray head pathetically,  
Repeated muttering 'cast away and lost',  
Again in deeper inward whispers 'lost!'

But Enoch yearn'd to see her face  
again,  
'If I might look on her sweet face again  
And know that she is happy' So the  
thought  
Hunted and harass'd him, and drove  
him forth,  
At evening when the dull November day  
Was growing duller twilight, to the hill  
There he sat down gazing on all below,  
There did a thousand memories roll upon  
him,  
Unspeaking for sadness By and by  
The ruddy square of comfortable light,  
Far blazing from the rear of Philip's  
house,  
Allured him, as the beacon blaze allures  
The bird of passage, till he madly strikes  
Against it, and beats out his weary life

For Philip's dwelling fronted on the  
street,  
The latest house to landward, but be-  
hind,  
With one small gate that open'd on the  
waste,  
Flourish'd a little garden square and  
wall'd  
And in it throve an ancient evergreen,  
A yewtree, and all round it ran a walk  
Of shingle, and a walk divided it  
But Enoch shunn'd the middle walk and  
stole  
Up by the wall, behind the yew, and  
thence  
That which he better might have shunn'd,  
if griefs  
Like his have worse or better, Enoch  
saw

For cups and silver on the burnish'd  
board  
Sparkled and shone, so genial was the  
hearth  
And on the right hand of the hearth he  
saw  
Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,

Stout, rosy, with his babe across his  
l nees,  
And o'er her second father stooped a gill,  
A later but a lofter Annie Lee,  
Fair hair'd and tall, and from her lifted  
hand  
Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring  
To tempt the babe, who recall'd his careless  
aims,  
Caught it and ever miss'd it, and they  
laugh'd,  
And on the left hand of the hearth he saw  
The mother glancing often toward her  
babe,  
But turning now and then to speak with  
him,  
Her son, who stood beside her tall and  
strong,  
And saying that which pleased him, for  
he smiled

Now when the devil man come to life  
beheld  
His wife his wife no more, and saw the  
babe  
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,  
And all the warmth, the peace, the  
happiness,  
And his own children tall and beautiful,  
And him, that other, reigning in his place,  
Lord of his rights and of his children's  
love,—  
Then he, tho' Mungo Lane had told him  
all,  
Because things seen are mightier than  
things heard,  
Stagger'd and shook, holding the branch,  
and fear'd  
To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,  
Which in one moment, like the blast of  
doom,  
Would shatter all the happiness of the  
hearth

He therefore turning softly like a thief,  
Lest the harsh shingle should grate under  
foot,  
And feeling all along the garden wall,  
Lest he should swoon and tumble and be  
found,

Crept to the gate, and open'd it, and  
closed,  
As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,  
Behind him, and came out upon the  
waste

And there he would have knelt, but  
that his knees  
Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug  
His fingers into the wet earth, and  
pray'd

'Too hard to bear' why did they take  
me thence?  
O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, Thou  
That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,  
Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness  
A little longer! aid me, give me strength  
Not to tell her, never to let her know  
Help me not to break in upon her peace  
My children too! must I not speak to  
these?  
They know me not I should betray  
myself  
Never No father's kiss for me—the girl  
So like her mother, and the boy, my  
son'

There speech and thought and nature  
Mould'd a little,  
And he lay tranquil, but when he rose  
and paced  
Back toward his solitary home again,  
All down the long and narrow street he  
went  
Beating it in upon his weary brain,  
As tho' it were the burden of a song,  
'Not to tell her, never to let her know'

He was not all unhappy His resolve  
Upheld him, and firm faith, and ever  
more  
Prayer from a living source within the  
will,  
And beating up thro' all the bitter world,  
Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,  
Kept him a living soul 'His mother's  
wife'  
He said to Miriam 'that you spoke about,  
Has she no fear that her first husband  
lives?'

'Ay, ay, poor soul' said Miriam, 'fear  
enow'  
If you could tell her you had seen him  
dead,  
Why, that would be her comfort,' and  
he thought  
'After the Lord has call'd me she shall  
know,  
I wait His time,' and Enoch set himself,  
Scorning an alms, to work whereby to live  
Almost to all things could he turn his  
hand  
Cooper he was and carpenter, and wrought  
To make the boatmen fishing-nets, or  
help'd  
At lading and unlading the tall barks,  
That brought the stunted commerce of  
those days,  
Thus earn'd a scanty living for himself  
Yet since he did but labour for himself,  
Work without hope, there was not life  
in it  
Whereby the man could live, and as the  
year  
Roll'd itself round again to meet the day  
When Enoch had return'd, a linguist  
came  
Upon him, gentle sickness, gradually  
Weakning the man, till he could do no  
more,  
But kept the house, his chair, and lost his  
bed  
And Enoch bore his weakness cheerfully  
For sure no gladder does the stranded  
wreck  
See thro' the gray skirts of a lifting squall  
The boat that bears the hope of life  
approach  
To save the life despair'd of, than he saw  
Death dawning on him, and the close of  
all  
For thro' that dawning gleam'd a kind  
lier hope  
On Enoch thinking 'after I am gone,  
Then may she learn I lov'd her to the last'  
He call'd aloud for Miriam Lane and said  
'Woman, I have a secret—only swear,  
Before I tell you—swear upon the book  
Not to reveal it, till you see me dead'

'Dead,' clamour'd the good woman, 'hear him talk.'  
 I warrant, man, that we shall bring you round.'  
 'Swear,' added Enoch steinly 'on the book.'  
 And on the book, half frightened, Miriam swore.  
 Then Enoch rolling his gray eyes upon her,  
 'Did you know Enoch Arden of this town?'  
 'Know him?' she said 'I knew him far away  
 Ay, ay, I mind him coming down the street,  
 Held his head high, and cried for no man, he.'  
 Slowly and sadly Enoch answer'd her,  
 'His head is low, and no man cares for him.  
 I think I have not three days more to live,  
 I am the man' At which the woman gave  
 A half incredulous, half hysterical cry  
 'You Arden, you' nay,—sure he was a foot  
 Higher than you be' Enoch said again  
 'My God has bow'd me down to what I am,  
 My grief and solitude have broken me,  
 Nevertheless, know you that I am he  
 Who married—but that name has twice  
 been changed—  
 I married her who married Philip Ray  
 Sit, listen' Then he told her of his  
 voyage,  
 His wreck, his lonely life, his coming back,  
 His gazing in on Annie, his resolve,  
 And how he kept it As the woman  
 heard,  
 Fast flow'd the current of her easy tears,  
 While in her heart she yearn'd incessantly  
 To rush abroad all round the little haven,  
 Proclaiming Enoch Arden and his woes,  
 But awed and promise-bounden she forbore,  
 Saying only 'See your barns before you go!  
 Eh, let me fetch 'em, Arden,' and arose  
 Eager to bring them down, for Enoch  
 hung  
 A moment on her words, but then replied

'Woman, disturb me not now at the last,  
 But let me hold my purpose till I die  
 Sit down again, mark me and understand,  
 While I have power to speak I charge you now,  
 When you shall see her, tell her that I died  
 Blessing her, praying for her, loving her,  
 Save for the bri between us, loving her  
 As when she laid her head beside my own  
 And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw  
 So like her mother, that my latest breath  
 Was spent in blessing her and praying for her  
 And tell my son that I died blessing him  
 And say to Philip that I blest him too,  
 He never meant us any thing but good  
 But if my children care to see me dead,  
 Who hardly knew me living, let them come,  
 I am then father, but she must not come,  
 For my dead face would vex her after life  
 And now there is but one of all my blood  
 Who will embrace me in the world to be  
 This hair is his she cut it off and gave it,  
 And I have borne it with me all these years  
 And thought to bear it with me to my grave,  
 But now my mind is changed, for I shall see him,  
 My babe in bliss wherefore when I am gone,  
 Take, give her this, for it may comfort her  
 It will moreover be a token to her,  
 That I am he'  
 He ceased, and Miriam Lane  
 Made such a voluble answer promising all,  
 That once again he roll'd his eyes upon her  
 Repeating all he wish'd, and once again  
 She promised  
 Then the third night after this,  
 While Enoch slumber'd motionless and pale,  
 And Miriam watch'd and dozed at intervals,

There came so loud a calling of the sea,  
That all the houses in the haven rang  
He woke, he rose, he spread his arms  
abroad  
Crying with a loud voice 'A sail! a sail!  
I am saved,' and so fell back and spoke  
no more

So past the strong heroic soul away  
And when they buried him the little port  
Had seldom seen a costlier funeral

## THE BROOK

HLRE, by this brook, we parted, I to the  
East

And he for Italy—too late—too late  
One whom the strong sons of the world  
despise,

For lucky rhymes to him were scrip and  
shut,

And mellow metres more than cert for  
cent,

Not could he understand how money  
lived,

Thought it a dead thing, yet himself  
could make

The thing that is not as the thing that  
is

Or did he lived! In our schoolbooks we  
say,

Of those that held their heads above the  
crowd,

They flourish'd then or then, but life in  
him

Could scarce be said to flourish, only  
touch'd

On such a time as goes before the leaf,  
When all the wood stands in a mist of  
green,

And nothing perfect yet the brook he  
loved,

For which, in branding summers of  
Bengal,

Or even the sweet half English Neilgherry  
all

I printed, seems, as I listen to it,  
Prattling the pumiose fancies of the boy,

To me that loved him, for 'O brook,'  
he says,

'O babbling brook,' says Edmund in his  
rhyme,

'Whence come you?' and the brook, why  
not? replies

I come from haunts of coot and hen,

I make a sudden sally,

And sparkle out among the fern,

To bicker down a valley

By thirty hills I hurry down,

Or slip between the ridges,

By twenty thorns, a little town,

And half a hundred bridges

Till last by Philip's farm I flow

To join the brimming river,

For men may come and men may go,

But I go on for ever

'Poor lad, he died at Florence, quite  
worn out,

Travelling to Naples There is Dainley  
bridge,

It has more ivy, there the river, and there  
Stands Philip's farm where brook and  
river meet

I chatter over stony ways,

In little sharps and trebles,

I bubble into eddying bays,

I babble on the pebbles

With many a curve my banks I fret

By many a field and fallow,

And many a fairy foreland set

With willow weed and mallow

I chatter, chatter, as I flow

To join the brimming river,

For men may come and men may go,

But I go on for ever

'But Philip chatter'd more than brook  
or bird,

Old Philip, all about the fields you caught  
His weary drylong chuping, like the dry  
High elbow'd grags that leap in summer  
grass

I wind about, and in and out,

With here a blossom sailing,

And here and there a lusty trout,

And here and there a graying,

And here and there a sower shak

Upon me, as I travel

With many a silvery waterwheel

Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow  
To join the brimming river,  
For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever

'O darling Katie Willows, his one  
child'

A maiden of our century, yet most meek,  
A daughter of our meadows, yet not  
coarse,

Straight, but as lissome as a hazel wand,  
Her eyes a bashful azure, and her hair  
In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the  
shell

Divides threefold to show the fruit within

'Sweet Katie, once I did her a good  
turn,

Her and her far off cousin and betrothed,  
James Willows, of one name and heart  
with her

For here I came, twenty years back—the  
week

Before I parted with poor Edmund, lost  
By that old bridge which, half in ruins  
then,

Still makes a hoary eyebrow for the gleam  
Beyond it, where the waters marry—lost,  
Whistling a random bar of Bonny Doon,  
And push'd at Philip's garden-gate The  
gate,

Half parted from a weak and scolding  
hunge,

Stuck, and he clamour'd from a cast  
ment, "Run"

To Katie somewhere in the walks below,  
"Run, Katie!" Katie never ran she  
moved

To meet me, winding under woodbine  
bOWers,

A little flutter'd, with her eyelids down,  
Flesh apple-blossom, blushing for a boon

'What was it? less of sentiment than  
sense

Had Katie, not illiterate, nor of those  
Who dabbled in the fount of fictive tears,  
And nursed by mealy mouth'd philan-  
thropies,

Divorce the Feeling from her mate the  
Deed

'She told me She and James had  
quarrel'd Why?

What cause of quarrel? None, she said,  
no cause,

James had no cause but when I prest  
the cause,

I learnt that James had flickering je-  
alousies

Which anger'd her Who anger'd James?  
I said

But Katie snatch'd her eyes at once from  
mine,

And sketching with her slender pointed  
foot

Some figure like a wizard pentagram

On garden gravel, let my query pass

Unclum'd, in flushing silence, till I ask'd  
If James were coming "Coming every  
day,"

She answer'd, "ever longing to explain,  
But evermore her father came across

With some long-winded tale, and brook'd  
him short,

And James departed vex'd with him and  
her "

How could I help her? "Would I—was  
it wrong?"

(Claspt hands and that petitionary grace  
Of sweet seventeen subdued music she  
spoke)

"O would I take her father for one hour,  
For one half-hour, and let him talk to me!"

And even while she spoke, I saw where  
James

Made toward us, like a wader in the surf,  
Beyond the brook, waist-deep in meadow  
sweet

'O Katie, what I suffer'd for your sake'

For in I went, and call'd old Philip out  
To show the firm full willingly he rose  
He led me thro' the short sweet-smelling  
lanes

Of his wheat suburb, babbling as he went  
He praised his land, his horses, his  
machines,

He praised his ploughs, his cows, his hogs,  
his dogs,

He praised his hens, his geese, his guinea  
hens,



His pigeons, who in session on their roofs  
Approved him, bowing at their own  
deserts

Then from the plaintive mother's test he  
took

Her blind and shuddering puppies, naming  
each,

And naming those, his friends, for whom  
they were

Then crost the common into Dainley  
chase

To show Sir Arthur's deer In copse  
and fern

Twinkled the innumerable ear and tail  
Then, seated on a serpent-rooted beech,  
He pointed out a pasturing colt, and  
said

"That was the four year-old I sold the  
Squire "

And there he told a long long-winded tale  
Of how the Squire had seen the colt at  
grass,

And how it was the thing his daughter  
wish'd,

And how he sent the bailiff to the farm  
To learn the price, and what the price he  
ask'd,

And how the bailiff swore that he was  
wroth,

But he stood firm, and so the matter  
hung,

He gave them line and five days after  
that

He met the bailiff at the Golden Fleece,  
Who then and there had offer'd something  
more,

But he stood firm, and so the matter  
hung,

He knew the man, the colt would fetch  
its price,

He gave them line and how by chance  
at last

(It might be May or April, he forgot,  
The last of April or the first of May)

He found the bailiff riding by the farm,  
And, talking from the point, he drew  
him in,

And there he mellow'd all his heart with  
ale,

Until they closed a bargain, hand in hand

'Then, while I breathed in sight of  
haven, he,

Poor fellow, could he help it? recom-  
menced,

And ran thro' all the coltish chronicle,  
Wild Will, Black Bess, Tantivy, Tallyho,

Reform, White Rose, Bellerophon, the  
Jilt,

Arbaces, and Phenomenon, and the rest,  
Till, not to die a listener, I arose,

And with me Philip, talking still, and so  
We turn'd our foreheads from the falling  
sun,

And following our own shadows thence  
as long

As when they follow'd us from Philip's  
door,

Arrived, and found the sun of sweet con-  
tent

Re risen in Katie's eyes, and all things  
well

I stroll by lawns and grassy plots,

I slide by hawthorn covers,

I move the sweet forget me not

That grow for happy lovers

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,

Among my slinking swallows

I make the netted sunbeam dance

Against my sandy shallows

I murmur under moon and stars

In brambly wildernesses,

I linger by my shingly bank,

I loiter round my cresses,

And out again I curve and flow

To join the brimming river,

For men may come and men may go,

But I go on for ever

Yes, men may come and go, and these  
are gone,

All gone My dearest brother, Edmund,  
sleeps,

Not by the well known stream and rustic  
spine,

But unfamiliar Arno, and the dome  
Of Brunelleschi, sleeps in peace and he,

Poor Philip, of all his lavish waste of  
words

Remains the lean P W on his tomb

I scraped the lichen from it Katie walks  
By the long wash of Australasian seas  
Far off, and holds her head to other stars,  
And breathes in converse seasons All  
'ne gone'

So Lawience Aylmer, seated on a stile  
In the long hedge, and rolling in his  
mind

Old waifs of rhyme, and bowing o'er the  
brook

A tansured head in middle age foiloin,  
Mused, and was mute On a sudden a  
low breath

Of tender air made tremble in the  
hedge

The fragile bindweed bells and buoyant  
rings,

And he look'd up There stood a maiden  
near,

Waiting to pass In much amaze he  
stared

On eyes a bashful azure, and on hair  
In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the  
shell

Divides threefold to show the fruit with  
in

Then, wondering, ask'd her 'Are you  
from the farm?'

'Yes' answer'd she 'Pray stay a little  
pardon me,

What do they call you?' 'Katie' 'That  
were strange

What surname?' 'Willows' 'No' 'That  
is my name'

'Indeed!' and here he look'd so self  
perplexed,

That Katie laugh'd, and laughing blush'd,  
till he

Laugh'd also, but as one before he  
wakes,

Who feels a glimmering strangeness in  
his dream

Then looking at her, 'Too happy, fresh  
and fair,

Too fresh and fair in our sad world's best  
bloom,

To be the ghost of one who bore your  
name

About these meadows, twenty years ago'

'Have you not heard?' said Katie,  
'we came back

We bought the farm we tenanted before  
Am I so like her? so they said on board  
Sir, if you knew her in her English days,  
My mother, as it seems you did, the days  
That most she loves to talk of, come  
with me

My brother James is in the harvest field  
But she—you will be welcome—O, come  
in'

## AYLMER'S FIELD

1703

Dust are our frames, and, gilded dust,  
our pride

Looks only for a moment whole and  
sound,

Like that long buried body of the king,  
Found lying with his urns and ornaments,  
Which at a touch of light, in an of  
heaven,

Slept into ashes, and was found no more

Here is a story which in rougher shape  
Came from a gizzled cripple, whom I  
saw

Sunning himself in a waste field alone—  
Old, and a mine of memories—who had  
served,

Long since, a bygone Rector of the place,  
And been himself a part of what he told

SIR AYLMEY AYLMEY, that Almighty  
man,

The county God—in whose capacious  
hall,

Hung with a hundred shields, the family  
tree

Sprang from the midriff of a prostrate  
king—

Whose blazing wyvern wathcock'd the  
spire,

Stood from his walls and wing'd his entry  
gates

And swang besides on many a windy  
sign—

Whose eyes from under a pyramidal head

Saw from his windows nothing save his  
own—  
What lovelier of his own had he than  
her,  
His only child, his Edith, whom he loved  
As henness and not heir regretfully?  
But 'he that marries her marries her  
name'  
This fiat somewhat soothed himself and  
wife,  
His wife a faded beauty of the Butts,  
Inspid as the Queen upon a card,  
Her all of thought and bearing hardly  
more  
Than his own shadow in a sickly sun

A land of hops and poppy-mingled  
corn,  
Little about it stirring save a brook  
A sleepy land, where under the same  
wheel  
The same old rut would deepen year by  
year,  
Where almost all the village had one  
name,  
Where Aylmer followed Aylmer at the  
Hall  
And Averill Averill at the Rectory  
Thence over, so that Rectory and Hall,  
Bound in an immemorial intimacy,  
Were open to each other, tho' to dream  
That Love could bind them closer well  
had made  
The hour han of the Baronet bustle up  
With horror, worse than had he heard  
his priest  
Preach an inverted scripture, sons of men  
Daughters of God, so sleepy was the  
land

And might not Averill, had he will'd  
it so,  
Somewhere beneath his own low range  
of roofs,  
Have also set his many shielded tree?  
There was an Aylmer Averill marriage  
once  
When the red rose was redder than itself,  
And York's white rose as red as Lancas-  
ter's,

With wounded peace which each had  
pick'd to death  
'Not proven' Averill said, or laughingly  
'Some other race of Averills'—proven  
or no,  
What cared he? what, if other or the  
same?  
He lean'd not on his fathers but himself  
But Leolin, his brother, living oft  
With Averill, and a year or two before  
Call'd to the bar, but ever call'd away  
By one low voice to one dear neighbour-  
hood,  
Would often, in his walks with Edith,  
claim  
A distant kinship to the gracious blood  
That shook the heart of Edith hearing  
him

Sanguine he was a but less vivid hue  
Than of that islet in the chestnut bloom  
Flamed in his cheek, and eager eyes,  
that still  
Took joyful note of all things joyful,  
beam'd,  
Beneath a moonlike mass of rolling gold,  
I heir best and brightest, when they dwelt  
on hers,  
Edith, whose pensive beauty, perfect else,  
But subject to the season or the mood,  
Shone like a mystic star between the less  
And greater glory vaying to and fro,  
We know not wherefore, bounteously  
made,  
And yet so finely, that a troublous touch  
I hnn'd, or would seem to thin her in a  
day,  
A joyous to dilate, as toward the light  
And these had been together from the  
first  
Leolin's first nurse was, five years after,  
hers  
So much the boy's companion, but when his  
date  
Doubled her own, for want of phymates,  
he  
(Since Averill was a dard and a half  
His elder, and their parents underground)  
Had tost his ball and flown his kite, and  
roll'd

His hoop to pleasure Edith, with her dipt  
 Against the rush of the air in the pine  
     swing,  
 Made blossom ball or daisy chain, at  
     ranged  
 Her garden, sow'd her name and kept it  
     green  
 In living letters, told her fairy tales,  
 Show'd her the fairy footings on the  
     grass,  
 The little dells of cowslip, fairy palms,  
 The petty maiestail forest, fairy pines,  
 Or from the tiny pitted target blew  
 What look'd a flight of fairy arrows aim'd  
 All at one mark, all hitting make be  
     lieves  
 For Edith and himself or else he forged,  
 But that was later, boyish histories  
 Of battle, bold adventure, dungeon,  
     wreck,  
 Flights, terrors, sudden rescues, and true  
     love  
 Crown'd after trial, sketches rude and  
     faint,  
 But where a passion yet unborn perhaps  
 Lay hidden as the music of the moon  
 Sleeps in the plain eggs of the nightingale  
 And thus together, save for college times  
 Or Temple eaten terms, a couple, fur  
 As ever painter painted, poet sang,  
 Or Heaven in lavish bounty moulded,  
     grew  
 And more and more, the maiden woman-  
     grown,  
 He wasted hours with Averill, there,  
     when first  
 The tented winter-field was broken up  
 Into that phalanx of the summer spears  
 That soon should wear the garland, there  
     again  
 When buri and bine were gather'd,  
     lastly there  
 At Christmas, ever welcome at the Hall,  
 On whose dull sameness his full tide of  
     youth  
 Broke with a phosphorescence charming  
     even  
 My lady, and the Baronet yet had lud  
 No bar between them, dull and self  
     involved,

Tall and erect, but bending from his  
     height  
 With half-allowing smiles for all the  
     world,  
 And mighty courteous in the main—his  
     pride  
 Lay deeper than to wear it as his ring—  
 He, like an Aylmer in his Aylmerism,  
 Would care no more for Leolin's walking  
     with her  
 Than for his old Newfoundland's, when  
     they ran  
 To loose him at the stables, for he rose  
 Twofooted at the limit of his chain,  
 Roaring to make a third and how should  
     Love,  
 Whom the cross lightnings of four chance  
     met eyes  
 Flash into fiery life from nothing, follow  
 Such dear familiarities of dawn?  
 Seldom, but when he does, Master of all

So these young hearts not knowing that  
     they loved,  
 Not she at least, not conscious of a bar  
 Between them, not by plight or broken  
     ring  
 Bound, but an immemorial intimacy,  
 Wander'd at will, and oft accompanied  
 By Averill his, a brother's love, that  
     hung  
 With wings of brooding shelter o'er her  
     perce,  
 Might have been other, save for Leolin's—  
 Who knows? but so they wander'd, hour  
     by hour  
 Gather'd the blossom that rebloom'd, and  
     drank  
 The magic cup that filled itself anew

A whisper half reveal'd her to herself  
 For out beyond her lodges, where the  
     brook  
 Vocal, with here and there a silence, ran  
 By sallowy rims, arose the labourers'  
     homes,  
 A frequent hunt of Edith, on low knolls  
 That dimpling died into each other, huts  
 At random scatter'd, each a nest in  
     bloom

Her art, her hand, her counsel all had wrought

About them here was one that, summer blanch'd,

Was parcel bearded with the traveller's joy

In Autumn, parcel ivy clad, and here The warm blue breathings of a hidden heath

Broke from a bower of vine and honey-suckle

One look'd all rosetree, and another wore A close-set robe of jasmine sown with stars

This had a rosy sea of gillyflowers About it, this, a milky-way on earth, Like visions in the Northern dreamer's heavens,

A lily avenue climbing to the dooms, One, almost to the martin hunted eaves A summer burial deep in hollyhocks, Each, its own charm, and Edith's every-where,

And Edith ever visitant with him, He but less loved than Edith, of her poor

For she—so lowly lovely and so loving, Queenly responsive when the loyal hand Rose from the clay it work'd in as she part,

Not sowing hedgerow texts and passing by,

Nor dealing goodly counsel from a height That makes the lowest hate it, but a voice Of comfort and an open hand of help, A splendid presence flitting the poor roofs

Revered as thens, but kinder than themselves

To ruling wife or wailing infancy Or old bedridden palsy,—was adored, Ife, loved for her and for himself A grasp

Having the warmth and muscle of the heart,

A childly way with children, and a laugh Ringing like proven golden courage true, Were no false passport to that airy realm, Where once with Leolin at her side the gul,

Nursing a child, and tuning to the warmth

The tender pink five beaded baby soles, Heard the good mother softly whisper 'Bless,

God bless 'em marriages are made in Heaven'

A flash of semi-jealousy clear'd it to her

My lady's Indian kinsman unannounced With half a score of swarthy faces came His own, tho' keen and bold and soldierly, Sea'd by the close ecliptic, was not fair, Fairer his talk, a tongue that ruled the hour,

Tho' seeming boastful so when first he dash'd

Into the chronicle of a deedful day, Sir Aylmer half forgot his lazy smile Of pition 'Good' my lady's kinsman 'good'

My lady with her fingers interlock'd, And rotatory thumbs on silken knees, Call'd all her vital spirits into each ear To listen unawares they fitted off, Bussing themselves about the flowerage That stood from out a stiff blockade in which,

The meteor of a splendid season, she, Once with this kinsman, ah so long ago, Slept thro' the stately minut of those days,

But Edith's eager fancy hummed with him Snatch'd thro' the perilous passes of his life

Till Leolin ever watchful of her eye, Hated him with a momentary hate Wife hunting, as the rumour ran, was he

I know not, for he spoke not, only shower'd

His oriental gifts on everyone And most on Edith like a storm he came,

And shook the house, and like a storm he went

Among the gifts he left her (possibly He flow'd and ebb'd uncertain, to return

When others had been tested) there was one,

A dagger, in rich sheath with jewels on it  
Sprinkled about in gold that blanch'd  
itself

Fine as ice ferns on January panes  
Made by a breath I know not whence  
at first,

Nor of what race, the work, but as he told  
The story, storming a hill fort of thieves  
He got it, for their captain after fight,  
His comrades having fought then last  
below,

Was climbing up the valley, at whom  
he shot

Down from the beetling crag to which he  
clung

Tumbled the tawny rascal at his feet,  
This dagger with him, which when now  
admired

By Edith whom his pleasure was to please,  
At once the costly Sahib yielded to her

And Leolin, coming after he was gone,  
Lost over all her presents petulantly  
And when she show'd the wealthy scab  
bard, saying

'Look what a lovely piece of workman  
ship!'

Slight was his answer 'Well—I care not  
for it'

Then playing with the blade he pick'd  
his hand,

'A gracious gift to give a lady, this!'  
'But would it be more gracious' ask'd  
the girl

'Were I to give this gift of his to one  
That is no lady?' 'Gracious? No' said he  
'Me?—but I cared not for it O pardon  
me,

I seem to be ungraciousness itself'  
'Take it' she added sweetly, 'tho' his  
gift,

For I am more ungracious ev'n than you,  
I care not for it either,' and he said

'Why then I love it' but Sir Aylmer  
past,

And neither loved nor liked the thing he  
heard

The next day came a neighbour  
Blues and reds

They talk'd of blues were sure of it, he  
thought

Then of the latest fox—where started—  
kill'd

In such a bottom 'Peter had the brush,  
My Peter, first' and did Sir Aylmer know  
That great pock pitten fellow had been  
caught?

Then made his pleasure echo, hand to  
hand,

And rolling as it were the substance of it  
Between his palms a moment up and  
down—

'The birds were warm, the birds were  
warm upon him,

We have him now' and had Sir Aylmer  
head—

Nay, but he must—the land was ringing  
of it—

This blacksmith border marriage—one  
they knew—

Raw from the nursery—who could trust  
a child?

That cursed France with her egotisms!  
And did Sir Aylmer (deferentially  
With nervous chir and low'd accent)  
think—

For people tell'd—that it was wholly wise  
To let that handsome fellow Averill walk  
So freely with his daughter's people  
talk'd—

The boy might get a notion into him,  
The girl might be entangled ere she knew  
Sir Aylmer Aylmer slowly stifening  
spoke

'The girl and boy, Sir, know their differ-  
ences!'

'Good,' said his friend, 'but watch!'  
and he, 'Enough,  
More than enough, Sir! I can guard my  
own'

They parted, and Sir Aylmer Aylmer  
watch'd

Pale, for on her the thunders of the  
house

Had fallen first, was Edith that same  
night,

Pale as the Jephtha's daughter, a rough  
 piece  
 Of early rigid colour, under which  
 Withdrawing by the counter door to that  
 Which Leolin open'd, she cast back upon  
 him  
 A piteous glance, and vanish'd He, as  
 one  
 Caught in a burst of unexpected storm,  
 And pelted with outrageous epithets,  
 Turning beheld the Powers of the House  
 On either side the hearth, indignant,  
 her,  
 Cooling her false cheek with a feather-fan,  
 Him, glaring, by his own stale devil  
 spur'd,  
 And, like a beast hard ridden, breathing  
 hard  
 'Ungenerous, dishonourable, base,  
 Presumptuous' trusted as he was with  
 her,  
 The sole succeder to their wealth, then  
 lands,  
 The last remaining pillar of their house,  
 The one transmitter of their ancient name,  
 Their child 'Our child' 'Our  
 heiress,' 'Ours' for still,  
 Like echoes from beyond a hollow, came  
 Her sickening iteration Last he said,  
 'Boy, mark me! for your fortunes are to  
 make  
 I swear you shall not make them out of  
 mine  
 Now inasmuch as you have practised on  
 her,  
 Perplexed her, made her half forget herself,  
 Swerve from her duty to herself and us—  
 Things in an Aylmer deem'd impossible,  
 Far as we track ourselves—I say that  
 this—  
 Else I withdraw favour and countenance  
 From you and yours for ever—shall you  
 do  
 So, when you see her—but you shall not  
 see her—  
 No, you shall write, and not to her, but  
 me  
 And you shall say that having spoken  
 with me,  
 And after look'd into yourself, you find

That you meant nothing—as indeed you  
 know  
 That you meant nothing Such a match  
 as this!  
 Impossible, prodigious! These were  
 words,  
 As meted by his measure of himself,  
 Arguing boundless forbearance after  
 which,  
 And Leolin's horror-stricken answer, 'I  
 So foul a traitor to myself and her,  
 Never oh never,' for about as long  
 As the wind hover hangs in balance,  
 paused  
 Sir Aylmer reddening from the storm  
 within,  
 Then broke all bonds of courtesy, and  
 crying  
 'Boy, should I find you by my doors  
 again,  
 My men shall lash you from them like a  
 dog,  
 Hence!' with a sudden execration drove  
 The footstool from before him, and rose,  
 So, stammering 'scoundrel' out of teeth  
 that ground  
 As in a deadful dream, while Leolin still  
 Retreated half-aghast, the fierce old man  
 Follow'd, and under his own lintel stood  
 Storming with lifted hands, a hoary face  
 Mect for the reverence of the hearth, but  
 now,  
 Beneath a pale and unimpassion'd moon,  
 Vext with unworthy madness, and de  
 form'd  
 Slowly and conscious of the rageful eye  
 That watch'd him, till he heard the  
 ponderous door  
 Close, clashing with long echoes thro' the  
 land,  
 Went Leolin, then, his passions all in  
 flood  
 And masters of his motion, furiously  
 Down thro' the bright lawns to his  
 brother's ran,  
 And foam'd away his heart at Averill's  
 err  
 Whom Averill solaced as he might,  
 amazed

The man was his, had been his father's,  
 friend  
 He must have seen, himself had seen it  
 long,  
 He must have known, himself had known  
 besides,  
 He never yet had set his daughter forth  
 Here in the woman markets of the west,  
 Where our Caucasians let themselves be  
 sold  
 Some one, he thought, had slander'd  
 Leolin to him  
 'Brother, for I have loved you more as  
 son  
 Than brother, let me tell you I myself—  
 What is their pretty saying? jilted, is it?  
 Jilted I was I say it for your peace  
 Pain'd, and, as bearing in myself the  
 shame  
 The woman should have borne, humili-  
 ated,  
 I lived for years a stunted sunless life,  
 Till after our good parents' part away  
 Watching your growth, I seem'd again to  
 grow  
 Leolin, I almost sin in envying you  
 The very whitest lamb in all my fold  
 Loves you I know her the worst  
 thought she has  
 Is whiter even than her pretty hand  
 She must prove true for, brother, what  
 two fight  
 The strongest wins, and truth and love  
 are strength,  
 And you are happy let her parents be'

But Leolin cried out the more upon  
 them—  
 Insolent, brainless, heartless! heiress,  
 wealth,  
 Their wealth, their heiress! wealth  
 enough was theirs  
 For twenty matches Were he lord of  
 this,  
 Why twenty boys and girls should marry  
 on it,  
 And forty blest ones bless him, and him  
 self  
 Be wealthy still, ay wealthier He be-  
 lieved

This filthy marriage hindering Mammon  
 made  
 The harlot of the cities nature most  
 Was mother of the foul adulteries  
 That saturate soul with body Name,  
 too! name,  
 Then ancient name! they *might* be  
 proud, its worth  
 Was being Edith's Ah how pale she  
 had look'd  
 Daring, to-night! they must have rated  
 her  
 Beyond all tolerance These cold pheasant  
 lords,  
 These putridge breeders of a thousand  
 years,  
 Who had milder'd in their thousands,  
 doing nothing  
 Since Egbert—why, the greater their  
 disgrace!  
 Fall back upon a name! rest, not in that!  
 Not *hush* is noble, make it noble? fools,  
 With such advantage ground for nobility,  
 He had known a man, a quintessence of  
 man,  
 The life of all—who madly loved—and he,  
 Thwarted by one of these old father fools,  
 Had noted his life out, and mark in end  
 He would not do it! her sweet face and  
 faith  
 Held him from that but he had powers,  
 he knew it  
 Back would he to his studies, make an unc,  
 Name, fortune too the world should ring  
 of him  
 To shame these mouldy Aylmers in their  
 graves  
 Chancellor, or what is greatest would he  
 be—  
 'O brother, I am grieved to learn your  
 grief—  
 Give me my fling, and let me say my say'

At which, like one that sees his own  
 excess,  
 And easily forgives it as his own  
 He laugh'd, and then was mute, but  
 presently  
 Wept like a storm and honest Avenill  
 seeing



How low his brother's mood had fallen,  
 fetch'd  
 His richest beeswing from a bin reserved  
 For banquets, praised the waning red, and  
 told  
 The vintage—when *this* Aylmer came of  
 age—  
 Then drank and past it, till at length the  
 two,  
 Tho' Leolin flamed and fell again, agreed  
 That much allowance must be made for  
 men  
 After an angry dream this kinder glow  
 Faded with morning, but his purpose held

Yet once by night again the lovers met,  
 A perilous meeting under the tall pines  
 That darken'd all the northward of her  
 Hall  
 Him, to her meek and modest bosom prest  
 In agony, she promised that no force,  
 Persuasion, no, nor death could alter her  
 He, passionately hopefuller, would go,  
 Labour for his own Edith, and return  
 In such a sunlight of prosperity  
 He should not be rejected 'Write to  
 me'  
 They loved me, and because I love them  
 child  
 They hate me there is war between us,  
 dear,  
 Which breaks all bonds but ours, we  
 must remain  
 Sacred to one another ' So they talk'd,  
 Poor children, for their comfort the wind  
 blew,  
 The rain of heaven, and their own bitter  
 tears,  
 Tears, and the careless rain of heaven,  
 met  
 Upon their faces, as they kiss'd each other  
 In darkness, and above them roar'd the pine

So Leolin went, and as we task our-  
 selves  
 To learn a language known but smatter-  
 ingly  
 In phrases here and there at random,  
 toil'd

Mastering the lawless science of our law,  
 That codeless myriad of precedent,  
 That wilderness of single instances,  
 Thio' which a few, by wit or fortune led,  
 May beat a pathway out to wealth and  
 fame  
 The jests, that flash'd about the pleader's  
 room,  
 Lightning of the hour, the pun, the  
 scurrilous tale,—  
 Old scandals buried now seven decads deep  
 In other scandals that have lived and died,  
 And left the living scandal that shall die—  
 Were dead to him already, bent as he was  
 To make disproof of scorn, and strong in  
 hopes,  
 And prodigal of all brain labour he,  
 Charier of sleep, and wine, and exercise,  
 Except when for a breathing while at eve,  
 Some miggard fraction of an hour, he ran  
 Beside the river-bank and then indeed  
 Under the trees were, and the hands of  
 power  
 Were bloodier, and the according hearts  
 of men  
 Seem'd harder too but the soft river  
 breeze,  
 Which fann'd the gardens of that rival rose  
 Yet fragrant in a heart remembering  
 His former talks with Edith, on him  
 breathed  
 Full punchier in his rushings to and fro,  
 After his books, to flush his blood with  
 war,  
 Then to his books again My lady's  
 cousin,  
 Half sickening of his pension'd afternoon,  
 Drove in upon the student once or twice,  
 Ran a Malayam amuck against the times,  
 Had golden hopes for France and all  
 mankind,  
 Answer'd all queries touching those at  
 home  
 With a heaved shoulder and a saucy smile,  
 And fain had haled him out into the  
 world,  
 And an'd him there his nearest friend  
 would say  
 'Screw not the chord too sharply lest it  
 snap'

Then left alone he pluck'd her dagger  
 forth  
 From where his worldless heart had kept  
 it warm,  
 Kissing his vows upon it like a knight  
 And winked benches often talk'd of  
 him  
 Approvingly, and prophesied his rise  
 For heart, I think, help'd head her  
 letters too,  
 Tho' fur between, and coming fitfully  
 Like broken music, written as she found  
 Or made occasion, being strictly watch'd,  
 Chaim'd him thro' every labyrinth till he  
 saw  
 An end, a hope, a light breaking upon him

But they that cast her spirit into flesh,  
 Her worldly wise begetters, plagued them  
 selves  
 To sell her, those good parents, for her  
 good  
 Whatever eldest born of rank or wealth  
 Might lie within their compass, him they  
 lured  
 Into their net made pleasant by the baits  
 Of gold and beauty, wooing him to woo  
 So month by month the noise about their  
 doors,  
 And distant blaze of those dull banquets,  
 made  
 The nightly wiver of their innocent here  
 Falter before he took it All in vain  
 Sullen, defiant, pitying, wroth, retain'd  
 Leolin's rejected rivals from their suit  
 So often, that the folly taking wings  
 Slept o'er those lazy limits down the wind  
 With rumour, and became in other fields  
 A mockery to the yeomen over ale,  
 And laughter to their lords but those at  
 home,  
 As hunters round a hunted creature draw  
 The cordon close and closer toward the  
 death,  
 Narrow'd her goings out and comings in,  
 Forbad her first the house of Averill,  
 Then closed her access to the wealthier  
 farms,  
 Last from her own home-circle of the  
 pool

They bur'd her yet she bore it yet her  
 cheek  
 Kept colour wondrous ! but, O mystery !  
 What amulet drew her down to that old  
 oak,  
 So old, that twenty years before, a part  
 Falling had let appear the brand of John—  
 Once grovelike, each huge aim a tree,  
 but now  
 The broken base of a black tower, a cave  
 Of touchwood, with a single flourishing  
 spry  
 There the manorial lord too curiously  
 Raking in that millennial touchwood dust  
 Found for himself a better treasure trove,  
 Burst his own wyeen on the seal, and read  
 Writing a letter from his child, for which  
 Came at the moment Leolin's emissary,  
 A crippled lad, and coming turn'd to fly,  
 But scared with threats of jail and halter  
 gave  
 To him that fluster'd his poor parish wits  
 The letter which he brought, and swore  
 besides  
 To play their go between as heretofore  
 Nor let them know themselves betray'd,  
 and then,  
 Soul stucken at their kindness to him,  
 went  
 Having his own lean heart and miserable  
 Thenceforward oft from out a despot  
 dream  
 The father panting woke, and oft, as dawn  
 Aroused the black republic on his clms,  
 Sweeping the frothfly from the fescue  
 brush'd  
 Thro' the dim meadow toward his  
 treasure-trove,  
 Seized it, took home, and to my lady,—  
 who made  
 A downward crescent of her minion mouth,  
 Listless in all despondence,—read, and  
 tore,  
 As if the living passion symbol'd there  
 Were living nerves to feel the rent, and  
 burn,  
 Now chafing at his own great self defied,  
 Now striking on huge stumbling blocks of  
 scorn

In babyisms, and dear diminutives  
Scatter'd all over the vocabulary  
Of such a love as like a chidden child,  
After much wailing, hush'd itself at last  
Hopeless of answer then tho' Aveill wrote  
And bad him with good heart sustain  
himself—

All would be well—the lover heeded not,  
But passionately restless came and went,  
And rustling once at night about the place,  
There by a keeper shot at, slightly hurt,  
Raging return'd nor was it well for her  
Kept to the garden now, and grove of pines,  
Watch'd even there, and one was set to  
watch

The watcher, and Sir Aylmer watch'd  
them all,

Yet bitt'ier from his readings once  
indeed,

Warm'd with his wines, or taking pride  
in her,

She look'd so sweet, he kiss'd her tenderly  
Not knowing what possess'd him that  
one kiss

Was Leolin's one strong rival upon earth,  
Seconded, for my lady follow'd suit,  
Seem'd hope's returning rose and then  
ensued

A Martin's summer of his faded love,  
Or order'd by kindness, after this  
He seldom crost his child without a sneer,  
The mother flow'd in shallower acrimo-  
nies

Never one kindly smile, one kindly word  
So that the gentle creature shut from all  
Her charitable use, and face to face  
With twenty months of silence, slowly lost  
Nor greatly cared to lose, her hold on life  
Last, some low fever ranging round to spy  
The weakness of a people or a house,  
Like flies that hunt a wound, or deer, or  
men,

Or almost all that is, hurting the hurt—  
Save Christ as we believe him—found the  
guil

And flung her down upon a couch of fire,  
Where careless of the household firemen,  
And crying upon the name of I colin,  
She, and with her the race of Aylmer,  
perish

Star to star vibrates light may soul  
to soul

Strike thro' a finer element of her own?  
So,—from afar,—touch as at once? or  
why

That night, that moment, when she named  
his name,

Did the keen shriek 'Yes love, yes, Edith,  
yes,'

Shall, till the comrade of his chambers  
woke,

And came upon him half-arsen from sleep,  
With a weird bright eye, sweating and  
trembling,

His hair as it were crackling into flames,  
His body half flung forward in pursuit,

And his long arms stretch'd as to grasp a  
flyer

Nor knew he wherefore he had made the  
cry,

And being much befooled and idioted  
By the rough amity of the other, sank

As into sleep again The second day,  
My lady's Indian kinsman rushing in,  
A breaker of the bitter news from home,  
Found a dead man, a letter edged with  
death

Beside him, and the dagger which himself  
Gave Edith, redd'n'd with no bundit's  
blood

'From Edith' was engraven on the blade

Then Aveill went and gazed upon his  
death

And when he came again, his flock be-  
lieved—

Beholding how the years which are not  
Time's

Had blasted him—that many thousand  
days

Were elipt by horror from his term of life  
Yet the sad mother, for the second death  
Scarcely touch'd her thro' that nearness of  
the first,

And being used to find her pastor texts,  
Sent to the harrow'd brother, praying  
him

To speak before the people of her child,  
And fast the Sabbath Darkly that day

Autumn's mock sunshine of the faded  
woods  
Was all the life of it, for hush on these,  
A breathless burthen of low folded heavens  
Stuffed and chill'd at once, but every roof  
Sent out a listener many too had known  
Edith among the hamlets round, and  
since  
The parents' hushness and the hapless  
loves  
And double death were widely mumur'd,  
left  
Their own gray tower, or plun faced  
tabernacle,  
To hear him, all in mourning these, and  
those  
With blots of it about them, ribbon, glove  
Or kerchief, while the church,—one  
night, except  
For greenish glimmerings thro' the uncets,  
—made  
Still paler the pale head of him, who  
tower'd  
Above them, with his hopes in either  
grave

Long o'er his bent brows linger'd  
Averill,  
His face magnetic to the hand from which  
Livid he pluck'd it forth, and labour'd  
thro'  
His brief prayer prelude, gave the voice  
'Behold,  
Your house is left unto you desolate'  
But hush'd into so long a pause again  
As half amazed half frightened all his flock  
Then from his height and loneliness of  
grief  
Bore down in flood, and dash'd his angry  
heart  
Against the desolations of the world

Never since our bad earth became one  
sea,  
Which rolling o'er the palaces of the  
proud,  
And all but those who knew the living  
God—  
Light that were left to make a purer  
world—

When since had flood, fire, earthquake,  
thunder, wrought  
Such waste and havoc as the idolatries,  
Which from the low light of mortality  
Shot up their shadows to the Heaven of  
Heavens,  
And worshipt their own darkness in the  
Highest?  
'Gash thyself, priest, and honour thy  
brute Bril,  
And to thy worst self sacrifice thyself,  
For with thy worst self hast thou clothed  
thy God  
Then came a Lord in no wise like to  
Bril  
The babe shall lead the lion Surely now  
The wilderness shall blossom as the rose  
Crown thyself, woman, and worship thine  
own lusts !—  
No course and blockish God of revenge  
Stands at thy gate for thee to grovel to—  
Thy God is far diffused in noble groves  
And princely halls, and farms, and flowing  
lawns,  
And herps of living gold that duly grow,  
And title scrolls and gorgeous heraldic,  
In such a shape dost thou behold thy  
God  
Thou wilt not gash thy flesh for him, for  
thine  
Faces richly, in fine linen, not a hair  
Ruffled upon the scarfskin, even while  
The deathless ruler of thy dying house  
Is wounded to the death that cannot die,  
And tho' thou numberest with the follower,  
Of One who said, "I gave all and follow  
me"  
Thee therefore with His light about thy  
feet,  
Thee with His message ringing in thine  
ears,  
Thee shall thy brother man, the Lord from  
Heaven,  
Born of a village girl, carpenter's son,  
Wonderful, Prince of peace, the Mighty  
God,  
Count the more base idolater of the two  
Crueller as not passing thro' the fire  
Bodies, but souls—thy children's—thine  
the smoke

The blight of low desnes—darkening  
thine own

To thine own likeness, or if one of these,  
Thy better born unhappily from thee,  
Should, as by miracle, grow straight and  
fair—

Friends, I was bid to speak of such a one  
By those who most have cause to sorrow  
for her—

Furer than Rachel by the palmy well,  
Fairer than Ruth among the fields of corn,  
Fair as the Angel that said "Hail!" she  
seem'd,

Who entering fill'd the house with sudden  
light

For so mine own was brighten'd where  
indeed

The roof so lowly but that beam of  
Heaven

Dawn'd sometime thro' the doorway?  
whose the babe

Too ragged to be fondled on her lap,  
Warm'd at her bosom? The poor child  
of shame

The common case whom no one cared  
for, leapt

To greet her, wisting his forgotten heart,  
As with the mother he had never known,  
In gambols, for her fresh and innocent  
eyes

Had such a stu of moaning in their blue,  
I hat all neglected places of the field  
Broke into nature's music when they saw  
her

Low was her voice, but won mysterious  
way

Thro' the seal'd ear to which a louder  
one

Was all but silence—flee of arms her  
hand—

The hand that robed your cottage walls  
with flowers

Has often toil'd to clothe your little ones,  
How often placed upon the sick man's  
brow

Cool'd it, or laid his feverous pillow  
smooth!

Had you one sorrow and she shued it  
not?

One burthen and she would not lighten it?

One spiritual doubt she did not soothe?  
Or when some heat of difference sparkled  
out,

How sweetly would she glide between  
your wraths,

And steal you from each other! for she  
walk'd

Weaving the light yoke of that Lord of  
love,

Who still'd the rolling wave of Galilee!  
And one—of him I was not bid to  
speak—

Was always with her, whom you also  
knew

Him too you loved, for he was worthy  
love

And these had been together from the  
first,

They might have been together till the  
last

Friends, this frail bark of ours, when  
sorely tried,

May wreck itself without the pilot's guilt,  
Without the captain's knowledge hope  
with me

Whose shame is that, if he went hence  
with shame?

Not mine the fault, if losing both of these  
I cry to vacant chums and widow'd walls,  
"My house is left unto me desolate!"

While thus he spoke, his heuvers wept,  
but some,

Sons of the glebe, with other frowns than  
those

That knit themselves for summer shadow,  
scowl'd

At their great lord He, when it seem'd  
he saw

No pale sheet lightnings from afar, but  
folk'd

Of the near storm, and aiming at his  
head,

Sat angel churm'd from sorrow, soldier  
like,

Erect but when the picture's evidence  
flow'd

Softening thro' all the gentle attributes  
Of his lost child, the wife, who watch'd  
his face,

Paled at a sudden twitch of his thin  
mouth,  
And 'O pray God that he hold up' she  
thought  
'O! surely I shall shame myself and him'

'Nor yours the blame—for who beside  
your hearths  
Can take her place—if echoing me you  
cry

"Our house is left unto us desolate?"  
But thou, O thou that killest, hadst thou  
known,

O thou that stonest, hadst thou under-  
stood

The things belonging to thy peace and  
ours'

Is there no prophet but the voice that  
calls

Doom upon kings, or in the waste "Re-  
pent"?"

Is not our own child on the narrow way,  
Who down to those that saunter in the  
broad

Cries "Come up hither," as a prophet to  
us?

Is there no stoning save with flint and  
rock?

Yes, as the dead we weep for testify—

No desolation but by sword and fire?

Yes, as your moanings witness, and my-  
self

Am lonelier, darker, earthlier for my loss  
Give me your prayers, for he is past your  
prayers,

Not past the living fount of pity in  
Heaven

But I that thought myself long suffering,  
meek,

Exceeding "poor in spirit"—how the  
words

Have twisted back upon themselves, and  
mean

Vileness, we are grown so proud—I  
wish'd my voice

A rushing tempest of the wrath of God  
To blow these sacrifices thro' the world—

Sent like the twelve divided concubine  
To inflame the tribes but there—out

yonder—earth

Lightens from her own central Hell—O  
there

The red fruit of an old idolatry—

The heads of chiefs and princes fall so  
fast,

They cling together in the ghastly sack—  
The land all shambles—naked marriages

Flash from the bridge, and ever murder'd  
Fiance,

By shores that darken with the gathering  
wolf,

Runs in a river of blood to the sick sea  
Is this a time to madden madness, then?

Was this a time for these to flout their  
pride?

May Pharaoh's darkness, folds as dense  
as those

Which hid the Holiest from the people's  
eyes

Ere the great death, shroud this great sin  
from all'

Doubtless our narrow world must canvass  
it

O rather pray for those and pity them,  
Who, tho' their own desire accomplish'd,

bring  
Their own gray hairs with sorrow to the  
grave—

Who broke the bond which they desired  
to break,

Which else had link'd their race with  
times to come—

Who wove coarse webs to snare her  
purity,

Grossly contriving their dear daughter's  
good—

Poor souls, and knew not what they did,  
but sat

Ignorant, devising their own daughter's  
death'

May not that earthly chastisement suffice?  
Have not our love and reverence left

them true?

Will not another take their heritage?  
Will there be children's laughter in their

hall

For ever and for ever, on one stone  
I left on another, or is it a light thing

That I, then guest, their host, their  
ancient friend,

I made by these the last of all my race,  
Must cry to these the last of theirs, as  
cried  
Christ ere His agony to those that swore  
Not by the temple but the gold, and made  
Then own traditions God, and slew the  
Lord,  
And left their memories a world's curse—  
“Behold,  
Your house is left unto you desolate”’

Ended he had not, but she brook'd no  
more  
Long since her heart had beat remorse  
lessly,  
Her cramped up sorrow pun'd her, and a  
sense  
Of meanness in her unresisting life  
Then their eyes vexed her, for on entering  
He had cast the curtains of their seat  
aside—  
Black velvet of the costliest—she herself  
Had seen to that fair had she closed  
them now,  
Yet dared not stir to do it, only near'd  
Her husband inch by inch, but when she  
hid,  
Wife-like, her hand in one of his, he veil'd  
His face with the other, and at once, as  
falls  
A creeper when the prop is broken, fell  
The woman shivering at his feet, and  
swoon'd  
Then her own people bore along the nave  
Her pendent hands, and narrow meagre  
face  
Seam'd with the shallow cares of fifty  
years  
And her the Lord of all the landscape  
round  
Even to its last horizon, and of all  
Who peer'd at him so keenly, follow'd  
out  
Tall and erect, but in the middle aisle  
Reel'd, as a footsore ox in crowded  
ways  
Stumbling across the market to his death,  
Unpitied, for he groped as blind, and  
seem'd  
Always about to fall, grasping the pews

And oaken finials till he touch'd the  
door,  
Yet to the lychgate, where his chariot  
stood,  
Stood from the porch, tall and erect  
again

But nevermore did either pass the gate  
Save under pall with bearers In one  
month,  
Tho' weary and yet ever wearier hours,  
The childless mother went to seek her  
child,  
And when he felt the silence of his house  
About him, and the change and not the  
change,  
And those fixt eyes of painted ancestors  
Staring for ever from their gilded walls  
On him their last descendant, his own  
head  
Began to droop, to fall, the man became  
Imbecile, his one word was 'desolate,'  
Dead for two years before his death was  
he,  
But when the second Christmas came,  
escaped  
His keepers, and the silence which he felt,  
To find a deeper in the narrow gloom  
By wife and child, not wanted at his  
end  
The dark retinue reverencing death  
At golden thresholds, not from tender  
hearts,  
And those who sorrow'd o'er a vanish'd  
race,  
Pity, the violet on the tyrant's grave  
Then the great Hall was wholly broken  
down,  
And the broad woodland parcell'd into  
farms,  
And where the two contrived their  
daughter's good,  
Lies the hawk's cast, the mole has made  
his run,  
The hedgehog underneath the plantain  
bords,  
The rabbit fondles his own harmless face,  
The slow worm creeps, and the thin  
wessel there  
Follows the mouse, and all is open field

## SEA DREAMS

A CITY creak, but gently born and bred,  
His wife, an unknown artist's orphan  
child—

One babe was theirs, a Marguerite, three  
years old

They, thinking that her clear germander  
eye

Droopt in the giant factoryed city gloom,  
Came, with a month's leave given them,  
to the sea

For which his gains were dock'd, however  
small

Small were his gains, and hard his work,  
besides,

Then slender household fortunes (for the  
man

Had risk'd his little) like the little thrust,  
Trembled in perilous places o'er a deep  
And oft, when sitting all alone, his face  
Would darken, as he cursed his credulous  
ness,

And that one unctuous mouth which lured  
him, rogue,

To buy strange shares in some Peruvian  
mine

Now seaward bound for health they gain'd  
a coast,

All sand and cliff and deep inrunning cove,  
At close of day, slept, woke, and went  
the next,

The Sabbath, pious variers from the  
church,

To chapel, where a heated pulpiteer,  
Not preaching simple Christ to simple men,  
Announced the coming doom, and ful-  
minated

Against the scarlet woman and her creed,  
For sideways up he swung his arms, and  
shriek'd

'Thus, thus with violence,' ev'n as if he  
held

The Apocalyptic millstone, and himself  
Were that great Angel, 'Thus with  
violence

Shall Babylon be cast into the sea,  
Then comes the close' The gentle  
hearted wife

Sat shuddering at the ruin of a world,  
He at his own but when the worldly storm  
Had ended, forth they came and paced  
the shore,

Ran in and out the long sea-framing coves,  
Drank the large air, and saw, but scarce  
believed

(The sootflake of so many a summer still  
Clung to their fancies) that they saw, the sea  
So now on sand they walk'd, and now on  
cliff,

Ingering about the thymy promontories,  
Till all the sails were dail en'd in the west,  
And rosed in the east then homeward and  
to bed

Where she, who kept a tender Christian  
hope,

Haunting a holy text and still to that  
Returning, as the bird returns, at night,  
'Let not the sun go down upon your  
wrath,'

Said, 'Love, forgive him' but he did not  
speak,

And silenced by that silence by the wife,  
Remembering her dear Lord who died for  
all,

And musing on the little lives of men,  
And how they mar this little by their faults

But while the two were sleeping, a full  
tide

Rose with ground swell, which, on the  
foremost rocks

Touching, upjetted in spouts of wild sea  
smoke,

And scolded in sheets of wasteful foam, and  
full

In vast sea-cataracts—ever and anon  
Dead claps of thunder from within the cliffs  
Heard thro' the living roar At this the  
babe,

Their Marguerite cradled near them, wail'd  
and wolk

The mother, and the father suddenly cried,  
'A wick, a wick' then turn'd, and  
groaning said,

'Forgive' How many will say, "for-  
give," and find

A sort of absolution in the sound



To hate a little longer ! No, the sin  
That neither God nor man can well for-  
give,

Hypocrisy, I saw it in him at once  
Is it so true that second thoughts are best?  
Not first, and third, which are a ripen first?  
Too ripe, too late ! they come too late  
for use

Ah love, there surely lives in man and  
beast

Something divine to warn them of their  
foes

And such a sense, when first I fronted him,  
Said, "Trust him not," but after, when  
I came

To know him more, I lost it, knew him  
less,

Fought with what seem'd my own un-  
charity,

Sat at his table, drank his costly wines  
Made more and more allowance for his  
talk,

Went further, fool ! and trusted him with  
all,

All my poor scrapings from a dozen years  
Of dust and deskwork there is no such  
mine,

None, but gulfs of ruin, swallowing gold,  
Not making Ruin'd ! ruin'd ! the sea-  
sides

Ruin a fearful night !

'Not fearful, fan,'

Said the good wife, 'if every star in  
heaven

Can make it fan you do but leave the tide  
If I'd you all dreams ?'

'O yes,' he said, 'I dream'd  
Of such a tide swelling toward the land,  
And I from out the boundless outer deep  
Swept with it to the shore, and enter'd one  
Of those dark caves that run beneath the  
cliffs

I thought the motion of the boundless deep  
Bore thro' the cave, and I was hurried  
upon it

In darkness then I saw one lovely star  
I gazed and gazed "What a world," I  
thought,

"To live in !" but in moving on I found  
Only the landward exit of the cave,  
Bright with the sun upon the stream  
beyond

And near the light a giant woman sat,  
All over earthy, like a piece of earth,  
A pickaxe in her hand then out I slipped  
Into a land all sun and blossom, trees  
As high as heaven, and every bird that  
sings

And here the night light flickering in my  
eyes

Awoke me'

'That was then your dream,' she said,  
'Not sad, but sweet'

'So sweet, I lay,' said he,  
'And mused upon it, drifting up the  
stream

In fancy, till I slept again, and pieced  
The broken vision, for I dream'd that still  
The motion of the great deep bore me on,  
And that the woman walk'd upon the  
bank

I wonder'd at her strength, and ask'd her  
of it

"It came," she said, "by working in the  
mines"

O then to ask her of my shames, I thought,  
And ask'd, but not a word, she shook  
her head

And then the motion of the current ceased,  
And there was rolling thunder, and we  
reach'd

A mountain, like a wall of bars and  
thorns,

But she with her strong feet up the steep  
hill

Trod out a path I follow'd, and at top  
She pointed seaward there a fleet of  
glasses,

That seem'd a fleet of jewels under me,  
Sailing along before a gloomy cloud  
I had not one moment ceased to thunder,  
past

In sunshine right across its track there lay,  
Down in the water, a long reef of gold,  
On which seem'd gold and I was glad at  
it

To think that in our often ransack'd world  
Still so much gold was left, and then I  
fear'd

Lest the gay navy there should splinter  
on it,

And fearing waved my arm to warn them  
off,

An idle signal, for the bittler fleet  
(I thought I could have died to save it)  
near'd,

Touch'd, clink'd, and clash'd, and  
vanish'd, and I woke,

I heard the clash so clearly Now I see  
My dream was Life, the woman honest  
Work,

And my poor venture but a fleet of glass  
Wreck'd on a reef of visionary gold

'Nay,' said the kindly wife to comfort  
him,

'You raised your aim, you tumbled down  
and broke

The glass with little Margaret's medicine  
in it,

And, breaking that, you made and broke  
your dream

A trifle makes a dream, a trifle breaks'

'No trifle,' groan'd the husband,  
'yesterday

I met him suddenly in the street, and ask'd  
That which I ask'd the woman in my  
dream

Like her, he shook his head "Show me  
the books!"

He dodged me with a long and loose  
account

"The books, the books!" but he, he could  
not wait,

Bound on a matter he of life and death  
When the great Books (see Daniel seven  
and ten)

Were open'd, I should find he meant me  
well,

And then began to bloat himself, and ooze  
All over with the fat affectionate smile  
That makes the widow lean "My dearest  
friend,

Have faith, have faith! We live by faith,"  
said he,

"And all things work together for the good  
Of those"—it makes me sick to quote him  
—last

Gripped my hand hard, and with God bless  
you went

I stood like one that had received a blow  
I found a hard friend in his loose accounts,  
A loose one in the hard grip of his hand,  
A curse in his God bless-you then my  
eyes

Pursued him down the street, and far  
away,

Among the honest shoulders of the crowd,  
Read rascal in the motions of his back,  
And scoundrel in the supple sliding knee

'Was he so bound, poor soul?' said  
the good wife,

'So are we all but do not call him, love,  
Before you prove him, rogue, and proved,  
forgive

His gain is loss, for he that wrongs his  
friend

Wrongs himself more, and ever bears  
about

A silent count of justice in his breast,  
Himself the judge and jury, and himself  
The prisoner at the bar, ever condemn'd  
And that drags down his life then comes  
what comes

Hereafter and he meant, he said he  
meant,

Perhaps he meant, or partly meant, you  
well'

"With all his conscience and one eye  
askew"—

Love, let me quote these lines, that you  
may learn

A man is likewise counsel for himself,  
Too often, in that silent count of yours—

"With all his conscience and one eye  
askew,

So false, he partly took himself for true,  
Whose pious talk, when most his heart  
was dry,

Made wet the crafty crowsfoot round his  
eye,

Who, never naming God except for gain,  
So never took that useful name in vain,

Made Him his catspaw and the Cross his  
 tool,  
 And Christ the bait to trap his dupe and  
 fool,  
 Nor deeds of gift, but gifts of grace he  
 foisted,  
 And snake like slimed his victim ere he  
 gorged,  
 And oft at Bible meetings, o'er the rest  
 Ausing, did his holy oily best,  
 Dropping the too rough H in Hell and  
 Heaven,  
 To spread the Word by which himself  
 had thiven "  
 How like you this old satire ?'

‘Nay,’ she said,  
 ‘I loathe it—he had never kindly heart,  
 Nor ever cared to better his own kind,  
 Who first wrote satire, with no pity in it  
 But will you hear *my* dream, for I had one  
 That altogether went to music? Still  
 It awed me’

Then she told it, having dream'd  
Of that same coast

—But round the North, a light,  
A belt, it seem'd, of luminous vapour, lay,  
And ever in it a low musical note  
Swell'd up and died, and, as it swell'd,  
a ridge  
Of breaker issued from the belt, and still  
Grew with the growing note, and when  
the note  
Had reach'd a thunderous fulness, on  
those cliffs  
Broke, mixt with awful light (the same as  
that  
Living within the belt) whereby she saw  
That all those lines of cliffs were cliffs no  
more,  
But huge cathedral fronts of every age,  
Grave, floud, stern, as far as eye could see,  
One after one and then the great ridge  
drew,  
Lessening to the lessening music, back,  
And past into the belt and swell'd again  
Slowly to music ever when it broke  
The statues, king or saint, or founder full,

Then from the gaps and chasms of ruin  
left  
Came men and women in dark clusters  
round,  
Some crying, 'Set them up : they shall  
not fall !'  
And others, 'Let them lie, for they have  
fall'n'  
And still they strove and wrangled and  
she grieved  
In her strange dream, she knew not why,  
to find  
Their wildest wailings never out of tune  
With that sweet note, and ever as thou  
shrieks  
Ran highest up the gamut, that great woe  
Returning, while none mark'd it, on the  
crowd  
Broke, mixt with awful light, and show'd  
their eyes  
Gleaming, and passionate looks, and swept  
away  
The men of flesh and blood, and men of  
stone,  
To the waste deeps together

'Then I fixt  
 My wistful eyes on two fair images,  
 Both crown'd with stars and high among  
                   the stars,—  
 The Virgin Mother standing with her  
                   child  
 High up on one of those dark minstrel  
                   fronts—  
 Till she began to totter, and the child  
 Clung to the mother, and sent out a cry  
 Which mixt with little Margaret's, and I  
                   woke,  
 And my dream awed me — well—but  
                   what are dreams?  
 Yours came but from the breaking of a  
                   glass,  
 And mine but from the crying of a  
                   child'

'Child? No!' said he, 'but this tide's  
 1021, and his,  
 Our Bonnerges with his thic its of doom,  
 And loud-lung'd Antibabylonians  
 (Altho' I grant but little music there)

Went both to make your dream but if  
 there were  
 A music harmonizing our wild cries,  
 Sphere music such as that you dream'd  
 about,  
 Why, that would make our passions far  
 too like  
 The discords dear to the musician No—  
 One shriek of hate would jar all the hymns  
 of heaven  
 True Devils with no ear, they howl in tune  
 With nothing but the Devil "

" "True" indeed !  
 One of our town, but later by an hour  
 Here than ourselves, spoke with me on  
 the shore ,  
 While you were running down the sands,  
 and made  
 The dimpled flounce of the sea furbelow  
 flap,  
 Good man, to please the child She  
 brought strange news  
 Why were you silent when I spoke to-  
 night ?  
 I had set my heart on your forgiving him  
 Before you knew We *must* forgive the  
 dead "

'Dead ' who is dead ?'

'The man your eye pursued  
 A little after you had parted with him,  
 He suddenly dropt dead of heart disease '

'Dead ? he ? of heart disease ? what heart  
 had he  
 To die of ? dead "

'Ah, dearest, if there be  
 A devil in man, there is an angel too,  
 And if he did that wrong you charge him  
 with,  
 His angel broke his heart But your  
 rough voice  
 (You spoke so loud) has roused the child  
 again  
 Sleep, little birdie, sleep ' will she not  
 sleep  
 Without her "little birdie" ? well then,  
 sleep,  
 And I will sing you "birdie "

Saying this,  
 The woman half turn'd round from him  
 . she loved,  
 Left him one hand, and reaching thro'  
 the night  
 Her other, found (for it was close be  
 side)  
 And half embraced the basket cradle  
 head  
 With one soft aim, which, like the plant  
 bough  
 That moving moves the nest and nestling,  
 sway'd  
 The cradle, while she sang this baby song

What does little birdie say,  
 In her nest at peep of day ?  
 Let me fly, says little birdie,  
 Mother, let me fly away  
 Birdie, rest a little longer,  
 Till the little wings are stronger,  
 So she rests a little longer,  
 I then she flies away

What does little baby say,  
 In her bed at peep of day ?  
 Baby says, like little birdie,  
 Let me rise and fly away  
 Baby, sleep a little longer,  
 Till the little limbs are stronger  
 If she sleeps a little longer,  
 Baby too shall fly away

'She sleeps let us too, let all evil,  
 sleep  
 He also sleeps—another sleep than  
 ours  
 He can do no more wrong forgive him,  
 dear,  
 And I shall sleep the sounder "

Then the man,  
 'His deeds yet live, the worst is yet to  
 come  
 Yet let you sleep for this one night be  
 sound  
 I do forgive him '

'Thanks, my love,' she said,  
 'Your own will be the sweeter,' and they  
 slept

## LUCRETIVS

LUCILIA, wedded to Lucretius, found  
Hers master cold, for when the morning  
flush

Of passion and the first embrace had died  
Between them, tho' he lov'd her none the  
less,

Yet often when the woman heard his foot  
Return from pacings in the field, and ran  
To greet him with a kiss, the master took  
Small notice, or austere, for—his mind  
Half buried in some weightier argument,  
Or fancy, borne perhaps upon the rise  
And long roll of the Hexameter—he past  
To turn and ponder those three hundred  
scrolls

Left by the Teacher, whom he held divine  
She brook'd it not, but wrathful, petulant,  
Dreaming some rival, sought and found  
a witch

Who brew'd the philtre which had power,  
they said,

To lead an errant passion home again  
And this, at times, she mingled with his  
drink,

And this destroy'd him, for the wicked  
broth

Confused the chemic labour of the blood,  
And tickling the brute brain within the  
man's

Made havoc among those tender cells,  
and check'd

His power to shape he loathed himself,  
and once

After a tempest woke upon a morn  
That mock'd him with retuning calm,  
and cried

'Storm in the night' for thrice I heard  
the rain

Rushing, and once the flash of a  
thunderbolt—

Methought I never saw so fierce a fork—  
Struck out the streaming mountain side,  
and show'd

A riotous confluence of wroth courses  
Blanching and billowing in a hollow of it,  
Where all but yester-eve was dusty-dry

'Storm, and what dreams, ye holy  
Gods, what dreams'

For thrice I waken'd after dreams Pei-  
chance

We do but recollect the dreams that come  
Just ere the waking terrible! for it seem'd  
A void was made in Nature, all her bonds  
Crack'd, and I saw the flaring atom  
streams

And torrents of her myriad universe,  
Running along the illimitable mane,  
Fly on to clash together again, and make  
Another and another flame of things  
For ever that was mine, my dream, I  
knew it—

Of and belonging to me, as the dog  
With inward yelp and restless forefoot  
ples

His function of the woodland but the  
next!

I thought that all the blood by Sylla shed  
Came driving rainlike down again on  
earth,

And where it dash'd the reddening mea-  
dow, sprang

No dragon warriors from Cadmean teeth,  
For these I thought my dream would  
show to me,

But guls, Hetairai, cunning in their art,  
Mixed animalisms, vile as those that made  
The mulberry-faced Dictator's orgies  
worse

Than aught they fable of the quiet Gods  
And hands they mixt, and yell'd and  
round me drove

In narrowing circles till I yell'd again  
Half suffocated, and sprang up, and saw—  
Was it the first beam of my latest day?

'Then, then, from utter gloom stood  
out the breasts,

The breasts of Helen, and hoveringly a  
sword

Now over and low under, now direct,  
Pointed itself to pierce, but sank down  
shamed

At all that beauty, and as I stared, a fire  
The fire that left a roofless Ilion,  
Shot out of them, and scorch'd me that  
I woke

'Is this thy vengeance, holy Venus,  
thine,  
Because I would not one of thine own  
doves,  
Not ev'n a rose, were offer'd to thee?  
thine,  
Forgetful how my rich procemion makes  
Thy glory fly along the Italian field,  
In lays that will outlast thy Deity?

'Deity? nay, thy worshippers My  
tongue  
Trips, or I speak profanely Which of  
these  
Angers thee most, orangers thee at all?  
Not if thou be'st of those who, far aloof  
From envy, hate and pity, and spite and  
scorn,  
Live the great life which all our greatest  
fun  
Would follow, center'd in eternal calm

'Nay, if thou canst, O Goddess, like  
ourselves  
Touch, and be touch'd, then would I cry  
to thee  
To kiss thy Mavors, roll thy tender arms  
Round him, and keep him from the lust  
of blood  
That makes a steaming slaughter-house  
of Rome

'Ay, but I meant not thee, I meant  
not her,  
Whom all the pines of Ida shook to see  
Shide from that quiet heaven of hers, and  
tempt  
The Trojan, while his neat-herds were  
abroad,  
Nor her that o'er her wounded hunter  
wept  
Her Deity false in human amorous tears,  
Nor whom her beardless apple arbiter  
Decided fairest Rather, O ye Gods,  
Poet like, as the great Sicilian called  
Calliope to grace his golden verse—  
Ay, and this Kypis also—did I take  
That populus name of thine to shadow  
forth  
The all-generating powers and genial heat

Of Nature, when she strikes thro' the  
thick blood  
Of cattle, and light is lauge, and lambs  
are glad  
Nosing the mother's udder, and the bird  
Makes his hearty voice amid the blaze of  
flowers  
Which things appear the work of mighty  
Gods

'The Gods' and if I go my work is  
left  
Unfinish'd—if I go The Gods, who  
haunt  
The lucid interspace of world and world,  
Where never creeps a cloud, or moves a  
wind,  
Nor ever falls the least white strain of  
snow,  
Nor ever lowest roll of thunder moans,  
Nor sound of human sorrow mounts to  
man  
Their sacred everlasting calm' and such,  
Not all so fine, nor so divine a calm,  
Not such, nor all unlike it, mark my ground  
Letting his own life go The Gods, the  
Gods'  
If all be atoms, how then should the  
Gods  
Being atomic not be dissoluble,  
Not follow the great law? My master  
held  
That Gods there are, for all men so  
believe  
I prest my footsteps into his, and meant  
Surely to lend my Memmius in a train  
Of flowery clauses onward to the proof  
That Gods there are, and deathless  
Meant? I meant?  
I have forgotten what I meant my mind  
Stumbles, and all my faculties are lamed

'Look where another of our Gods, the  
Sun,  
Apollo, Delius, or of older use  
All seeing Hyperion—what you will—  
Has mounted yonder, since he never  
sways,  
Except his wrath were wreak'd on  
wretched man,

That he would only shine among the dead  
 Hereafter, tales ' for never yet on earth  
 Could dead flesh creep, or bits of roasting  
 ox  
 Moan round the spit—nor knows he  
 what he sees,  
 King of the East altho' he seem, and gut  
 With song and flame and fragrance, slowly  
 lifts  
 His golden feet on those empurpled stairs  
 That climb into the windy halls of  
 heaven  
 And here he glances on an eye new born,  
 And gets for greeting but a wail of pain,  
 And here he strays upon a freezing orb  
 That fain would gaze upon him to the  
 last,  
 And here upon a yellow eyelid fall'n  
 And closed by those who mourn a friend  
 in vain,  
 Not thankful that his troubles are no  
 more  
 And me, altho' his fire is on my face  
 Blinding, he sees not, nor at all can tell  
 Whether I mean this day to end myself,  
 Or lend an ear to Pluto where he sits,  
 That men like soldiers may not quit the  
 post  
 Allotted by the Gods but he that holds  
 The Gods are careless, wherefore need he  
 care  
 Greatly for them, nor rather plunge at  
 once,  
 Being troubled, wholly out of sight, and  
 sink  
 Past earthquake—ry, and gout and stone,  
 that break  
 Body toward death, and palsy, death in  
 life,  
 And wretched age—and worst disease of  
 all,  
 These prodigies of my mind nakednesses,  
 And twisted shapes of lust, unspeakable,  
 Abominable, strangers at my hearth  
 Not welcome, hirpies mixing every dish,  
 The phantom husks of something foully  
 done,  
 And flitting thro' the boundless universe,  
 And blighting the long quiet of my breast  
 With animal heat and dire insanity?

'How should the mind, except it loved  
 them, clasp  
 These idols to herself? or do they fly  
 Now thinner, and now thicker, like the  
 flakes  
 In a fall of snow, and so press in, perforce  
 Of multitude, as crowds that in an hour  
 Of civic tumult jam the doors, and bend  
 The keepers down, and throng, then rage  
 and they  
 The basest, far into that council hall  
 Where sit the best and statelyest of the  
 land?

'Can I not fling this horror off me  
 again,  
 Seeing with how great ease Nature can  
 smile,  
 Balmer and nobles from her bath of  
 storm,  
 At random ravage? and how easily  
 The mountain there has cast his cloudy  
 slough,  
 Now towering o'er him in steepest an,  
 A mountain o'er a mountain,—ry, and  
 within  
 All hollow is the hopes and fears of  
 men?

'But who was he, that in the garden  
 snared  
 Pious and Frugal, rustic Gods? a tale  
 To laugh at—more to laugh at in myself—  
 For look! what is it? there? yon arbutus  
 Totters, a noiseless riot underneath  
 Strikes through the wood, sets all the  
 tops quivering—  
 The mountain quickens into Nymph and  
 Faun,  
 And here in Orard—how the sun delights  
 To glance and shift about her slippery  
 sides,  
 And rosy knees and supple roundedness,  
 And budded bosom peaks—who this way  
 runs  
 Before the rest—A satyr, a satyr, see,  
 Follows, but him I proved impossible  
 Twy natured is no nature yet he draws  
 Nearer and nearer, and I scorn him now  
 Berstlier than any phantom of his kind

That ever butted his rough brother brute  
For lust or lusty blood or provender  
I hate, abhor, spit, sicken at him, and  
she

Loathes him as well, such a precipitate  
heel,

Fledged as it were with Mercury's ankle-  
wing,

Whirls her to me but will she fling  
herself,

Shameless upon me? Catch her, goat-  
foot nay,

Hide, hide them, million mytled wilder-  
ness,

And cavern-shadowing laurels, hide ' do  
I wish—

What?—that the bush were leafless? or  
to whelm

All of them in one massacre? O ye Gods,  
I know you careless, yet, behold, to you  
From childly wont and ancient use I  
call—

I thought I lived securely as yourselves—  
No lewdness, narrowing envy, monkey-  
spite,

No madness of ambition, avaice, none  
No larger feast than under plane or pine  
With neighbours laid along the grass, to  
take

Only such cups as left us friendly-warm,  
Affirming each his own philosophy—  
Nothing to mar the sober majesties  
Of settled, sweet, Epicurean life  
But now it seems some unseen monster  
lays

His vast and filthy hands upon my will,  
Wrenching it backward into his, and  
spoils

My bliss in being, and it was not great,  
For save when shutting seasons up in  
rhythm,

Or Heliconian honey in living words,  
To make a truth less harsh, I often grew  
Tired of so much within our little life,  
Of so little in our little life—

Poor little life that toddles half an hour  
Crown'd with a flower or two, and there  
an end—

And since the noble pleasure seems to  
fade,

Why should I, beastlike as I find myself,  
Not manlike end myself?—our privilege—  
What beast has heart to do it? And what  
man,

What Roman would be dragg'd in triumph  
thus?

Not I, not he, who bears one name with  
her

Whose death blow struck the dateless  
doom of kings,

When, brooking not the Tarquin in her  
veins,

She made her blood in sight of Collatine  
And all his peers, flushing the guiltless  
air,

Spout from the maiden fountain in her  
heart

And from it spring the Commonwealth,  
which breaks

As I am breaking now!

‘ And therefore now

Let her, that is the womb and tomb of all,  
Great Nature, take, and forcing far apart  
Those blind beginnings that have made  
me man,

Dash them anew together at her will  
Thro' all her cycles—into mine once more,  
Or beast or bird or fish, or opulent flower  
But till this cosmic order everywhere  
Shatter'd into one earthquake in one day  
Cracks all to pieces,—and that hour  
perhaps

Is not so far when momentary man  
Shall seem no more a something to him  
self,

But he, his hopes and hates, his homes  
and fanes,

And even his bones long laid within the  
grave,

The very sides of the grave itself shall pass,  
Vanishing, atom and void, atom and void,  
Into the unseen for ever,—till that hour,  
My golden work in which I told a truth  
That stays the rolling Trojan wheel,  
And numbs the Fury's unglazed snake, and  
plucks

The mortal soul from out immortal hell,  
Shall stand away, surely then it fails at  
last



And perishes as I must, for O Thou,  
 Passionless bride, divine Tranquillity,  
 Yearn'd after by the wisest of the wise,  
 Who fail to find thee, being as thou art  
 Without one pleasure and without one  
 pain,

Howbeit I know thou surely must be mine  
 Or soon or late, yet out of season, thus  
 I woo thee roughly, for thou carest not  
 How roughly men may woo thee so they  
 win—

Thus—thus the soul flies out and dies  
 in the air '

With that he drove the knife into his  
 side  
 She heard him raging, heard him fall,  
 ran in,  
 Beat breast, tore hair, cried out upon  
 himself  
 As having fail'd in duty to him, shriek'd  
 That she but meant to win him back, fell  
 on him,  
 Clasp'd, kiss'd him, wail'd he answer'd,  
 'Care not thou '  
 Thy duty? What is duty? Fare thee  
 well ''

## THE PRINCESS, A MEDLEY

### PROLOGUE

SIR Walter Vivian all a summer's day  
 Gave his broad lawns until the set of sun  
 Up to the people thither flock'd at noon  
 His tenants, wife and child, and thither  
 half

The neighbouring borough with their  
 Institute

Of which he was the patron I was  
 there

From college, visiting the son,—the son  
 A Walter too,—with others of our set,  
 Five others we were seven at Vivian  
 place

And me that morning Walter show'd  
 the house,  
 Greek, set with busts from vases in the  
 hall  
 Flowers of all heavens, and lovelier than  
 their names,  
 Grew side by side, and on the pavement  
 lay  
 Carved stones of the Abbey ruin in the  
 park,  
 Huge Ammonites, and the first bones of  
 Time,  
 And on the tibles every clime and age

Jumbled together, celts and calumets,  
 Claymorie and snowshoe, toys in lava,  
 fans

Of sandal, amber, ancient rosaries,  
 Laborious orient ivory sphere in sphere,  
 The cursed Malayan cease, and battle-  
 clubs

From the isles of palm and higher on  
 the walls,

Betwixt the monstrous horns of elk and  
 deer,

His own forefathers' arms and armour  
 hung

And 'this' he said 'was Hugh's at  
 Agincourt,

And that was old Su Ralphs at As  
 calon

A good knight he ' we keep a chronicle  
 With all about him '—which he brought,  
 and I

Dived in a hoard of tales that dealt with  
 knights,

Half-legend, half historic, counts and  
 kings

Who laid about them at their wills and  
 died,

And mixt with these, a lady, one that  
 arm'd

Her own fair herd, and sallying thro' the  
gate,  
Had beat her foes with slaughter from  
her walls

'O miracle of women,' said the book,  
O noble heart who, being stout besieged  
By this wild king to force her to his wish,  
Nor bent, nor broke, nor shunn'd a  
soldier's death,  
But now when all was lost or seem'd as  
lost—

Her stature more than mortal in the burst  
Of sunrise, her arm lifted, eyes on fire—  
Broke with a blast of trumpets from the  
gate,

And, falling on them like a thunderbolt,  
She trampled some beneath her horse's  
heels,

And some were whelm'd with missiles of  
the wall,

And some were push'd with lances from  
the rock,

And put were drown'd within the whil-  
ing brook.

O miracle of noble womanhood !'

So sang the gallant glorious chronicler,  
And, I all rapt in this, 'Come out,' he  
said,

'To the Abbey there is Aunt Elizabeth  
And sister Lila with the rest.' We went  
(I kept the book and had my finger in it)  
Down thro' the park strange was the  
sight to me,

For all the sloping pasture murmur'd,  
sown

With happy flocks and with holiday  
There moved the multitude, a thousand  
herds

The patient leaders of their Institute  
Taught them with facts One rear'd a  
font of stone

And drew, from butts of water on the  
slope,

The fountain of the moment, plying,  
now

A twisted snake, and now a rain of pearls,  
Or steep up spout whereon the gilded  
ball

Danced like a wisp and somewhat lower  
down

A man with knobs and wires and nails  
fixed

A cannon Echo answer'd in her sleep  
From hollow fields and here were tele-  
scopes

For rare views, and there a group of  
guilts

In circle wated, whom the electric shock  
Dislink'd with shrieks and laughter  
round the lake

A little clock work steamer paddling placid  
And shook the lilies perch'd about the  
knolls

A dozen angry models jutt'd stern

A petty railway ran a fire balloon

Rose gum like up before the dusty groves  
And dropt a fairy parachute and put

And there thro' twenty posts of telegraph  
They flash'd a sunny message to and fro  
Between the mimic stations, so that sport  
Went hand in hand with Science, other  
where

Pure sport a herd of boys, with clamour  
bowl'd

And stump'd the wicket, babies roll'd  
about

Like tumbled fruit in crisis, and men  
and maids

Arranged a country dance, and flew thro'  
light

And shadow, while the twangling violin  
Stuck up with Soldier liddle, and over  
head

The broad umbrosal aisles of lofty lime  
Made noise with bees and breeze from  
end to end

Strange was the sight and smacking of  
the time,

And long we gazed, but satiated at length  
Came to the ruins High rich'd and ivy  
clipt,

Of finest Gothic lighter than a fire,  
Thro' one wide chasm of time and frost  
they gave

The park, the crowd, the house, but all  
within

The sword was turn'd as any garden lawn

And here we lit on Aunt Elizabeth,  
 And Lilia with the rest, and lady friends  
 From neighbour seats and there was  
     Ralph himself,  
 A broken statue propt against the wall,  
 As gay as any Lilia, wild with sport,  
 Half child half woman as she was, had  
     wound  
 A scarf of orange round the stony helm,  
 And robed the shoulder in a rosy silk,  
 That made the old warrior from his rived  
     nook  
 Glow like a sunbeam near his tomb a  
     feast  
 Shone, silver set, about it lay the guests,  
 And there we join'd them then the  
     maiden Aunt  
 Took this fair dry for text, and from it  
     pierch'd  
 An universal culture for the crowd,  
 And all things great, but we, unworthier,  
     told  
 Of college he had climb'd across the  
     spikes,  
 And he had squeezed himself betwixt the  
     bars,  
 And he had birth'd the Proctor's dogs,  
     and one  
 Discuss'd his tutor, rough to common  
     men,  
 But honeying at the whisper of a lord,  
 And one the Master, as a rogue in grain  
 Vencer'd with sanctimonious theory

But while they talk'd, above their heads  
     I saw  
 The feudal warrior lady clad, which  
     brought  
 My book to mind and opening this I  
     read  
 Of old Sir Ralph a page or two that rang  
 With tilt and journey, then the tale of  
     her  
 That drove her foes with slaughter from  
     her walls,  
 And much I praised her nobleness, and  
     'Where,'  
 Ask'd Walter, patting Lilia's head (she lay  
 Beside him) 'lives there such a woman  
     now?'

Quick answer'd Lilia 'There are thou-  
     sands now  
 Such women, but convention beats them  
     down  
 It is but bunging up, no more than that  
 You men have done it how I hate you  
     all!  
 Ah, were I something great 'I wish I  
     were  
 Some mighty poetess, I would shame you  
     then,  
 That love to keep us children 'O I wish  
 That I were some great princess, I would  
     build  
 Far off from men a college like a man's,  
 And I would teach them all that men we  
     taught,  
 We are twice as quick 'And here she  
     shook aside  
 The hand that play'd the pation with her  
     curls

And one sad smiling 'Pretty were the  
     sight  
 If our old mills could change their sex,  
     and flaunt  
 With pudes for proctors, dowagers for  
     darns,  
 And sweet girl graduates in their golden  
     hair  
 I think they should not wear our rusty  
     gowns,  
 But move as rich as Emperor moths, or  
     Ralph

Who shines so in the corner, yet I fear,  
 If there were many Lillas in the blood,  
 However deep you might embower the  
     nest,  
 Some boy would spy it '  
     At this upon the sword  
 She tapt her tiny silken sandal'd foot  
 'That's your light way, but I would  
     make it death  
 For any male thing but to peep at us '

Petulant she spoke, and at herself she  
     laugh'd,  
 A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,  
 And sweet as English air could make her,  
     she

But Walter hail'd a score of names upon  
 her,  
 And 'petty Ogress,' and 'ungrateful  
 Puss,'  
 And swore he long'd at college, only  
 long d,  
 All else was well, for she society  
 They boated and they cricketed, they  
 talk'd  
 At wine, in clubs, of art, of politics,  
 They lost their weeks, they vex the  
 souls of deans,  
 They rode, they betted, made a hundred  
 friends,  
 And caught the blossom of the flying  
 terms,  
 But miss'd the mignonette of Vivian place,  
 The little hearth-flower Lilia Thus he  
 spoke,  
 Part banter, part affection  
 'True,' she said,  
 'We doubt not that O yes, you miss'd  
 us much  
 I'll stake my ruby ring upon it you  
 did'

She held it out, and as a parrot turns  
 Up thro' gilt wires a crafty loving eye,  
 And takes a lady's finger with all care,  
 And bites it for true heart and not for  
 harm,  
 So he with Lilia's Daintily she shruck'd  
 And wung it 'Doubt my word again'  
 he said  
 'Come, listen! here is proof that you  
 were miss'd  
 We seven stay'd at Christmas up to read,  
 And there we took one tutor as to read  
 The hard grain'd Muses of the cube and  
 square  
 Were out of season never man, I think,  
 So moulder'd in a sinecure as he  
 For while our cloisters echo'd frosty feet,  
 And our long walks were sturt as bare  
 as blooms,  
 We did but talk you over, pledge you all  
 In wassail, often, like as many girls—  
 Sick for the hollies and the yews of home—  
 As many little tuffling Lillas—play'd  
 Charades and riddles as at Christmas here,

And *what's my thought* and *when* and  
*where* and *how*,  
 And often told a tale from mouth to mouth  
 As here at Christmas'

She remember'd that  
 A pleasant game, she thought she liked  
 it more  
 Than magic music, forfeits, all the rest  
 But these—what kind of tales did men  
 tell men,  
 She wonder'd, by themselves?

A half disdain  
 Perch'd on the pouted blossom of her lips  
 And Walter nodded at me, 'It began,  
 The rest would follow, each in turn, and so  
 We forg'd a sevenfold story kind'  
 what kind?

Chimeras, clutches, Christmas solecisms,  
 Seven headed monsters only made to kill  
 Time by the fire in winter'

'Kill him now,  
 The tyrant! kill him in the summer too,'  
 Said Lilia, 'Why not now?' the maiden  
 Aunt

'Why not a summer's as a winter's tale?  
 A tale for summer as befits the time,  
 And something it should be to suit the  
 place,

Heroic, for a hero lies beneath,  
 Grave, solemn'

Walter wup'd his mouth at this  
 To something so mock solemn, that I  
 laugh'd

And Lilia woke with sudden-shrilling  
 muth

An echo like a ghostly woodpecker,  
 Hid in the ruins, till the maiden Aunt  
 (A little sense of wrong had touch'd her  
 face

With colour) turn'd to me with 'As you  
 will,

Heroic if you will, or what you will,  
 Or be yourself your hero if you will'

'Take Lilia, then, for heroine' clam-  
 our'd he,

'And make her some great Princess, six  
 feet high,

Grand, epic, homical, and be you  
 The Prince to win her'

'Then follow me, the Prince,'  
I answer'd, 'each be hero in his turn'  
Seven and yet one, like shadows in a  
dream —

Heroic seems our Princess as requir'd—  
But something made to suit with Time  
and place,

A Gothic ruin and a Grecian house,  
A talk of college and of ladies' rights,  
A feudal knight in silken masquerade,  
And, yonder, shrieks and strange experi-  
ments

For which the good Sir Ralph had burnt  
them all—

In his *weisen* a medley! we should have him  
back

Who told the "Winter's tale" to do it  
for us

No matter we will say whatever comes  
And let the ladies sing us, if they will,  
From time to time, some ballad or a song  
To give us breathing-space'

So I began,  
And the rest follow'd and the women  
sang

Between the rougher voices of the men,  
Like linnets in the prunes of the wind  
And here I gave the story and the songs

## I

A prince I was, blue eyed, and fair in  
face,  
Of temper amorous, as the first of May,  
With lengths of yellow ringlet, like a gull,  
For on my cradle shone the Northern  
star

There lived an ancient legend in our  
house  
Some sorcerer, whom a fire of grandeur  
burnt

Because he cast no shadow, had fore-  
told,

Dying, that none of all our blood should  
know

The shadow from the substance, and that  
one

Should come to fight with shadows and  
to fill

For so, my mother said, the story ran

And, truly, waking dreams were, more or  
less,

An old and strange affection of the house  
Myself too had weird seizures, Heaven  
knows what

On a sudden in the midst of men and day,  
And while I walk'd and talk'd as hereto-  
fore,

I seem'd to move among a world of ghosts,  
And feel myself the shadow of a dream  
Our great court Galen poised his gilt-head  
cane,

And paw'd his beard, and mutter'd  
'catalepsy'

My mother pitying made a thousand  
prayers,

My mother was as mild as any saint,  
Half-canonized by all that look'd on her,  
So gracious was her tact and tenderness  
But my good father thought a king a king,  
He cared not for the affection of the house,  
He held his sceptre like a pedant's wand  
To lash offence, and with long arms and  
hands

Reach'd out, and pick'd offenders from  
the mass

For judgment

Now it chanced that I had been,  
While life was yet in bud and blade,  
betroth'd

To one, a neighbouring Princess she to me  
Was proxy wedded with a bootless calf  
At eight years old, and still from time  
to time

Came murmurs of her beauty from the  
South,

And of her brethren, youths of puissance,  
And still I wore her picture by my heart,  
And one dark tress, and all around them  
both

Sweet thoughts would swarm as bees about  
their queen

But when the days drew nigh that I  
should wed,

My father sent ambassadors with furs  
And jewels, gifts, to fetch her these  
brought back

A present, a great labour of the loom,  
And thence withal an answer vague as wind

Besides, they saw the king, he took the  
gifts,  
He said there was a compact, that was  
true  
But then she had a will, was he to blame?  
And maiden fancies, loved to live alone  
Among her women, certain, would not  
wed

That morn'g in the presence room I  
stood  
With Cyril and with Florian, my two  
friends  
The first, a gentleman of broken means  
(His father's fault) but given to stats and  
busts  
Of revel, and the last, my other herit,  
And almost my half self, for still we moved  
Together, twinn'd as horse's ear and eye

Now, while they spake, I saw my  
father's face  
Grow long and troubled like a rising moon,  
Inflamed with wrath he started on his  
feet,  
Tore the king's letter, snow'd it down,  
and rent  
The wonder of the loom thro' waip and  
woof  
From skirt to skirt, and at the last he  
swaie  
That he would send a hundred thousand  
men,  
And bring her in a whirlwind then he  
chew'd  
The thuce turn'd cud of wiath, and cook'd  
his spleen,  
Communing with his captains of the war.

At last I spoke 'My father, let me go  
It cannot be but some gross error lies  
In this report, this answer of a king,  
Whom all men rate as kind and hospitable  
O, maybe, I myself, my bride once  
seen,  
Whate'er my grief to find her less than  
fame,  
May rue the bargain made' And Florian  
said  
'I have a sister at the foreign court,

Who moves about the Princess, she, you  
know,  
Who wedded with a nobleman from thence  
He, dying lately, left her, as I hear,  
The lady of three castles in that land  
Thro' her this matter might be sifted clear'  
And Cyril whisper'd 'Take me with you  
too'

Then laughing 'what, if these weird  
seizures come  
Upon you in those lands, and no one near  
To point you out the shadow from the  
truth'  
Take me I'll serve you better in a strain,  
I grieve on rusty hinges here' but 'No'  
Roar'd the rough king, 'you shall not,  
we ourself  
Will crush her pretty maiden fancies dead  
In iron gauntlets break the council up'

But when the council broke, I rose and  
past  
Thro' the wild woods that hung about the  
town,  
Found a still place, and pluck'd her like-  
ness out,  
Laid it on flowers, and watch'd it lying  
bathed  
In the green gleam of dewy grass'd tufts  
What were those fancies? wherefore break  
her truth?  
Proud look'd the lips but while I medi-  
tated  
A wind rose and rush'd upon the South,  
And shook the songs, the whispers, and  
the shrills  
Of the wild woods together, and a Voice  
Went with it, 'Follow, follow, thou shalt  
win'

Then, ere the silver sickle of that month  
Became her golden shield, I stole from  
court  
With Cyril and with Florian, unperceived,  
Cot footed thro' the town and huff in dierd  
To hear my father's clamour at our backs  
With Ho' from some bay window shriek  
the night,  
But all was quiet from the bastion'd  
walls

Like threaded spiders, one by one, we  
dropt,  
And flying reach'd the frontier then we  
crost  
To a livelier land, and so by tilth and  
grange,  
And vines, and blowing bosks of wilder-  
ness,  
We gain'd the mother city thick with  
towers,  
And in the imperial palace found the king

His name was Gama, crack'd and  
small his voice,  
But bland the smile that like a wrinkling  
wind  
On glassy water drove his cheek in lines,  
A little dry old man, without a star,  
Not like a king three days he feasted us,  
And on the fourth I spake of why we  
came,  
And my betroth'd 'You do us, Pince,'  
he said,  
Among a snowy hand and signet gem,  
'All honour We remember love our-  
selves  
In our sweet youth there did a compact  
pass  
Long summers back, a kind of ceremony—  
I think the year in which our olives  
fail'd  
I would you had her, Prince, with all my  
heart,  
With my full heart but there were  
widows here,  
Two widows, Lady Psyche, Lady Blanche,  
They led her theones, in and out of place  
Maintaining that with equal husbandry  
The woman were an equal to the man  
They harp'd on this, with this our ban  
quets rang,  
Our dances broke and buzz'd in knots of  
talk,  
Nothing but this, my very ears were hot  
To hear them knowledge, so my daughter  
held,  
Was all in all they had but been, she  
thought,  
As children, they must lose the child,  
assume

The woman then, Sir, awful odes she  
wrote,  
Too awful, sure, for what they treated of,  
But all she is and does is awful, odes  
About this losing of the child, and rhymes  
And dismal lyrics, prophesying change  
Beyond all reason these the women sang,  
And they that know such things—I sought  
but peace,  
No critic I—would call them master  
pieces  
They master'd me At last she begg'd a  
boon,  
A certain summer-palace which I have  
Hard by your father's frontier I said no,  
Yet being an easy man, gave it and  
there,  
All wild to found an University  
For maidens, on the spur she fled, and  
more  
We know not,—only this they see no  
men,  
Not ev'n her brother Atac, nor the twins  
Her brethren, tho' they love her, look  
upon her  
As on a kind of paragon, and I  
(Pardon me saying it) were much loth to  
breed  
Dispute betwixt myself and mine but  
since  
(And I confess with right) you think me  
bound  
In some sort, I can give you letters to her,  
And yet, to speak the truth, I rate your  
chance  
Almost at naked nothing'

Thus the king,  
And I, tho' nettled that he seem'd to slur  
With garrulous ease and only courtesies  
Our formal compact, yet, not less (all frets  
But chafing me on fire to find my bride)  
Went forth again with both my friends  
We rode  
Many a long league back to the North  
At last  
From hills, that look'd across a land of  
hope,  
We dropt with evening on a rustic town  
Set in a gleaming river's crescent-curve,  
Close at the boundary of the liberties,

There, enter'd an old hostel, call'd mine  
 host  
 To council, pled him with his richest  
 wines,  
 And show'd the late writ letters of the  
 king

He with a long low sibilation, stued  
 As blank as death in marble, then ex-  
 claim'd  
 Averting it was clear against all rules  
 For any man to go but as his brain  
 Began to mellow, 'If the king,' he said,  
 'Had given us letters, was he bound to  
 speak ?

The king would bear him out,' and at  
 the last—

The summer of the vine in all his veins—  
 'No doubt that we might make it worth  
 his while

She once had past that wry, he heard  
 her speak,

She scared him, life ! he never saw the  
 like,

She look'd as grand as doomsday and as  
 grave

And he, he revered his hege lady there,  
 He always made a point to post with  
 mares,

His daughter and his housemaid were the  
 boys

The land, he understood, for miles about  
 Was till'd by women, all the swine were  
 sows,

And all the dogs'—

But while he jested thus,  
 A thought flash'd thro' me which I clothed  
 in act,

Remembering how we three presented  
 Maid

Or Nymph, or Goddess, at high tide of  
 feast,

In masque or pageant at my father's court  
 We sent mine host to purchase female  
 gear,

He brought it, and himself, a sight to  
 shake

The midriff of despaun with laughter, help  
 To lace us up, till, each, in maiden  
 plumes

We rustled him we gave a costly bibe  
 To guerdon silence, mounted our good  
 steeds,  
 And boldly ventured on the liberties

We follow'd up the river as we rode,  
 And rode till midnight when the college  
 lights

Began to glitter firefly like in copse  
 And linden alley then we past an arch,  
 Whereon a woman statue rose with  
 wings

From four wing'd hoises dark against the  
 stairs,

And some inscription ran along the front,  
 But deep in shadow further on we gain'd  
 A little street half garden and half house,  
 But scurce could hear each other speak  
 for noise

Of clocks and chimes, like silver hammer  
 falling

On silver anvils, and the splash and stir  
 Of fountains spouted up and showering  
 down

In meshes of the jessmine and the rose  
 And all about us peal'd the nightingale,  
 Rapt in her song, and careless of the  
 snare

There stood a bust of Pallas for a sign,  
 By two sphæric lumps blazon'd like Heaven  
 and Earth

With constellation and with continent,  
 Above an entry riding in, we call'd,  
 A plump arm'd Ostleress and a stable  
 wench

Came running at the call, and help'd us  
 down

Then stopt a buxom hostess forth, and  
 sail'd,

Full-blown, before us into rooms which  
 gave

Upon a pillar'd porch, the bases lost  
 In lurch her we ask'd of that and this,  
 And who were tutors 'Lady Blanche'  
 she said,

'And Lady Psyche' 'Which was  
 prettiest,  
 Best natured?' 'Lady Psyche' 'Hers  
 are we,'





‘We scarcely thought in our own hall to hear  
 This barren verbiage, current among men,  
 Light coin, the tinsel clink of compliment.  
 Your flight from out your bookless wilds  
 would seem  
 As arguing love of knowledge and of  
 power;  
 Your language proves you still the child.  
 Indeed,  
 We dream not of him: when we set our  
 hand  
 To this great work, we purposed with  
 ourself  
 Never to wed. You likewise will do well,  
 Ladies, in entering here, to cast and fling  
 The tricks, which make us toys of men,  
 that so,  
 Some future time, if so indeed you will,  
 You may with those self-styled our lords  
 ally  
 Your fortunes, justlier balanced, scale with  
 scale.’

At those high words, we conscious of  
 ourselves,  
 Perused the matting; then an officer  
 Rose up, and read the statutes, such as  
 these:  
 Not for three years to correspond with  
 home;  
 Not for three years to cross the liberties;  
 Not for three years to speak with any  
 men;  
 And many more, which hastily subscribed,  
 We enter’d on the boards: and ‘Now,’  
 she cried,  
 ‘Ye are green wood, see ye warp not.  
 Look, our hall!  
 Our statues!—not of those that men  
 desire,  
 Sleek Odaliskes, or oracles of mode,  
 Nor stunted squaws of West or East; but  
 she  
 That taught the Sabine how to rule, and  
 she  
 The foundress of the Babylonian wall,  
 The Carian Artemisia strong in war,  
 The Rhodope, that built the pyramid,  
 Clelia, Cornelia, with the Palmyrene

That fought Aurelian, and the Roman  
 brows  
 Of Agrippina. Dwell with these, and  
 lose  
 Convention, since to look on noble forms  
 Makes noble thro’ the sensuous organism  
 That which is higher. O lift your natures  
 up:  
 Embrace our aims: work out your free-  
 dom. Girls,  
 Knowledge is now no more a fountain  
 seal’d:  
 Drink deep, until the habits of the slave,  
 The sins of emptiness, gossip and spite  
 And slander, die. Better not be at all  
 Than not be noble. Leave us: you may  
 go:

To-day the Lady Psyche will harangue  
 The fresh arrivals of the week before;  
 For they press in from all the provinces,  
 And fill the hive.’

She spoke, and bowing waved  
 Dismissal. back again we crost the court  
 To Lady Psyche’s: as we enter’d in,  
 There sat along the forms, like morning  
 doves

That sun their milky bosoms on the  
 thatch,

A patient range of pupils; she herself  
 Elect behind a desk of satin-wood,  
 A quick brunette, well-moulded, falcon-  
 eyed,

And on the hither side, or so she look’d,  
 Of twenty summers. At her left, a child,  
 In shining draperies, headed like a star,  
 Her maiden babe, a double April old,  
 Aglaia slept. We sat: the Lady glanced:  
 Then Florian, but no livelier than the  
 dame

That whisper’d ‘Asses’ ears,’ among the  
 sedge,

‘My sister.’ ‘Comely, too, by all that’s  
 fair,’

Said Cyril. ‘O hush, hush!’ and she  
 began.

‘This world was once a fluid haze of  
 light,  
 Till toward the centre set the starry tides,  
 And eddied into suns, that wheeling cast

The planets then the monster, then the  
man,  
Tattoo'd or woaded, winter-clad in skins,  
Raw from the pume, and crushing down  
his mate,  
As yet we find in barbarous isles, and  
here  
Among the lowest '

Thereupon she took  
A bird's eye view of all the ungracious  
past,

Glanced at the legendary Amazon  
As emblematic of a nobler age,  
Appraised the Lycian custom, spoke of  
those

That lay at wine with Lar and Lucumo,  
Ran down the Persian, Grecian, Roman  
lines

Of empire, and the woman's state in each,  
How far from just, till warning with her  
theme

She fulminated out her scorn of laws Salique  
And little footed China, touch'd on  
Mahomet

With much contempt, and came to  
chivalry

When some respect, however slight, was  
paid

To woman, superstition all awry  
However then commenced the dawn  
beam

Had slanted forward, falling in a land  
Of promise, fruit would follow Deep,  
indeed,

Then debt of thanks to her who first had  
died

To leap the rotten piles of prejudice,  
Disyoke their necks from custom, and  
assert

None lordlier than themselves but that  
which made

Woman and man She had founded,  
they must build

Here might they learn whatever men were  
taught

Let them not fear some sad then heads  
were less

Some men's were small, not they the  
least of men,

For often fineness compensated size

Besides the brain was like the hand, and  
grew

With using, thence the man's, if more  
was more,

He took advantage of his strength to be  
First in the field some ages had been lost,  
But woman ripen'd earlier, and her life  
Was longer, and albeit their glorious  
names

Were fewer, scatter'd stars, yet since in  
truth

The highest is the measure of the man,  
And not the Kaffir, Hottentot, Malay,  
Nor those horn handed breakers of the  
glebe,

But Homer, Plato, Veulam, even so  
With woman and in arts of government  
Elizabeth and others, arts of war

The peasant Joan and others, arts of grace  
Sappho and others vied with any man  
And, last not least, she who had left her  
place,

And bow'd her state to them, that they  
might grow

To use and power on this Oasis, lapt  
In the arms of leisure, sacred from the  
blight

Of ancient influence and scorn

At last

She rose upon a wind of prophecy  
Dilating on the future, 'everywhere  
Two heads in council, two beside the  
hearth,

Two in the tangled business of the world,  
Two in the liberal offices of life,  
Two plummets dropt for one to sound  
the abyss

Of science, and the secrets of the mind  
Musician, painter, sculptor, critic, more  
And everywhere the broad and bounteous  
Earth

Should bear a double growth of those  
rare souls,

Poets, whose thoughts enrich the blood  
of the world '

She ended here, and beckon'd us the  
rest

Printed, and, glowing full faced welcome,  
she

Began to address us, and was moving on  
In gratulation, till as when a boat  
Tacks, and the slacken'd sail flaps, all  
her voice

Faltering and fluttering in her throat, she  
cried

'My brother!' 'Well, my sister' 'O,'  
she said,

'What do you here? and in this dress?  
and these?'

Why who are these? a wolf within the  
fold!

A pack of wolves! the Lord be gracious  
to me!

A plot, a plot, a plot, to ruin all!

'No plot, no plot,' he answer'd  
'Wretched boy,

How saw you not the inscription on the  
gate,

LEI NO MAN ENFER IN ON PAIN OF  
DEATH?

'And if I had,' he answer'd, 'who could  
think

The softer Adams of your Academe,  
O sister, Sirens tho' they be, were such  
As chanted on the blanching bones of  
men?

'But you will find it otherwise' she said  
'You jest ill jesting with edge tools'  
my vow

Binds me to speak, and O that non will,  
That axelike edge unturnable, our Head,  
The Princess' 'Well then, Psyche, take  
my life,

And nail me like a weasel on a grange  
For warning buy me beside the gate,  
And cut this epitaph above my bones,  
*Here lies a brother by a sister slain,  
All for the common good of womankind*  
'Let me die too,' said Cyril, 'having  
seen

And heard the Lady Psyche'

I struck in  
'Albeit so mask'd, Madam, I love the  
truth,

Receive it, and in me behold the Prince  
Your countryman, affianced years ago  
To the Lady Ida here, for here she was,  
And thus (what other way was left) I  
came'

'O Sir, O Prince, I have no country,  
none,

If any, this, but none Whate'er I was  
Disrooted, what I am is grafted here  
Affianced, Su? love whispers my not  
breathe

Within this vestal limit, and how should  
I,

Who am not mine, say, live the thunder  
bolt

Hangs silent, but prepare I speak, it  
falls'

'Yet pause,' I said 'for that inscription  
there,

I think no more of deadly lurks therein,  
Thru in a clapper clapping in guth,  
To scare the fowl from fruit if more  
there be,

If more and acted on, what follows? was,  
Your own work marr'd for this you  
Acideme,

Whichever side be Victor, in the halloo  
Will topple to the trumpet down, and  
pass

With all fair theories only made to gild  
A stormless summer' 'Let the Princess  
judge

Of that' she said 'far well, Su—and  
to you

I shudder at the sequel, but I go'

'Are you that Lady Psyche,' I re-  
join'd,

'The fifth in line from that old Flouran,  
Yet hangs his portrait in my father's hall  
(The gaunt old Bruon with his beetle brow  
Sun shined in the heart of dusty lights)  
As he bestrode my Grandsire, when he  
fell,

And all else fled? we point to it, and  
we say,

The loyal warmth of Flouran is not cold,  
But branches current yet in kindred  
veins'

'Are you that Psyche,' Flouran added,  
'she

With whom I sang about the morning  
hills,

Flung ball, flew kite, and traced the  
purple fly,

And snared the squirrel of the glen ? are  
 you  
 That Psyche, wont to bind my throbbing  
 brow,  
 To smoothe my pillow, mix the foaming  
 draught  
 Of fever, tell me pleasant tales, and read  
 My sickness down to happy dreams ? are  
 you  
 That brother-sister Psyche, both in one ?  
 You were that Psyche, but what are you  
 now ?  
 ' You are that Psyche,' Cyril said, ' for  
 whom  
 I would be that for ever which I seem,  
 Woman, if I might sit beside your feet,  
 And glean your scatter'd sapience '  
 Then once more,  
 ' Are you that Lady Psyche,' I began,  
 ' That on her bridal morn before she part  
 From all her old companions, when the  
 king  
 Kiss'd her pale cheek, declared that  
 ancient ties  
 Would still be dear beyond the southern  
 hills,  
 That were there any of our people there  
 In want or peril, there was one to hear  
 And help them ? look ! for such are these  
 and I '  
 ' Are you that Psyche,' Florian ask'd,  
 ' to whom,  
 In gentler days, your arrow-wounded fawn  
 Came flying while you sat beside the well ?  
 The creature laid his muzzle on your lap,  
 And sobb'd, and you sobb'd with it, and  
 the blood  
 Was sprinkled on your kirtle, and you  
 wept  
 That was fawn's blood, not brother's, yet  
 you wept  
 O by the bright head of my little niece,  
 You were that Psyche, and what are  
 you now ?  
 ' You are that Psyche,' Cyril said again,  
 ' The mother of the sweetest little maid,  
 That ever crow'd for kisses '  
 ' Out upon it ! '  
 She answer'd, ' peace ! and why should  
 I not play

The Spartan Mother with emotion, be  
 The Lucius Junius Brutus of my kind ?  
 Him you call great he for the common  
 weal,  
 The fading politics of mortal Rome,  
 As I might shy this child, if good need  
 were,  
 Slew both his sons and I, shall I, on  
 whom  
 The secular emancipation turns  
 Of half this world, be swerved from right  
 to save  
 A prince, a brother ? a little will I yield  
 Best so, perchance, for us, and well for  
 you  
 O hard, when love and duty clash ! I fear  
 My conscience will not count me fleck-  
 less, yet—  
 Hear my conditions promise (otherwise  
 You perish) as you came, to slip away  
 To-day, to-morrow, soon it shall be  
 said,  
 These women were too buburous, would  
 not learn,  
 They fled, who might have shamed us  
 promise, all '

What could we else, we promised each,  
 and she,  
 Like some wild creature newly caged,  
 commenced  
 A to and fro, so pacing till she paused  
 By Florian, holding out her lily arms  
 Took both his hands, and smiling faintly  
 said  
 ' I knew you at the first tho' you have  
 grown  
 You scarce have alter'd I am sad and  
 glad  
 To see you, Florian I give thee to death  
 My brother ! it was duty spoke, not I  
 My needful seeming harshness, pardon it  
 Our mother, is she well ?

With that she kiss'd  
 His forehead, then, a moment after, clung  
 About him, and betwixt them blossom'd  
 up  
 From out a common vein of memory  
 Sweet household talk, and pleasure of the  
 hearth,

And far allusion, till the gracious dew  
 Began to glisten and to fall and while  
 They stood, so rapt, we gazing, came a  
 voice,

'I brought a message here from Lady  
 Blanche'

Back started she, and turning round we  
 saw

The Lady Blanche's daughter where she  
 stood,

Melissa, with her hand upon the lock,  
 A rosy blonde, and in a college gown,  
 That clad her like an April daffodilly  
 (Her mother's colour) with her lips apart,  
 And all her thoughts as fair within her  
 eyes,

As bottom agates seen to wave and float  
 In crystal currents of clear morning seas

So stood that same fair creature at the  
 door

Then Lady Psyche, 'Ah—Melissa—you'  
 You heard us?' and Melissa, 'O pardon  
 me

I heard, I could not help it, did not  
 wish

But, dearest Lady, pray you fear me not,  
 Nor think I bear that heart within my  
 breast,

To give three gallant gentlemen to death'  
 'I trust you,' said the other, 'for we two  
 Were always friends, none closer, clm  
 and vine

But yet your mother's jealous temper-  
 ment—

Let not your prudence, dearest, drowse,  
 or prove

The Danaid of a leaky vase, for fear  
 This whole foundation ruin, and I lose  
 My honour, these their lives' 'Ah, fear  
 me not'

Replied Melissa, 'no—I would not tell,  
 No, not for all Asprasia's cleverness,  
 No, not to answer, Madam, all those  
 hard things

That Sheba came to ask of Solomon'  
 'Be it so' the other, 'that we still may  
 lead

The new light up, and culminate in peace,  
 For Solomon may come to Shiba yet'

Said Cyril, 'Madam, he the wisest man  
 Feasted the woman wisest then, in halls,  
 Of Lebanonian cedar nor should you  
 (Tho' Madam you should answer, we  
 would ask)

Less welcome find among us, if you came  
 Among us, debtors for our lives to you,  
 Myself for something more' He said  
 not what,

But 'Thanks,' she answer'd 'Go we have  
 been too long

Together keep your hoods about the  
 face,

They do so that affect abstraction here  
 Speak little, mix not with the rest, and  
 hold

Your promise all, I trust, may yet be  
 well'

We turn'd to go, but Cyril took the  
 child,

And held her round the knees against his  
 waist,

And blew the swoll'n cheek of a trumpeter,  
 While Psyche watch'd them, smiling, and  
 the child

Push'd her flat hand against his face and  
 laugh'd,

And thus our conference closed  
 And then we stroll'd

For half the day thro' stately theatres  
 Bench'd crescent wise In each we sat,  
 we heard

The grave Professor On the lecture  
 slate

The circle rounded under female hands  
 With flawless demonstration follow'd  
 then

A classic lecture, rich in sentiment,  
 With scraps of thund'rous Epic hilted out  
 By violet hooded Doctors, elegies  
 And quoted odes, and jewels five words  
 long

That on the stretch'd forefinger of all  
 Time

Sparkle for ever then we dipt in all  
 That treats of whatsoever is, the state,  
 The total chronicles of man, the mind,  
 The morals, something of the firm, the  
 rock,

The star, the bud, the fish, the shell, the  
     flower,  
 Electric, chemic laws, and all the rest,  
 And whatsoever can be taught and  
     known,  
 Till like three horses that have broken  
     fence,  
 And glutted all night long breast deep in  
     corn,  
 We issued gorged with knowledge, and  
     I spoke  
 'Why, Sirs, they do all this as well as  
     we'  
 'They hunt old trails' said Cyril 'very  
     well,  
 But when did woman ever yet invent?'  
 'Ungacious!' answer'd Florian, 'have  
     you learnt  
 No more from Psyche's lecture, you that  
     talk'd  
 The trash that made me sick, and almost  
     sad?'  
 'O trash' he said, 'but with a kernel in  
     it  
 Should I not call her wise, who made me  
     wise?  
 And learnt? I learnt more from her in a  
     flash,  
 Than if my brimpon were an empty hull,  
 And every Muse tumbled a science in  
 A thousand hearts lie fallow in these halls,  
 And round these halls a thousand baby  
     loves  
 Fly twanging headless arrows at the  
     hearts,  
 Whence follows many a vacant pang,  
     but O  
 With me, Sir, enter'd in the bigger boy,  
 The Herd of all the golden shafted fume,  
 The long limb'd lad that had a Psyche  
     too,  
 He cleft me thro' the stomach, and  
     now  
 What think you of it, Florian? do I chase  
 The substance or the shadow? will it  
     hold?  
 I have no so-called's malison on me,  
 No ghostly hauntings like his Highness I  
 Flatter myself that dwells everywhere  
 I know the substance when I see it Well,

Are castles shadows? Three of them?  
     Is she  
 The sweet propriety a shadow? If not,  
 Shall those three castles patch my tatter'd  
     coat?  
 For dear are those three castles to my  
     wants,  
 And dear is sister Psyche to my heart,  
 And two dear things are one of double  
     worth,  
 And much I might have said, but that  
     my zone  
 Unmann'd me then the Doctors! O to  
     hear  
 The Doctors! O to watch the thirsty  
     plants  
 Imbibing! once or twice I thought to roar,  
 To break my chain, to shake my mane  
     but thou,  
 Modulate me, Soul of mincing mimicry!  
 Make liquid treble of that bassoon, my  
     throat,  
 Abase those eyes that ever loved to meet  
 Star sisters answering under crescent  
     brows,  
 Abate the stride, which speaks of man,  
     and loose  
 A flying chain of blushes o'er this cheek,  
 Where they like swallows coming out of  
     time  
 Will wonder why they came but hark  
     the bell  
 For dinner, let us go!  
     And in we stream'd  
 Among the columns, pacing staid and still  
 By twos and threes, till all from end to  
     end  
 With beauties every shade of brown and  
     fur  
 In colours gaye than the morning mist,  
 The long hall glitter'd like a bed of  
     flowers  
 How might a man not wander from his  
     wits  
 Pierced thro' with eyes, but that I kept  
     mine own  
 Intent on her, who rapt in glorious dreams,  
 The second sight of some Astræan age,  
 Sat compass'd with professors they, the  
     while,

Discuss'd a doubt and lost it to and fro  
A clamour thicken'd, mixt with inmost  
terms

Of art and science Lady Blanche alone  
Of faded form and haughtiest lineaments,  
With all her autumn tresses falsely brown,  
Shot sidelong daggers at us, a tiger at  
In act to spring

At last a solemn grace  
Concluded, and we sought the gardens  
there

One walk'd reciting by herself, and one  
In this hand held a volume as to read,  
And smoothed a petted peacock down  
with that

Some to a low song oar'd a shallop by,  
Or under arches of the marble bridge  
Hung, shadow'd from the heat some  
hid and sought

In the orange thickets others lost a ball  
Above the fountain-jets, and back again  
With laughter others lay about the  
lawns,

Of the older sort, and murmur'd that their  
May

Was passing what was learning unto  
them?

They wish'd to marry, they could rule a  
house,

Men hated learned women but we three  
Sat muffled like the Fates, and often  
came

Melissa hitting all we saw with shifts  
Of gentle satire, kin to charity,  
That hum'd not then dry droopt, the  
chapel bells

Call'd us we left the walks, we mixt  
with those

Six hundred maidens clad in purest white,  
Before two streams of light from wall to  
wall,

While the great organ almost burst his  
pipes,

Groaning for power, and rolling thro' the  
court

A long melodious thunder to the sound  
Of solemn psalms, and silver litanies,  
The work of Ida, to call down from  
Heaven

A blessing on her labours for the world

## III

Sweet and low, sweet and low,

Wind of the western sea,

Low, low, breathe and blow,

Wind of the western sea!

Over the rolling waters go,

Come from the dying moon, and blow,

Blow him again to me,

While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,

Father will come to thee soon

Rest, rest, on mother's breast,

Father will come to thee soon

Father will come to his babe in the nest,

Silver sails all out of the west

Under the silver moon

Sleep my little one, sleep my pretty one, sleep

Morn in the white wake of the morning  
star

Came following all the orient into gold  
We rose, and each by other drest with  
cure

Descended to the court that lay three parts  
In shadow, but the Muses' heads were  
touch'd

Above the darkness from their native East

There while we stood beside the fount,  
and watch'd

Or seem'd to watch the dancing bubble,  
approach'd

Melissa, tinged with win from lack of  
sleep,

Or grief, and glowing round her dewy  
eyes

The circled Iris of a night of tears,

'And fly,' she cried, 'O fly, while yet  
you may!'

My mother knows ' and when I ask'd  
her 'how,'

'My fault' she wept 'my fault' and yet  
not mine,

Yet mine in part O hear me, pardon  
me

My mother, 'tis her wont from night to  
night

To rail at Lady Psyche and her side  
She says the Princess should have been  
the Head,

Herself and Lady Psyche the two arms,



And so it was agreed when first they  
came,  
But Lady Psyche was the right hand now,  
And she the left, or not, or seldom used,  
Hers more than half the students, all the  
love  
And so last night she fell to canvass you  
Her countrywomen' she did not envy  
her  
"Who ever saw such wild barbarians?  
Girls?—more like men!" and at these  
words the snake,  
My secret, seem'd to stir within my breast,  
And oh, Sus, could I help it, but my  
cheek  
Began to burn and burn, and her lynx  
eye  
To fix and make me hotter, till she  
hug'd  
"O marvellously modest maiden, you'  
Men' girls, like men' why, if they had  
been men  
You need not set your thoughts in rubric  
thus  
For wholesale comment" Pardon, I am  
shamed  
That I must needs repeat for my excuse  
What looks so little graceful "men"  
(for still  
My mother went revolving on the word)  
"And so they are,—very like men in  
died—  
And with that woman closeted for hours!"  
Then came these dreadful words out one  
by one,  
"Why—these—*men*—men" I shudder'd  
"and you know it"  
"O ask me nothing," I said "And she  
knows too,  
And she conceals it" So my mother  
clutch'd  
The truth at once, but with no word from  
me,  
And now thus early risen she goes to  
inform  
The Princess Lady Psyche will be  
cush'd,  
But you may yet be saved, and therefore  
fly  
But heal me with your pardon ere you go'

'What pardon, sweet Melissa, for a  
blush?'  
Said Cyril 'Pale one, blush again than  
were  
Those lilies, better blush our lives away  
Yet let us breathe for one hour more in  
Heaven'  
He added, 'lest some classic Angel speak  
In scorn of us, "They mounted, Gany  
medes,  
To tumble, Vulcans, on the second morn'  
But I will melt this marble into wax  
To yield us farther foulough' and he went  
  
Melissa shook her doubtful curls, and  
thought  
He scarce would prosper 'Tell us,'  
Florian ask'd,  
'How grew this feud betwixt the right  
and left'  
'O long ago,' she said, 'betwixt these  
two  
Division smould'rs hidden, 'tis my  
mother,  
Too jealous, often fickle as the wind  
Pent in a crevice much I bear with her  
I never knew my father, but she says  
(God help her) she was wedded to a fool,  
And still she rul'd against the state of  
things  
She had the care of Lady Ida's youth,  
And from the Queen's decess she brought  
her up  
But when your sister came she won the  
heart  
Of Ida they were still together, grew  
(For so they said themselves) inseparable,  
Consonant chords that shiver to one note,  
One mind in all things yet my mother  
still  
Affirms your Psyche thieved her theories,  
And angled with them for her pupil's love  
She calls her plagiarist, I know not what  
But I must go I dare not tarry,' and  
light,  
As flies the shadow of a bird, she fled  
  
Then murmur'd Florian groving after  
her,  
'An open hearted maiden, true and pure

If I could love, why thus were she how  
pretty  
Her blushing was, and how she blush'd  
again,  
As if to close with Cyril's random wish  
Not like your Princess camm'd with  
erring pride,  
Nor like poor Psyche whom she diags in  
tow'

'The crane,' I said, 'may chatter of  
the crane,  
The dove may murmur of the dove, but I  
An eagle cling an eagle to the sphere  
My princess, O my princess ' true she enis,  
But in her own grand way being herself  
Three times more noble than three score  
of men,  
She sees herself in every woman else,  
And so she wears her error like a crown  
To blind the truth and me for her, and  
her,  
Hebes are they to hand ambrosia, mix  
The nectar, but—ah she—where's she  
moves  
The Samian Herè rises and she speaks  
A Memnon smitten with the morning  
Sun'

So saying from the court we parted,  
and gain'd  
The terrace ranged along the Northern  
front,  
And leaning there on those balustrades, high  
Above the empurpled champagn, drunk  
the gale  
That blown about the foliage underneath,  
And sated with the innumerable rose,  
Beat balm upon our eyelids Hither came  
Cyril, and yawning 'O hard task,' he  
cried,  
'No fighting shadows here! I forced a  
way  
Thro' solid opposition crabb'd and gnarl'd  
Better to clear prime forests, heave and  
thump  
A league of street in summer solstice  
down,  
Than hammer at this reverend gentle-  
woman

I knock'd and, bidden, enter'd, found  
her there  
At point to move, and settled in her eyes  
The green malignant light of coming  
storm  
Sir, I was courteous, every phrase well  
oil'd,  
As man's could be, yet maiden-meek I  
pray'd  
Concealment she demanded who we  
were,  
And why we came? I fabled nothing fair,  
But, your example pilot, told her all  
Up went the hush'd amaze of hand and  
eye  
But when I dwelt upon your old affiance,  
She answer'd sharply that I talk'd astray  
I urged the fierce inscription on the gate,  
And our three lives True—we had  
limed ourselves  
With open eyes, and we must take the  
chance  
But such extremes, I told her, well might  
harm  
The woman's cause "Not more than  
now," she said,  
"So puddled as it is with favouritism"  
I tried the mother's heart Shame might  
befall  
Melissa, knowing, saying not she knew  
Her answer was "Leave me to deal with  
that"  
I spoke of war to come and many deaths,  
And she replied, her duty was to speak,  
And duty duty, clear of consequences  
I grew discouraged, Sir, but since I knew  
No rock so hard but that a little war  
May beat admission in a thousand years,  
I recommenced, "Decide not ere you  
pause  
I find you here but in the second place,  
Some say the third—the authentic found-  
ress you  
I offer boldly we will set you highest  
Wink at our advent help my prince to  
gain  
His rightful bride, and here I promise  
you  
Some palace in our land, where you shall  
reign

The head and heart of all our fair she  
world,  
And your great name flow on with broad-  
ening time  
For ever "Well, she balanced this a  
little,  
And told me she would answer us to-day,  
Meantime be mute thus much, nor more  
I gain'd'

He ceasing, came a message from the  
Head  
'That afternoon the Princess rode to take  
The dip of certain strata to the North  
Would we go with her? we should find  
the land  
Worth seeing, and the river made a fall  
Out yonder' then she pointed on to  
where  
A double hill ran up his furyow folks  
Beyond the thick leaved platans of the  
vale

Agreed to, this, the dry fled on thro'  
all  
Its range of duties to the appointed hour  
Then summon'd to the porch we went  
She stood  
Among her maidens, higher by the head,  
Her back against a pillar, her foot on  
one  
Of those tame leopards Kittenlike he  
roll'd  
And paw'd about her sandal I drew  
near,  
I gazed On a sudden my strange seizure  
came  
Upon me, the weird vision of our house  
The Princess Ida seem'd a hollow show,  
Her gay fun'd cats a painted fantasy,  
Her college and her maidens, empty  
masks,  
And I myself the shadow of a dream,  
For all things were and were not Yet  
I felt  
My heart beat thick with passion and  
with awe,  
Then from my breast the involuntary sigh  
Broke, as she smote me with the light of  
eyes

That lent my knee desire to kneel, and  
shook  
My pulses, till to horse we got, and so  
Went forth in long retinue following up  
The river as it narrow'd to the hills

I rode beside her and to me she said  
'O friend, we trust that you esteem'd us  
not  
Too harsh to your companion yesternight,  
Unwillingly we spake' 'No—not to her,'  
I answer'd, 'but to one of whom we spake  
Your Highness might have seem'd the  
thing you say'  
'Again' she cried, 'are you ambassa-  
dresses  
From him to me? we give you, being  
strange,  
A license speak, and let the topic die'

I stammer'd that I knew him—could  
have wish'd—  
'Our king expects—was there no pre-  
contract?'  
There is no truer hearted—ah, you seem  
All he prefigured, and he could not see  
The bud of passage flying south but  
long'd  
To follow surely, if your Highness keep  
Your purport, you will shock him ev'n to  
death,  
Or briser courses, children of despair'

'Poor boy,' she said, 'can he not read  
—no books?'  
Quoit, tennis, ball—no games? nor deals  
in that  
Which men delight in, martial exercise?  
To nurse a blind ideal like a gulf,  
Methinks he seems no better than a gulf,  
As girls were once, as we ourselves have  
been  
We had our dreams, perhaps he mixt  
with them  
We touch on our dead self, nor shun to  
do it,  
Being other—since we learnt our meaning  
here,  
To lift the woman's full'n divinity  
Upon an even pedestal with man'

She paused, and added with a haughtier  
smile  
'And as to precontracts, we move, my  
friend,  
At no man's beck, but know ourself and  
thee,  
O Vashti, noble Vashti ! Summon'd out  
She kept her state, and left the drunken  
king  
To brawl at Shushan underneath the  
palms '

'Alas your Highness breathes full  
East,' I said,  
'On that which leans to you I know  
the Prince,  
I prize his truth and then how vast a  
work  
To assail this gray preeminence of man !  
You grant me license, might I use it ?  
think,  
Ere half be done perchance your life may  
fail,  
Then comes the feebleness of your  
plan,  
And takes and ruins all, and thus your  
plans  
May only make that footprint upon sand  
Which old recurring waves of prejudice  
Resmooth to nothing might I dread  
that you,  
With only Fame for spouse and your  
great deeds  
For issue, yet may live in vain, and miss,  
Meanwhile, what every woman counts  
her due,  
Love, children, happiness ?

And she exclaim'd,  
'Peace, you young savage of the Northern  
wild !  
What ! tho' your Prince's love were like  
a God's,  
Have we not made ourself the sacrifice ?  
You are bold indeed we are not talk'd  
to thus  
Yet will we say for children, would they  
grew  
Like field-flowers everywhere ! we like  
them well  
But children die, and let me tell you, girl,

Howe'er you babble, great deeds cannot  
die,  
They with the sun and moon renew their  
light  
For ever, blessing those that look on  
them  
Children—that men may pluck them from  
our hearts,  
Kill us with pity, break us with ourselves—  
O—children—there is nothing upon earth  
More miserable than she that has a son  
And sees him err nor would we work  
for fame,  
Tho' she perhaps might reap the applause  
of Great,  
Who learns the one POU SIO whence after  
hands  
May move the world, tho' she herself effect  
But little wherefore up and act, nor  
shrink  
For fear our solid aim be dissipated  
By frail successors Would, indeed, we  
had been,  
In lieu of many mortal flies, a race  
Of giants living, each, a thousand years,  
That we might see our own work out,  
and watch  
The sandy footprint hdden into stone '

I answer'd nothing, doubtful in myself  
If that strange Post-princess with her  
grand  
Imaginations might at all be won  
And she broke out interpreting my  
thoughts

'No doubt we seem a kind of monster  
to you,  
We are used to that for women, up till  
this  
Cramp'd under worse than South sea island  
taboo,  
Dwarfs of the gynæceum, fail so far  
In high desire, they know not, cannot  
guess  
How much their welfare is a passion to  
us  
If we could give them such, quicker  
proof—  
Oh if our end were less achievable

By slow approaches, than by single act  
Of immolation, any phase of death,  
We were as prompt to spring against the  
pikes,  
Or down the fiery gulf as talk of it,  
To compass our dear sisters' liberties'

She bow'd as if to veil a noble tear,  
And up we came to where the river sloped  
To plunge in cataract, shattering on black  
blocks  
A breadth of thunder! O'er it shook the  
woods,  
And danced the colour, and, below, stuck  
out  
The bones of some vast bulk that lived  
and roar'd  
Before man was She gazed awhile and  
said,  
'As these rude bones to us, are we to  
her  
That will be' 'Dare we dream of that,'  
I ask'd,  
'Which wrought us, as the workman and  
his work,  
That practice betters?' 'How,' she cried,  
'you love  
The metaphysics' loud and dun our prize,  
A golden brooch beneath an emerald  
plume  
Sits Diotima, teaching him that died  
Of hemlock, our device, wrought to the  
life,  
She rapt upon her subject, he on her  
For there are schools for all' 'And yet'  
I said  
'Methinks I have not found among them  
all  
One anatomic' 'Nay, we thought of  
that,'  
She answer'd, 'but it pleased us not in  
truth  
We shudder but to dream our muds  
should ape  
Those monstrous males that carve the  
living hound,  
And cram him with the fragments of the  
grave,  
Or in the dark dissolving human heart,  
And holy secrets of this microcosm,

Dabbling a shameless hand with shameful  
jest,  
Encainalize their spirits yet we know  
Knowledge is knowledge, and this matter  
hangs  
Howbeit ourself, foreseeing casualty,  
Nor willing men should come among us,  
leaint,  
For many weary moons before we came,  
This craft of healing Were you sick,  
ourself  
Would tend upon you To your question  
now,  
Which touches on the workman and his  
work  
Let there be light and there was light  
'tis so  
For was, and is, and will be, are but is,  
And all creation is one act at once,  
The birth of light but we that are not all,  
As parts, can see but parts, now this,  
now that,  
And live, perforce, from thought to  
thought, and make  
One act a phantom of succession, thus  
Our weakness somehow shapes the  
shadow, Time,  
But in the shadow will we work, and  
mould  
The woman to the fuller day'  
She spoke  
With kindled eyes we rode a league  
beyond,  
And, o'er a bidge of pinewood crossing,  
came  
On flowery levels underneath the crag,  
Full of all beauty 'O how sweet' I said  
(For I was half oblivious of my mask)  
'To linger here with one that loved us'  
'Yea,'  
She answer'd, 'or with fair philosophies  
That lift the fancy, for indeed these fields  
Are lovely, lovelier not the Elysian fawns,  
Where paced the Demigods of old, and  
saw  
The soft white vapour streak the crowned  
towers  
Built to the Sun' then, turning to her  
muds,  
'Pitch our pavilion here upon the swind,

Lay out the viands ' At the woid, they  
 raised  
 A tent of satin, elaborately wrought  
 With fair Corinna's triumph, here she  
 stood,  
 Engirt with many a froud maiden cheek,  
 The woman conqueror, woman conquer'd  
 there  
 The bearded Victor of ten thousand  
 hymns,  
 And all the men mourn'd at his side but  
 we  
 Set forth to climb, then, climbing, Cyril  
 kept  
 With Psyche, with Melissa Floirun, I  
 With mine affianced Many a little hand  
 Glanced like a touch of sunshine on the  
 rocks,  
 Many a light foot shone like a jewel set  
 In the dark crag and then we twin'd,  
 we wound  
 About the cliffs, the copses, out and in,  
 Hammering and clinking, chattering stony  
 names  
 Of shale and hornblende, iag and trap  
 and tuff,  
 Amygdaloid and trachyte, till the Sun  
 Grew broader toward his death and fell,  
 and all  
 The rosy heights came out above the  
 lawns

## II

The splendour falls on castle walls  
 And snowy summits old in story  
 The long light shakes across the lakes,  
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory  
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
 Blow, bugle, answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying  
 O hark, O hear! how thin and clear  
 And thinner, clearer, farther going!  
 O sweet and far from cliff and cave  
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!  
 Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying  
 Blow, bugle, answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying  
 O love, they die in yon rich sky  
 They faint on hill or field or river  
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,  
 And grow for ever and for ever  
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying

'There sinks the nebulous star we call  
 the Sun,  
 If that hypothesis of theirs be sound'  
 Said Ida, 'let us down and rest,' and  
 we  
 Down from the lean and wrinkled precipices,  
 By every coppice feather'd charm and  
 cleft,  
 Dropt thro' the ambrosial gloom to where  
 below  
 No bigger than a glow worm shone the  
 tent  
 Lamp lit from the inner Once she turn'd  
 on me,  
 Descending, once or twice she lent her  
 hand,  
 And blissful palpitations in the blood,  
 Sunning a sudden transport rose and fell

But when we planted level feet, and  
 dapt  
 Beneath the satin dome and enter'd in,  
 There learning deep in broder'd down we  
 sank  
 Our elbows on a tripod in the midst  
 A fragrant flame rose, and before us glow'd  
 Fruit, blossom, viand, amber wine, and  
 gold

Then she, 'Let some one sing to us  
 lighter move  
 The minutes fledg'd with music' and a  
 maid,  
 Of those beside her, smote her harp, and  
 sang

'Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,  
 Tears from the depth of some divine despair  
 Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,  
 In looking on the happy Autumn fields,  
 And thinking of the days that are no more

'Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,  
 That brings our friends up from the underworld,  
 Sad as the last which reddens over one  
 That sinks with all we love below the verge,  
 So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more

'Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns  
 The earliest pipe of half awoken birds  
 To dying eys, when unto dying eyes  
 The closement slowly grows a glimmering square  
 So sad, so strange, the days that are no more

'Dear as remember'd kisses after death,  
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd  
On lips that are for others, deep as love,  
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret,  
O Death in Life, the days that are no more'

She ended with such passion that the  
tear,  
She sang of, shook and fell, an evening  
pearl  
Lost in her bosom but with some disdain  
Answer'd the Princess, 'If indeed there  
haunt  
About the moulder'd lodges of the Past  
So sweet a voice and vague, fatal to men,  
Well needs it we should cram our ears  
with wool  
And so pace by but thine are fancies  
hatch'd  
In silken folded idleness, nor is it  
Wiser to weep a true occasion lost,  
But turn our sails, and let old by-gones  
be,  
While down the streams that float us each  
and all  
To the issue, goes, like glittering beigs  
of ice,  
Throne after throne, and molten on the  
waste  
Becomes a cloud for all things serve  
their time  
Toward that great year of equal nights  
and nights,  
Nor would I fight with iron laws, in the  
end  
Found golden let the past be past, let  
be  
Then cancell'd Babels tho' the rough  
key break  
The stain'd mosaic, and the beard-blown  
goat  
Hang on the shaft, and the wild figtree  
split  
Then monstrous idols, care not while we  
be  
A trumpet in the distance pealing news  
Of better, and Hope, a poisoning eagle,  
burns  
Above the unrisen morrow ' then to me,  
'Know you no song of your own land,' she  
said,

'Not such as moans about the retrospect,  
But deals with the other distance and the  
hues  
Of promise, not a death's head at the  
wine'

Then I remember'd one myself had  
made,  
What time I watch'd the swallow wing  
ing south  
From mine own land, part made long  
since, and part  
Now while I sing, and maidenlike as far  
As I could ape their tieble, did I sing

'O Swallow, Swallow, flying, flying South,  
Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,  
And tell her, tell her, what I tell to thee

'O tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest each,  
That bright and fierce and fickle is the South,  
And dark and true and tender is the North

'O Swallow, Swallow, if I could follow, and  
light  
Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,  
And cheep and twitter twenty million love-

'O were I thou that she might take me in,  
And lay me on her bosom, and her heart  
Would rock the snowy cradle till I died

'Why linger with she to clothe her heart with love,  
Delaying as the tenderish delays  
To clothe herself, when all the woods are green?

'O tell her, Swallow, that thy brood is flown  
Say to her, I do but wanton in the South,  
But in the North long since my nest is made

'O tell her, brief is life but love is long,  
And brief the sun of summer in the North,  
And brief the moon of beauty in the South

'O Swallow, flying from the golden woods,  
Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and make her  
mine,  
And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee

I cursed, and all the ladies, each at each,  
Like the Ithacensian suitors in old time,  
Stared with great eyes, and hush'd with  
alien lips,  
And knew not what they meant, for still  
my voice  
Rang false but smiling 'Not for thee,'  
she said,

' O Bulbul, my rose of Gulistan  
 Shall buist her veil marsh divers, rather,  
 maid,  
 Shall croak thee sister, or the meadow  
 craze  
 Grate her harsh kindred in the grass and  
 this  
 A mere love-poem ! O for such, my friend,  
 We hold them slight they mind us of  
 the time  
 When we made bricks in Egypt Knaves  
 are men,  
 That lute and flute fantastic tenderness,  
 And dress the victim to the offering up  
 And paint the gates of Hell with Paradise,  
 And play the slave to gun the tyranny  
 Poor soul ! I had a maid of honour once,  
 She wept her true eyes blind for such a  
 one,  
 A rogue of canzonets and serenades  
 I loved her Peace be with her She  
 is dead  
 So they blaspheme the muse ! But great  
 is song  
 Used to great ends ourself have often  
 tried  
 Valkyrian hymns, or into rhythm have  
 dash'd  
 The passion of the prophetic, for song  
 Is duer unto freedom, force and growth  
 Of spirit than to junketing and love  
 Love is it ? Would this same mock love,  
 and this  
 Mock-Hymen were laid up like winter  
 bats,  
 Till all men grew to hate us at our worth,  
 Not vassals to be beat, nor pretty babes  
 To be dandled, no, but living wills, and  
 sphered  
 Whole in ourselves and owed to none  
 Enough !  
 But now to leaven play with profit, you,  
 Know you no song, the true growth of  
 your soil,  
 That gives the manners of your country-  
 women ?

She spoke and turn'd her sumptuous  
 head with eyes  
 Of shining expectation fix on mine

Then while I dragg'd my bruns for such  
 a song,  
 Cyril with whom the bell mouth'd glass  
 had wrought,  
 Or master'd by the sense of sport, began  
 To troll a careless, careless tavern catch  
 Of Moll and Meg, and strange experiences  
 Unmeet for ladies Florin nodded at  
 him,  
 I frowning, Psyche flush'd and warrn'd  
 and shook,  
 The lilylike Melissa droop'd her brows,  
 ' Forbear,' the Princess cried, ' Forbear,  
 Sir ! I,  
 And heret' thro' and thro' with wrath  
 and love,  
 I smote him on the breast, he started  
 up,  
 There rose a shriek as of a city sack'd,  
 Melissa clamour'd ' Flee the death,' ' I o  
 horse'  
 Said Ida, ' home ! to horse ! ' and fled,  
 as flies  
 A troop of snowy doves athwart the dusk,  
 When some one batt'ns at the dovecote  
 doors,  
 Disorderly the women Alone I stood  
 With Florin, cursing Cyril, vent it out,  
 In the pavilion there like priting hope,  
 I heard them passing from me hoof by  
 hoof,  
 And every hoof a knell to my desires  
 Clung'd on the bridge, and then another  
 shriek,  
 ' The Head, the Head, the Princess, O  
 the Head !'  
 For blind with rage she miss'd the plunk,  
 and roll'd  
 In the river Out I sprang from glow to  
 gloom  
 There whirl'd her white robe like a  
 blossom'd branch  
 Rapt to the horrible fall a glance I gave,  
 No more, but woman vested as I was  
 Plunged, and the flood drew, yet I  
 caught her, then  
 Owing one aim, and heaving in my left  
 The weight of all the hopes of half the  
 world,  
 Strive to buffet to land in vain A tree



Was half disrooted from his place and  
stoop'd  
To drench his dark locks in the gurgling  
wave  
Mid-channel Right on this we dove  
and caught,  
And grasping down the boughs I gain'd  
the shore

There stood her maidens glimmeringly  
group'd  
In the hollow bank One reaching  
forward drew  
My burthen from mine arms, they cried  
'she lives'  
They bore her back into the tent but I,  
So much a kind of shame within me  
wrought,  
Not yet endured to meet her opening eyes,  
Nor found my friends, but push'd alone  
on foot  
(For since her horse was lost I left her mine)  
Across the woods, and less from Indian  
craft  
Than bee-like instinct hitherward, found at  
length  
The garden portals Two great statues,  
Art  
And Science, Caryatids, lifted up  
A weight of emblem, and betwixt were  
valves  
Of open work in which the hunter used  
His rash intrusion, manlike, but his brows  
Had sprouted, and the branches thereupon  
Spread out at top, and grimly spiked the  
gates

A little space was left between the  
horns,  
Thio' which I clamber'd o'er at top with  
pain,  
Dropt on the sward, and up the linden  
walks,  
And, tost on thoughts that changed from  
hue to hue,  
Now poising on the glowworm, now the  
star,  
I paced the terrace, till the Bear had  
wheel'd  
Thio' a great arc his seven slow suns

A step  
Of lightest echo, then a loftier form  
Than female, moving thro' the uncertain  
gloom,  
Disturb'd me with the doubt 'if this  
were she,'  
But it was Florian 'Hist O Hist,' he  
said,  
'They seek us out so late is out of  
rules  
Moreover 'seize the strangers' is the cry  
How came you here?' I told him 'I'  
said he,  
'I ast of the train, a moral leper, I,  
To whom none spake, half-sick at heart,  
return'd  
Arriving all confused among the rest  
With hooded brows I crept into the hall,  
And, couch'd behind a Judith, underneath  
The head of Holofernes peep'd and saw  
Gul after gul was call'd to trial each  
Disclaim'd all knowledge of us last of  
all,  
Melissa trust me, Sir, I pitied her  
She, question'd if she knew us men, at  
first  
Was silent, closer prest, denied it not  
And then, demanded if her mother knew,  
O Psyche, she affirm'd not, or denied  
From whence the Royal mind, familiar  
with her,  
Easily gather'd either guilt She sent  
For Psyche, but she was not there, she  
call'd  
For Psyche's child to cast it from the doors,  
She sent for Blanche to accuse her face to  
face,  
And I slept out but whither will you now?  
And where are Psyche, Cyril? both are  
fled  
What, if together? that were not so well  
Would rather we had never come! I dread  
His wildness, and the chances of the dark'  
  
'And yet,' I said, 'you wrong him more  
than I  
That struck him this is proper to the  
clown,  
Tho' smock'd, or fur'd and purpled, still  
the clown,

To harm the thing that trusts him, and to  
shame

That which he says he loves for Cynil,  
howe'er

He deal in frolic, as to night—the song  
Might have been wiser and sinn'd in  
grosset lips

Beyond all pardon—as it is, I hold  
These flashes on the surface are not he  
He has a solid base of temperament  
But as the waterlily starts and slides  
Upon the level in little puffs of wind,  
Tho' anchor'd to the bottom, such is he

Scarcely had I ceased when from a tamarisk  
neat

Two Proctos leapt upon us, crying,  
'Names'

He, standing still, was clutch'd, but I  
began

To thrice the musky-circled mazes, wind  
And double in and out the boles, and vice  
By all the fountains fleet I was of foot  
Before me shower'd the rose in flakes  
behind

I heard the puff'd pursuer, at mine ear  
Bubbled the nightingale and heeded not,  
And secret laughter tickled all my soul  
At last I hook'd my ankle in a vine,  
That claspt the feet of a Mnemo-yne,  
And falling on my face was caught and  
known

They hiled us to the Princess where  
she sat

High in the hall above her droop'd a  
lamp,

And made the single jewel on her brow  
Burn like the mystic fire on a mast  
head,

Prophet of storm a handmaid on each  
side

Bow'd toward her, combing out her long  
black hair

Damp from the river, and close behind  
her stood

Eight daughters of the plough, stronger  
than men,

Illuge women blowz'd with health, and  
wind, and rain,

And labour Each was like a Druid rock,  
Or like a spine of land that stands apart  
Cleft from the main, and wall'd about  
with mews

Then, as we came, the crowd dividing  
clove

An advent to the throne and therebeside,  
Half naked as if caught at once from bed  
And tumbled on the purple footcloth, lay  
The lily shining child, and on the left,  
Bow'd on her palms and folded up from  
wrong,

Her round white shoulder shaken with her  
sobs,

Melissa knelt, but Lady Blanche erect  
Stood up and spoke, an affluent orator.

'It was not thus, O Princess, in old  
days

You prized my counsel, lived upon my  
lips

I led you then to all the Castales,  
I fed you with the milk of every Muse,  
I loved you like this kneeler, and you me  
Your second mother those were gracious  
times

Then came your new friend you began  
to change—

I saw it and grieved—to sicken and to  
cool,

Till taken with her seeming openness  
You turn'd your warmer currents all to  
her,

To me you froze this was my meed for all  
Yet I bore up in part from ancient love,  
And partly that I hoped to win you back,  
And partly conscious of my own deserts,  
And partly that you were my civil head,  
And chiefly you were born for something  
great,

In which I might your fellow worker be,  
When time should serve, and thus a noble  
scheme

Grew up from seed we two long since had  
sown,

In us true growth, in her a Jonah's gourd,  
Up in one night and due to sudden sun  
We took this palace, but even from the  
first

You stood in your own light and darken'd  
     mine  
 What student came but that you planed  
     her path  
 To Lady Psyche, younger, not so wise,  
 A foreigner, and I your countrywoman,  
 I your old friend and tried, she new in all ?  
 But still her lists were swell'd and mine  
     were lean ,  
 Yet I bore up in hope she would be known  
 Then came these wolves *they* knew her  
     *they* endured,  
 Long-closeted with her the yesternight,  
 To tell her what they were, and she to  
     hear  
 And me none told not less to an eye like  
     mine  
 A lidless watcher of the public weal,  
 Last night, their mask was patent, and my  
     foot  
 Was to you but I thought again I fear'd  
 To meet a cold " We thank you, we shall  
     hear of it  
 From Lady Psyche " you had gone to  
     her,  
 She told, perforce, and winningly syzygyce,  
 No doubt, for slight delay, remain'd  
     among us  
 In our young nursery still unknown, the  
     stem  
 Less grain than touchwood, while my  
     honest heart  
 Were all miscounted as malignant haste  
 To push my rival out of place and power  
 But public use required she should be  
     known ,  
 And since my oath was triven for public  
     use,  
 I broke the letter of it to keep the sense  
 I spoke not then at first, but watch'd them  
     well,  
 Saw that they kept apart, no mischief  
     done ,  
 And yet this day (tho' you should hate  
     me for it)  
 I came to tell you , found that you had  
     gone,  
 Ridd'n to the hills, she likewise now, I  
     thought,  
 That surely she will speak , if not, then I

Did she ? These monsters blazon'd what  
     they were,  
 According to the coarseness of their kind,  
 For thus I hear , and known at last (my  
     work)  
 And full of cowardice and guilty shame,  
 I grieve in her some sense of shame, she  
     flies ,  
 And I remain on whom to wreak your  
     rage,  
 I, that have lent my life to build up yours,  
 I that have wasted here health, wealth,  
     and time,  
 And talent, I—you know it—I will not  
     boast  
 Dismiss me, and I prophesy your plan,  
 Divorced from my experience, will be chaff  
 For every gust of chance, and men will say  
 We did not know the real light, but chased  
 The wisp that flickers where no foot can  
     tread '

She ceased the Princess answer'd  
     coldly, ' Good  
 Your oath is broken we dismiss you go  
 For this lost lamb (she pointed to the  
     child)  
 Our mind is changed we take it to our  
     self '

Thereat the Lady stretch'd a vulture  
     throat,  
 And shot from crooked lips a haggard  
     smile  
 'The plan was mine I built the nest'  
     she said  
 'To hatch the cuckoo Rise ' and stoop'd  
     to updrag  
 Melissa she, half on her mother propt,  
 Half drooping from her, turn'd her face,  
     and cast  
 A liquid look on Ida, full of prayer,  
 Which melted Florian's fancy as she hung,  
 A Niobe daughter, one arm out,  
 Appealing to the bolts of Heaven , and  
     while  
 We gazed upon her came a little stir  
 About the doors, and on a sudden rush'd  
 Among us, out of breath, as one pursued,  
 A woman post in flying raiment Fear

Stared in her eyes, and chalk'd her face,  
and wing'd

Her transit to the throne, whereby she fell  
Delivering seal'd dispatches which the  
Head

Took half amazed, and in her lion's mood  
Tore open, silent we with blind surmise  
Regarding, while she read, till over brow  
And cheek and bosom blake the wrath  
ful bloom

As of some fire against a stormy cloud,  
When the wild peasant lights himself, the  
rick

Flames, and his angel reddens in the  
heavens,

For angel most it seem'd, while now her  
breast,

Beaten with some great passion at her  
heart,

Palpitated, her hand shook, and we heard  
In the dead hush the papers that she held  
Rustle at once the lost lamb at her feet  
Sent out a bitter bleating for its dam,  
The plaintive cry jar'd on her ear, she  
cush'd

The scrolls together, made a sudden turn  
As if to speak, but, utterance failing her,  
She whirl'd them on to me, as who should  
say

'Read,' and I read—two letters—one her  
sne's

'Fair daughter, when we sent the  
Prince your way

We knew not your ungracious laws, which  
learnt,

We, conscious of what temper you are  
built,

Came all in haste to hinder wrong, but fell  
Into his father's hands, who has this night,  
You lying close upon his territory,  
Slept round and in the dark invested you,  
And here he keeps me hostage for his son'

The second was my father's running  
thus

'You have our son touch not a hair of  
his head

Render him up unscathed give him your  
hand

Cleave to your contract tho' indeed we  
hear

You hold the woman is the better man,  
A rampant heresy, such as if it spread  
Would make all women lock against their  
Lords

Tho' all the world, and which might well  
deserve

That we this night should pluck your  
palace down,

And we will do it, unless you send us back  
Our son, on the instant, whole'

So for I read,  
And then stood up and spoke impetuously

'O not to pry and peep on your reserve,  
But led by golden wishes, and a hope

The child of regal compact, did I break  
Your precinct, not a scower of your sex

But venerator, zealous it should be  
All that it might be here me, for I hear,

Tho' man, yet human, whatsoever your  
wrongs,

From the flaxen curl to the gray lock a  
life

Less mine than yours my nurse would  
tell me of you,

I babble for you, as babies for the moon,  
Argue brightness, when a boy, you stoop'd  
to me

From all high places, lived in all fair lights,  
Came in long breezes rapt from inmost  
south

And blown to inmost north, at eve and  
dawn

With Ida, Ida, Ida, rang the woods,  
The leader wildswan in among the stars

Would clong it, and leapt in wickets of  
glowworm light

The mellow breath of mumm'd Ida Now,  
Because I would have reach'd you, had

you been  
Sphered up with Cassiopeia, on the an  
thioned

Persephone in Hades, now at length,  
Those winters of obedience all worn out,

A man I came to see you but, indeed,  
Not in this frequency can I lend full

tongue,  
O noble Ida, to those thoughts that wait

On you, their centre let me say but this,  
That many a famous man and woman,  
town

And landskip, have I heard of, after seen  
The dwarfs of plesage tho' when known,  
there grew

Another kind of beauty in detail  
Made them worth knowing, but in you  
I found

My boyish dream involved and dazzled  
down

And master'd, while that after-beauty  
makes

Such head from act to act, from hour to  
hour,

Within me, that except you slay me here,  
According to your bitter statute book,  
I cannot cease to follow you, as they say  
The seal does music, who desire you  
more

Than growing boys their manhood, dy-  
ing lips,

With many thousand matters left to do,  
The breath of life, O more than poor  
men wealth,

Than sick men health—yours, yours, not  
mine—but half

Without you, with you, whole, and of  
those halves

You worthiest, and howe'er you block  
and bar

Your heart with system out from mine, I  
hold

That it becomes no man to nurse despair,  
But in the teeth of clench'd antagonisms  
To follow up the worthiest till he die  
Yet that I come not all unauthorized  
Behold your father's letter!

On one knee

Kneeling, I gave it, which she caught,  
and dash'd

Unopen'd at her feet a tide of fierce  
Invective seem'd to wait behind her lips,  
As waits a river level with the dam  
Ready to burst and flood the world with  
foam

And so she would have spoken, but there  
rose

A hubbub in the court of half the maids  
Gather'd together from the illumined hall

Long lanes of splendour slanted o'er a  
piess

Of snowy shoulders, thick as heided  
ewes,

And rainbow robes, and gems and gem  
like eyes,

And gold and golden heads, they to and  
fro

Fluctuated, as flowers in storm, some red,  
some pale,

All open mouth'd, all gazing to the light,  
Some crying there was an army in the  
land,

And some that men were in the very  
walls,

And some they cared not, till a clamour  
grew

As of a new-world Babel, woman-built,  
And worse confounded high above them  
stood

The placid marble Muses, looking per-  
ce

Not peace she look'd, the Herald but  
rising up

Robed in the long night of her deep hair,  
so

To the open window moved, remaining  
there

Fixt like a beacon-tower above the waves  
Of tempest, when the crimson rolling eye

Glares ruin, and the wild birds on the  
light

Dash themselves dead She stretch'd  
her arms and call'd

Across the tumult and the tumult fell

'What fear ye, brawlers? am not I  
your Head?

On me, me, me, the storm fist breaks  
I die

All these male thunderbolts what is it  
ye fear?

Peace! there are those to avenge us and  
they come

If not,—myself were like enough, O guls,  
To unfurl the maiden banner of our rights,

And clad in non burst the ranks of war,  
O, falling, protomartyr of our cause,

Die yet I blame you not so much for  
fear,

Six thousand years of fear have made you  
that  
From which I would redeem you but  
for those  
That stir this hubbub—you and you—I  
know  
Your faces there in the crowd—to morrow  
morn  
We hold a great convention then shall  
they  
That love their voices more than duty,  
learn  
With whom they deal, dismiss'd in shame  
to live  
No wiser than their mothers, household  
stuff,  
Live chattels, mincers of each other's  
fame,  
Full of weak poison, turnspits for the clown,  
The drunkard's football, laughing stocks  
of Time,  
Whose brains are in their hands and in  
their heels,  
But fit to flaunt, to dress, to dance, to  
thrum,  
To tramp, to scream, to burnish, and to  
scour,  
For ever slaves at home and fools abroad '

She, ending, waved her hands threat  
the crowd  
Muttering, dissolved then with a smile,  
that look'd  
A stroke of cruel sunshine on the cliff,  
When all the glens are drown'd in azure  
gloom  
Of thunder shower, she floated to us and  
said

'You have done well and like a  
gentleman,  
And like a prince you have our thanks  
for all  
And you look well too in your woman's  
dress  
Well have you done and like a gentleman  
You saved our life we owe you bitter  
thanks  
Better have died and spilt our bones in  
the flood—

Then men had sud—but now—What  
hinders me  
To take such bloody vengeance on you  
both ?—  
Yet since our father—Wasps in our good  
hive,  
You would be quenchers of the light to  
be,  
Barbarians, grosser than your native  
bears—  
O would I had his sceptre for one hour !  
You that have dined to break our bound,  
and gull'd  
Our servants, wrong'd and lied and  
thwarted us—  
I wed with thee ! I bound by piecontract  
Your bride, your bondsman ! not tho' all  
the gold  
That veins the world were pack'd to  
make your crown,  
And every spoken tongue should lord  
you Sir,  
Your falsehood and yourself are hateful  
to us  
I trample on your offers and on you  
Begone we will not look upon you more  
Here, push them out at gates '  
In wrath she spake  
Then those eight mighty daughters of the  
plough  
Bent their broad faces toward us and  
address'd  
Their motion twice I sought to plead  
my cause,  
But on my shoulder hung their heavy  
hands,  
The weight of destiny so from her face  
They push'd us, down the steps, and  
thro' the court,  
And with grim laughter thrust us out at  
gates

We cross'd the street and gain'd a petty  
mound  
Beyond it, whence we saw the lights and  
heard  
The voices murmuring While I listen'd,  
came  
On a sudden the weird seizure and the  
doubt

I seem'd to move among a world of  
ghosts,  
The Princess with her monstrous woman  
guard,  
The jest and earnest working side by side,  
The cataract and the tumult and the kings  
Were shadows, and the long fantastic  
night  
With all its doings had and had not been,  
And all things were and were not

This went by

As strangely as it came, and on my spuits  
Settled a gentle cloud of melancholy,  
Not long, I shook it off, for spite of  
doubts  
And sudden ghostly shadowings I was one  
To whom the touch of all mischance but  
came  
As night to him that sitting on a hill  
Sees the midsummer, midnight, Norway  
sun  
Set into sunrise, then we moved away

Thy voice is heard thro' rolling drums,  
That beat to battle where he stands,  
Thy face across his fancy comes,  
And gives the battle to his hands  
A moment, while the trumpets blow,  
He sees his brood about thy knee,  
The next, like fire he meets the foe,  
And strikes him dead for thine and thee

So Lila sang we thought her half  
possess'd,  
She struck such warbling fury thro' the  
words,  
And, after, feigning pique at what she  
cull'd  
The ballet, or grotesque, or false sub-  
lime—  
Like one that wishes at a dance to change  
The music—clapt her hands and cull'd  
for war,  
On some grand fight to kill and make an  
end  
And he that next inherited the tale  
Half turning to the biol en statue, said,  
'Sir Ralph has got your colours if I  
prove  
Your knight, and fight your battle, what  
for me?'

It chanced, her empty glove upon the  
tomb  
Lay by her like a model of her hand  
She took it and she flung it 'Fight'  
she said,  
'And make us all we would be, great  
and good'  
He knightlike in his cap instead of casque,  
A cap of Tyrol borrow'd from the hall,  
Arranged the favour, and assumed the  
Prince

## v

Now, scarce three paces measured from  
the mound,  
We stumbled on a stationary voice,  
And 'Stand, who goes?' 'Two from the  
palace' I  
'The second two they wait,' he said,  
'pass on,  
His Highness wakes' and one, that  
clash'd in arms,  
By glimmering lanes and walls of canvas  
led  
Threading the soldier city, till we heard  
The drowsy folds of our great ensign  
shake  
From blazon'd lions o'er the imperial tent  
Whispers of war

Entering, the sudden light

Dazed me half blind I stood and seem'd  
to hear,  
As in a poplar grove when a light wind  
wakes  
A hissing of the innumerable leaf and dies,  
Each hissing in his neighbour's ear, and  
then  
A strangled titter, out of which there  
broke  
On all sides, clamouring etiquette to  
death,  
Unmeasured mirth, while now the two  
old kings  
Began to wag their baldness up and down,  
The fresh young captains flash'd their  
glittering teeth,  
The huge bush-bearded Barons heaved  
and blew,  
And slain with laughter roll'd the gilded  
Squire

At length my Sire, his rough cheek  
 wet with tears,  
 Panted from weary sides 'King, you are  
 free'  
 We did but keep you surety for our son,  
 If this be he,—on a diaggled mawkin,  
 thou,  
 That tends her bhistled grunteis in the  
 sludge'  
 For I was diench'd with ooze, and torn  
 with briers,  
 More cumpled than a poppy from the  
 sheath,  
 And all one rag, disprinced from herd to  
 heel  
 Then some one sent beneath his vaulted  
 palm  
 A whisper'd jest to some one near him,  
 'Look,  
 He has been among his shadows' 'Saturn  
 take  
 The old women and their shadows' (thus  
 the King  
 Roar'd) make yourself a man to fight with  
 men  
 Go Cynl told us all'  
 As boys that sink  
 From ferule and the trespass chiding eye,  
 Away we stole, and transient in a tick  
 From what was left of faded woman-  
 slough  
 To sheathing splendour and the golden  
 scale  
 Of harness, issued in the sun, that now  
 Leapt from the dewy shoulders of the  
 Earth,  
 And hit the Northern hills Here Cynl  
 met us  
 A little shy at first, but by and by  
 We twain, with mutual paidon ask'd and  
 given  
 For stroke and song, resolder'd peace,  
 whereon  
 Follow'd his tale Amazed he fled away  
 Thro' the dark land, and later in the night  
 Had come on Psyche weeping 'then we  
 fell  
 Into your father's hand, and there she  
 lies,  
 But will not speak, nor stir'

He show'd a tant  
 A stone shot off we enter'd in, and there  
 Among piled arms and rough accoutre-  
 ments,  
 Pitiful sight, wrapp'd in a soldier's cloak,  
 Like some sweet sculpture diaped from  
 head to foot,  
 And push'd by rude hands from its  
 pedestal,  
 All her fair length upon the ground she  
 lay  
 And at her head a follower of the camp,  
 A charr'd and wrinkled piece of woman  
 hood,  
 Sit watching like a watcher by the dead  
 Then Florian knelt, and 'Come' he  
 whisper'd to her,  
 'Lift up your head, sweet sister lie not  
 thus  
 What have you done but right' you could  
 not sly  
 Me, nor you pounce look up be com-  
 forted  
 Sweet is it to have done the thing one ought,  
 When fill'n in darker ways' And like  
 wise I  
 'Be comforted have I not lost her too,  
 In whose least act abides the nameless  
 charm  
 That none has else for me?' She heard,  
 she mov'd,  
 She mov'd, a folded voice, and up she  
 sat,  
 And rused the cloak from brows as pale  
 and smooth  
 As those that mourn half shrouded over  
 death  
 In deathless marble 'Her,' she said,  
 'my friend—  
 Panted from her—betray'd her cause and  
 mine—  
 Where shall I breathe? why kept ye not  
 your faith?  
 O base and bad! what comfort? none  
 for me!  
 To whom remorseful Cynl, 'Yet I pray  
 Take comfort live, dear lady, for your  
 child'  
 At which she lifted up her voice and cried



' Ah me, my babe, my blossom, ah, my  
child,  
My one sweet child, whom I shall see no  
more !

For now will cruel Ida keep her back ,  
And either she will die from want of care,  
Or sicken with ill usage, when they say  
The child is hers—for every little fault,  
The child is hers , and they will beat my  
girl

Remembering her mother O my flower !  
Or they will take her, they will make her  
hard,

And she will pass me by in after life  
With some cold reverence worse than  
were she dead

Ill mother that I was to leave her there,  
To lag behind, scared by the cry they  
made,

The horror of the shame among them all  
But I will go and sit beside the doors,  
And make a wild petition night and day,  
Until they hate to hear me like a wind  
Waiting for ever, till they open to me,  
And lay my little blossom at my feet,  
My babe, my sweet Aglaia, my one child  
And I will take her up and go my way,  
And satisfy my soul with kissing her  
Ah ! what might that man not deserve of  
me

Who give me back my child ? ' Be  
comforted ;

Said Cyril, ' you shall have it ' but again  
She veil'd her brows, and prone she sank,  
and so

Like tender things that being caught feign  
death,

Spoke not, nor stir'd

By this a murmur ran  
Thro' all the camp and inward riced the  
scouts

With rumour of Prince Aiac hard at hand  
We left her by the woman, and without  
Found the gray kings at parley and ' Look  
you ' cried

My father ' that our compact be fulfill'd  
You have spoilt this child , she laughs at  
you and man

She wrongs herself, her sex, and me, and  
him

But red faced war has rods of steel and  
fire ,

She yields, or wai '

Then Gama turn'd to me  
' We fear, indeed, you spent a stormy  
time

With our strange girl and yet they say  
that still

You love her Give us, then, your mind  
at large

How say you, wai or not ?

' Not wai, if possible,  
O king, ' I said, ' lest from the abuse of  
wai,

The desecrated shrine, the trampled year,  
The smouldering homestead, and the  
household flower

Torn from the lintel—all the common  
wrong—

A smoke go up thro' which I loom to her  
Three times a monster now she lightens  
scoff

At him that mows her plan, but then  
would hite

(And every voice she talk'd with ratify it,  
And every face she look'd on justify it)  
The general foe More soluble is this  
knot,

By gentleness than war I want her love  
What were I nigher this altho' we dash'd  
Your cities into shards with catapults,  
She would not love,—or brought her  
chain'd, a slave,

The lifting of whose eyelash is my lord,  
Not ever would she love , but brooding  
twin

The book of scoff, till all my flitting  
chance

Were caught within the record of her  
wrongs,

And crush'd to death and rather, Sue,  
than this

I would the old God of wai himself were  
deid,

Forgotten, rusting on his moon hills,  
Rotting on some wild shore with ribs of  
wreck,

Or like an old world mammoth bulk'd in  
ice,

Not to be molten out '

And roughly spake  
 My father, 'Tut, you know them not, the  
   guls  
 Boy, when I hear you prate I almost think  
 That idiot legend credible Look you,  
   Su !  
 Man is the hunter, woman is his game  
 The sleek and shining creatures of the  
   chase,  
 We hunt them for the beauty of their  
   skins,  
 They love us for it, and we ride them  
   down  
 Wheedling and siding with them ! Out !  
   for shame !  
 Boy, there's no rose that's half so dear to  
   them  
 As he that does the thing they dare not do,  
 Breathing and sounding beauteous battle,  
   comes  
 With the air of the trumpet round him,  
   and leaps in  
 Among the women, snares them by the  
   score  
 Flatter'd and fluster'd, wins, tho' dash'd  
   with death  
 He reddens what he kisses thus I won  
 Your mother, a good mother, a good wife,  
 Worth winning, but this firebrand—  
   gentleness  
 To such as he ! if Cyril spake her true,  
 To catch a dragon in a cherry net,  
 To tip a tigress with a gossamer,  
 Were wisdom to it !  
   'Yea but Sir,' I cried,  
 'Wild natures need wise curbs The  
   soldier ? No  
 What dares not Ida do that she should  
   prize  
 The soldier ? I beheld her, when she rose  
 The yesternight, and storming in extremes,  
 Stood for her cause, and flung defiance  
   down  
 Gagelike to man, and had not shunn'd the  
   death,  
 No, not the soldier's yet I hold her, king,  
 True woman but you clash them all in  
   one,  
 That have as many differences as we  
 The violet varies from the lily as far

As oak from elm one loves the soldier,  
   one  
 The silken priest of peace, one this, one  
   that,  
 And some unworthily, then sinless faith,  
 A maiden moon that sparkles on a sty,  
 Glorifying clown and satyr, whence they  
   need  
 More breadth of culture is not Ida right ?  
 They worth it ? truer to the law within ?  
 Severer in the logic of a life ?  
 Twice as magnetic to sweet influences  
 Of earth and heaven ? and she of whom  
   you speak,  
 My mother, looks as whole as some serene  
 Creation minted in the golden moods  
 Of sovereign artists, not a thought, a  
   touch,  
 But pure as lines of green that streak the  
   white  
 Of the first snowdrop's inner leaves, I say,  
 Not like the piebald miscellany, man,  
 Bursts of great heart and slips in sensual  
   mire,  
 But whole and one and take them all  
   in-all,  
 Were we ourselves but half as good, as kind,  
 As truthful, much that Ida claims as right  
 Had ne'er been mooted, but as frankly  
   theirs  
 As ducs of Nature To our point not  
   was  
 Lest I lost all !  
   'Nay, nay, you spake but sense '  
 Said Grama 'We remember love ourself  
 In our sweet youth, we did not hate him  
   then  
 This red hot iron to be shaped with blows  
 You talk almost like Ida *she* can talk,  
 And there is something in it as you say  
 But you talk kindly we esteem you for  
   it —  
 He seems a gracious and a gallant Prince,  
 I would he had our daughter for the rest,  
 Our own detention, why, the cause  
   weigh'd,  
 Fatherly fears—you used us courteously—  
 We would do much to gratify your Prince—  
 We pardon it, and for your ingress here  
 Upon the skirt and fringe of our fawn land,

You did but come as goblins in the night,  
Nor in the furrow broke the ploughman's  
head,

Nor burnt the grange, nor buss'd the  
milking maid,

Nor lobb'd the farmer of his bowl of  
cream

But let your Prince (our royal word upon it,  
He comes back safe) ride with us to our  
lines,

And speak with Arac Arac's word is thrice  
As ours with Ida something may be  
done—

I know not what—and ours shall see us  
friends

You, likewise, our late guests, if so you  
will,

Follow us who knows? we four may  
build some plan

Foursquare to opposition'

Here he reach'd

White hands of farewell to my sue, who  
growl'd

An ans. which, half muffled in his  
beard,

Let so much out as gave us leave to go

Then rode we with the old king across  
the downs

Peath huge trees, a thousand rings of  
Spring

In every bole, a song on every spray  
Of birds that piped their Valentines, and  
woke

Desire in me to infuse my tale of love  
In the old king's ears, who promised help,  
and oozed

All o'er with honey'd answer as we rode  
And blossom fragrant slept the heavy  
dews

Gather'd by night and peice, with each  
light air

On our moul'd heads but other thoughts  
than Peace

Burnt in us, when we saw the embattled  
squires,

And squadrons of the Prince, trampling  
the flowers

With clamour for among them rose a cry  
As if to greet the king, they made a halt,

The horses yell'd, they clash'd their arms,  
the drum

Beat, merrily blowing shrill'd the martial  
fife,

And in the blast and bray of the long  
hoir

And serpent-throated bugle, undulated  
The banner anon to meet us lightly  
pranced

Three captans out, nor ever had I seen  
Such thews of men the midmost and the  
highest

Was Arac all about his motion clung  
The shadow of his sister, as the beam  
Of the East, that play'd upon them, made  
them glance

Like those three stars of the airy Giant's  
zone,

That glitter burnish'd by the frosty dark,  
And as the fiery Sirius alters hue,  
And bickers into red and emerald, shone  
Their motions, wash'd with morning, as  
they came

And I that prated peace, when first I  
heard

War music, felt the blind wildbeast of  
force,

Whose home is in the sinews of a man,  
Stir in me as to strike then took the king  
His three broad sons, with now a wander  
ing hand

And now a pointed finger, told them all  
A common light of smiles at our disguise  
Broke from their lips, and, ere the windy  
jest

Had labour'd down within his ample lungs,  
The genial giant, Arac, roll'd himself  
Thrice in the saddle, then burst out in  
words

'Our land invaded, 'sdeath' and he  
himself

Your captive, yet my father wills not war  
And, 'sdeath' myself, what care I, war  
or no?

But then this question of your truth re  
mains

And there's a downright honest meaning  
in her,

She flies too high, she flies too high ' and  
yet  
She ask'd but space and funplay for her  
scheme,  
She prest and prest it on me—I myself,  
What know I of these things? but, life  
and soul '  
I thought her half right talking of her  
wrongs,  
I say she flies too high, 'sdeath ' what of  
that ?  
I take her for the flower of womankind,  
And so I often told her, right or wrong,  
And, Prince, she can be sweet to those  
she loves,  
And, right or wrong, I care not this is  
all,  
I stand upon her side she made me  
swear it—  
'Sdeath—and with solemn rites by candle-  
light—  
Swear by St something—I forget her  
name—  
Her that talk'd down the fifty wisest men,  
She was a princess too, and so I swore  
Come, this is all, she will not waive  
your claim  
If not, the foughten field, what else, it  
once  
Decides it, 'sdeath ' agunst my father's  
will '

I ligg'd in answer loth to render up  
My precontract, and loth by business wu  
To cleave the rift of difference deeper  
yet,  
Till one of those two brothers, half aside  
And fingering at the hair about his lip,  
To pick us on to combat 'Like to like '  
The woman's garment hid the woman's  
heart '  
A taunt that clench'd his purpose like a  
blow '  
For fiery short was Cyril's counter scoff,  
And sharp I answer'd, touch'd upon the  
point  
Where idle boys are cowards to their  
shame,  
'Decide it here why not? we are three  
to three '

Then spake the third 'But three to  
three? no more?  
No more, and in our noble sister's cause?  
More, more, for honour every captain  
wants  
Hungry for honour, angry for his king  
More, more, some fifty on a side, that each  
May breathe himself, and quick ' by over-  
throw  
Of these or those, the question settled die '

'Yea,' answer'd I, 'for this wild wreath  
of war,  
This flake of rainbow flying on the highest  
foam of men's deeds—this honour, if ye  
will  
It needs must be for honour if at all  
Since, what decision? if we fail, we fail,  
And if we win, we fail she would not  
keep  
Her compact ' 'Sdeath ' but we will  
send to her,'  
Sud Arac, 'worthy reasons why she should  
hide by this issue let our missive thro',  
And you shall have her answer by the  
word '

'Boys ' shruck'd the old king, but  
vaunter than a hen  
To her false daughter in the pool, for  
none  
Regarded, neither seem'd them more to  
sry  
Back rode we to my father's camp, and  
found  
He three had sent a herald to the gates,  
To learn if Idryct would cede our claim,  
Or by denial flush her bubbling wells  
With her own people's life three times  
he went  
The first, he blew and blew, but none  
appear'd  
He butter'd at the doors, none came  
the next,  
An awful voice within had warn'd him  
thence  
The third, and those eight daughters of  
the plough  
Came sallying thro' the gates, and caught  
his arm,

And so belabour'd him on rib and cheek  
They made him wild not less one glance  
he caught

Thro' open doors of Ida station'd there  
Unshaken, clinging to her purpose, firm  
Tho' compass'd by two armies and the  
noise

Of arms, and standing like a stately Pine  
Set in a cataract on an island-crag,  
When storm is on the heights, and right  
and left

Suck'd from the dark heart of the long  
hills roll

The torrents, dash'd to the vale and yet  
her will

Bred will in me to overcome it or fall

But when I told the king that I was  
pledged

To fight in tounney for my bride, he  
clash'd

His iron palms together with a cry,  
Himself would tilt it out among the lads  
But overborne by all his bearded lords  
With reasons drawn from age and state,  
perforce

He yielded, wroth and red, with fience  
demur

And many a bold knight started up in heat,  
And swar'd to combat for my clum till  
death

All on this side the palace ran the field  
Flat to the garden wall and likewise  
here,

Above the garden's glowing blossom belts,  
A column'd entry shone and marble stairs,  
And great bronze valves, emboss'd with  
lomyis

And what she did to Cyrus after fight,  
But now fast barr'd so here upon the flat  
All that long morn the lists were hammer'd  
up,

And all that morn the heralds to and fro,  
With message and defiance, went and  
came,

I rst, Ida's answer, in a royal hand,  
But shaken here and there, and rolling  
words

Oration like I kiss'd it and I read

'O brother, you have known the pangs  
we felt,

What heats of indignation when we heard  
Of those that iron cramp'd their women's  
feet,

Of lands in which at the altar the poor  
bride

Gives her harsh groom for bridal gift a  
scourge,

Of living hearts that crack within the fire  
Where smoulder their dead despots, and  
of those,—

Mothers,—that, all prophetic pity, fling  
Their pretty maids in the running flood,  
and swoops

The vulture, beak and talon, at the heart  
Made for all noble motion and I saw  
That equal baseness lived in sleeker times  
With smoother men the old leaven  
leaven'd all

Millions of throats would bawl for civil  
rights,

No woman named therefore I set my  
face

Against all men, and lived but for mine  
own

Far off from men I built a fold for them  
I stored it full of rich memorial

I fenced it round with gallant institutes,  
And biting laws to scare the beasts of prey  
And prosper'd, till a rout of saucy boys  
Brake on us at our books, and man'd  
our peace,

Mask'd like our maids, blustering I know  
not what

Of insolence and love, some pretext held  
Of baby troth, invalid, since my will  
Seal'd not the bond—the stirplings '—for  
their sport!—

I tamed my leopards shall I not tame  
these?

Or you? or I? for since you think me  
touch'd

In honour—what, I would not ought of  
false—

Is not our cause pure? and whereas I  
know

Your prowess, Atac, and what mother's  
blood

You draw from, fight, you failing, I abide

What end soever fail you will not Still  
Take not his life he risk'd it for my own,  
His mother lives yet whatsoever you do,  
Fight and fight well, strike and strike  
home O dear

Brothers, the woman's Angel guards you,  
you

The sole men to be mingled with our  
cause,

The sole men we shall prize in the after  
time,

Your very armour hallow'd, and your  
statues

Rear'd, sung to, when, this gad fly brush'd  
aside,

We plant a solid foot into the Time,  
And mould a generation strong to move  
With claim on claim from right to right,  
till she

Whose name is yoked with children's,  
know herself,

And Knowledge in our own land make  
her free,

And, ever following those two crowned  
twins,

Commerce and conquest, shower the fiery  
grain

Of freedom broadcast over all that orbs  
Between the Northern and the Southern  
morn'

Then came a postscript dash'd across  
the rest

'See that there be no traitors in your  
camp

We seem a nest of traitors—none to trust  
Since our arms fail'd—this Egypt plague  
of men'

Almost our maids were better at their  
homes,

Than thus man-gudled here indeed I  
think

Our chiefest comfort is the little child  
Of one unworthy mother, which she left  
She shall not have it back the child  
shall grow

To prize the authentic mother of her mind  
I took it for an hour in mine own bed  
This morning there the tender orphan  
hands

Felt at my heart, and seem'd to charm  
from thence

The wrath I nursed against the world  
farewell'

I ceased, he said, 'Stubborn, but she  
may sit

Upon a king's right hand in thunder  
storms,

And breed up warriors! See now, tho'  
yourself

Be dazzled by the wildfire Love to sloughs  
That swallow common sense, the spind  
ling king,

This Gam's swamp'd in Ivy tolerance  
When the man wants weight, the woman  
takes it up,

And topples down the scales, but this is  
fixt

As are the roots of earth and base of all,  
Man for the field and woman for the  
hearth

Man for the sword and for the needle she  
Man with the head and woman with the  
heart

Man to command and woman to obey,  
All else confusion Look you! the gray  
mare

Is ill to live with, when her whinny shrills  
From tile to scullery, and her small good  
man

Shrinks in his arm chair while the fires  
of Hell

Mix with his hearth but you—she's yet  
a colt—

Take, break her strongly groom'd and  
stoutly cul'd

She might not rank with those detestable  
That let the bantling scold at home, and  
bawl

Their rights or wrongs like potherbs in  
the street

They say she's comely, there's the fairest  
chance

I like her none the less for rating at her!  
Besides, the woman wed is not as we,  
But suffers change of frame—A lusty brack  
Of twins may weed her of her folly Boy,

The bearing and the taming of a child  
Is woman's wisdom.'

Thus the hard old king  
 I took my leave, for it was nearly noon  
 I pored upon her letter which I held,  
 And on the little clause 'take not his life'  
 I mused on that wild morning in the  
 woods,  
 And on the 'Follow, follow, thou shalt  
 win'  
 I thought on all the wrathful king had  
 said,  
 And how the strange betrothment was to  
 end  
 Then I remember'd that burnt sorcerer's  
 curse  
 That one should fight with shadows and  
 should fall,  
 And like a flash the weird affection came  
 King, camp and college turn'd to hollow  
 shows,  
 I seem'd to move in old memorial tilts,  
 And doing battle with forgotten ghosts,  
 To dream myself the shadow of a dream  
 And ere I woke it was the point of noon,  
 The lists were ready Empanoplied and  
 plumed  
 We enter'd in, and waited, fifty there  
 Opposed to fifty, till the trumpet blared  
 At the banner like a wild horn in a land  
 Of echoes, and a moment, and once more  
 The trumpet, and again at which the  
 storm  
 Of galloping hoofs bare on the ridge of  
 spears  
 And riders front to front, until they closed  
 In conflict with the crash of shivering  
 points,  
 And thunder Yet it seem'd a dream, I  
 dream'd  
 Of fighting On his haunches rose the  
 steed,  
 And into fiery splinters leapt the lance,  
 And out of stricken helmets sprang the fire  
 Part sat like rocks part reel'd but kept  
 their seats  
 Part roll'd on the earth and rose again  
 and drew  
 Part stumbled mixt with floundering  
 horses Down  
 From those two bulks at Arac's side, and  
 down

From Arac's arm, as from a giant's flail,  
 The large blows rain'd, as here and every  
 where  
 He rode the mellay, lord of the ringing  
 lists,  
 And all the plain,—brand, mace, and  
 shaft, and shield—  
 Shock'd, like an iron-clanging anvil  
 bang'd  
 With hammers, till I thought, can this  
 be he  
 From Gama's dwarfish loins? if this be so,  
 The mother makes us most—and in my  
 dream  
 I glanced aside, and saw the palace front  
 Alive with fluttering scarfs and ladies'  
 eyes,  
 And highest, among the statues, statue-  
 like,  
 Between a cymbal'd Miriam and a Jael,  
 With Psyche's babe, was Ida watching us,  
 A single band of gold about her hair,  
 Like a Saint's glory up in heaven but  
 she  
 No saint—inevorable—no tenderness—  
 Too hard, too cruel yet she sees me  
 fight,  
 Yea, let her see me fall ' with that I drave  
 Among the thickest and bore down a  
 Prince,  
 And Cyril, one Yea, let me make my  
 dream  
 All that I would But that large moulded  
 man,  
 His visage all again as at a wake,  
 Made at me thro' the press, and, stagger-  
 ing back  
 With stroke on stroke the horse and  
 horseman, came  
 As comes a pillar of electric cloud,  
 Flaying the roofs and sucking up the  
 drains,  
 And shadowing down the champaign till  
 it strikes  
 On a wood, and takes, and breaks, and  
 cracks, and splits,  
 And twists the grain with such a roar  
 that Euth  
 Reels, and the herdsmen cry, for every-  
 thing

Gave way before him only Florian, he  
That loved me closer than his own right  
eye,  
Thrust in between, but Aiac rode him  
down  
And Cyril seeing it, push'd against the  
Prince,  
With Psyche's colour round his helmet,  
tough,  
Strong, supple, sinew corded, apt at  
aims,  
But tougher, heavier, stronger, he thrust  
smote  
And threw him last I spurr'd, I felt  
my veins  
Stretch with fierce heat, a moment hand  
to hand,  
And sword to sword, and horse to horse  
we hung,  
Till I struck out and shouted, the blade  
glanced,  
I did but shear a feather, and dream and  
truth  
Flow'd from me, darkness closed me,  
and I fell

## VI

Home they brought her warrior dead  
She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry  
All her maidens, watching, said,  
'She must weep or she will die'

Then they prais'd him, soft and low,  
Call'd him worthy to be loved,  
Truest friend and noblest foe  
Yet she neither spoke nor moved

Stole a maiden from her place,  
Lightly to the warrior slept,  
Took the face cloth from the face,  
Yet she neither moved nor wept

Rose a nurse of ninety years,  
Set his child upon her knee—  
Like summer tempest came her tears—  
'Sweet my child, I live for thee

My dream had never died or lived  
again

As in some mystic middle state I lay,  
Seem'g I saw not, hearing not I heard  
Tho', if I saw not, yet they told me all  
So often that I speak as having seen

For so it seem'd, or so they said to me,  
That all things grew more tragic and  
more strange,

That when our side was vanquish'd and  
my cause

For ever lost, there went up a great cry,  
The Prince is slain My father heard  
and ran

In on the lists, and there unlaced my  
casque

And grovell'd on my body, and after him  
Came Psyche, sorrowing for Aglaia

But high upon the palace Ida stood  
With Psyche's babe in arm there on the  
roofs

Like that great dame of Lapidoth she  
sang

'Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n the seed,  
The little seed they laugh'd at in the dale,  
Has risen and cleft the soil, and grown a bull  
Of spanless girth, that lays on every side  
A thousand arms and rushes to the Sun

'Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n they  
came,  
The leaves were wet with women's tears they  
heard

A noise of songs they would not understand  
They mark'd it with the red cross to the full,  
And would have shown it, and we fall'n them  
selves

'Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n they  
came,

The woodmen with their axes to the tree  
But we will make it faggots for the hearth,  
And shape it plank and beam for roof and floor,  
And boats and bridges for the use of men

'Our enemies have fall'n, have fall'n they  
struck

With their own blows they hurt themselves, nor  
knew

There dwelt an iron nature in the grain  
The glittering axe was broken in their arms,  
Their arms were shatter'd to the shoulder blade

'Our enemies have fall'n, but this shall show  
A night of Summer from the heat, a breadth  
Of Autumn, dropping fruits of power and roll'd  
With music in the growing breeze of Time,  
The tops shall strike from star to star, the fangs  
Shall move the stony bases of the world



'And now, O maids, behold our  
 sanctuary  
 Is violate, our laws broken : fear ye not  
 To break them more in their behoof,  
 whose aims  
 Champion'd our cause and won it with a  
 day  
 Blanch'd in our annals, and perpetual feast,  
 When dames and heroines of the golden  
 year  
 Shall stimp a hundred hollows bare of  
 Spring,  
 To rain an April of ovation round  
 Their statues, borne aloft, the three : but  
 come,  
 We will be liberal, since our rights are  
 won.  
 Let them not lie in the tents with coarse  
 mankind,  
 Ill nurses ; but descend, and proffer these  
 The brethren of our blood and cause, that  
 there  
 Lie bruised and maim'd, the tender  
 ministries  
 Of female hands and hospitality '

She spoke, and with the babe yet in  
 her aims,  
 Descending, burst the great bronze valves,  
 and led  
 A hundred maids in train across the Park.  
 Some cowl'd, and some bare-headed, on  
 they came,  
 Their feet in flowers, her loveliest : by  
 them went  
 The enamour'd air sighing, and on their  
 curls  
 From the high tree the blossom wavering  
 fell,  
 And over them the tremulous isles of light  
 Slided, they moving under shade . but  
 Blanche  
 At distance follow'd : so they came : anon  
 Thro' open field into the lists they wound  
 Timorously ; and as the leader of the  
 herd  
 That holds a stately fretwork to the Sun,  
 And follow'd up by a hundred airy does,  
 Steps with a tender foot, light as on air,  
 The lovely, lordly creature floated on

To where her wounded brethren lay ;  
 there stay'd ;  
 Knelt on one knee,—the child on one,—  
 and prest  
 Their hands, and call'd them dear de-  
 liverers,  
 And happy warriors, and immortal names,  
 And said ' You shall not lie in the tents  
 but here,  
 And nursed by those for whom you fought,  
 and served  
 With female hands and hospitality.'

Then, whether moved by this, or was  
 it chance,  
 She past my way. Up started from my  
 side  
 The old lion, glaring with his whelpless  
 eye,  
 Silent ; but when she saw me lying stark,  
 Dishelm'd and mute, and motionlessly  
 pale,  
 Cold ev'n to her, she sigh'd ; and when  
 she saw  
 The haggard father's face and reverend  
 beard  
 Of grisly twine, all dabbled with the blood  
 Of his own son, shudder'd, a twitch of pain  
 Tortured her mouth, and o'er her forehead  
 past  
 A shadow, and her hue changed, and she  
 said :  
 ' He saved my life : my brother slew him  
 for it.'  
 No more : at which the king in bitter  
 scorn  
 Drew from my neck the painting and the  
 tress,  
 And held them up : she saw them, and a  
 day  
 Rose from the distance on her memory,  
 When the good Queen, her mother, shore  
 the tress  
 With kisses, ere the days of Lady Blanche :  
 And then once more she look'd at my pale  
 face :  
 Till understanding all the foolish work  
 Of Fancy, and the bitter close of all,  
 Her iron will was broken in her mind ;  
 Her noble heart was molten in her breast ;

She bow'd, she set the child on the earth,  
 she laid  
 A feeling finger on my brows, and  
 presently  
 'O Sire,' she said, 'he lives he is not  
 dead  
 O let me have him with my brethren here  
 In our own palace we will tend on him  
 Like one of these, if so, by any means,  
 To lighten this great clog of thanks, that  
 make  
 Our progress falter to the woman's goal'  
  
 She said but at the happy word 'he  
 lives'  
 My father stoop'd, re-father'd o'er my  
 wounds  
 So those two foes above my fallen life,  
 With blow to blow like night and evening  
 mixt  
 Their dark and gray, while Psyche ever  
 stole  
 A little nearer, till the babe that by us,  
 Half lapt in glowing gauze and golden  
 brede,  
 Lay like a new-fall'n meteor on the grass,  
 Uncared for, spied its mother and began  
 A blind and babbling laughter, and to  
 dance  
 Its body, and reach its fatling innocent  
 arms  
 And lazy lingering fingers She the upper  
 Brook'd not, but clamouring out 'Mine—  
 mine—not yours,  
 It is not yours, but mine give me the  
 child'  
 Ceased all on tremble piteous was the  
 cry  
 So stood the unhappy mother open  
 mouth'd,  
 And turn'd each face her way wan was  
 her cheek  
 With hollow watch, her blooming mantle  
 torn,  
 Red grief and mother's hunger in her eye,  
 And down dead-heavy sank her curls, and  
 half  
 The sacred mother's bosom, panting, burst  
 The laces toward her babe, but she nor  
 cared

Nor knew it, clamouring on, till Ida heard,  
 Look'd up, and rising slowly from me,  
 stood  
 Eiect and silent, striking with her glance  
 The mother, me, the child, but he that  
 lay  
 Beside us, Cyril, batter'd as he was,  
 Tru'd himself up on one knee then he  
 drew  
 Her robe to meet his lips, and down she  
 look'd  
 At the aim'd man sideways, pitying as it  
 seem'd,  
 Or self-involved, but when she learnt his  
 face,  
 Remembering his ill omen'd song, arose  
 Once more thro' all her hught, and o'er  
 him grew  
 Tall as a figure lengthen'd on the sand  
 When the tide ebbs in sunshine, and he  
 said  
  
 'O fair and strong and terrible'  
 Lioness  
 That with your long locks play the Lion's  
 mane'  
 But Love and Nature, these are two more  
 terrible  
 And stronger See, your foot is on our  
 necks,  
 We vanquish'd, you the Victor of your  
 will  
 What would you more? give her the  
 child! remain  
 Or b'd in your isolation he is dead,  
 Or all is dead henceforth we let you be  
 Win you the hearts of women, and  
 beware  
 Lest, where you seek the common love  
 of these,  
 The common hate with the revolving  
 wheel  
 Should drag you down, and some great  
 Nemesis  
 Break from a drunken future, crown'd  
 with fire,  
 And tread you out for ever but how  
 soe'er  
 Fix'd in yourself, never in your own arms  
 To hold your own, deny not this to her,

Give her the child ! O if, I say, you keep  
One pulse that beats true woman, if you  
loved

The breast that fed or arm that dandled  
you,

Or own one point of sense not flint to  
prayer,

Give her the child ! or if you scorn to  
lay it,

Yourself, in hands so lately claspt with  
yours,

Or speak to her, your dearest, her one  
fault

The tenderness, not yours, that could not  
kill,

Give *me* it I will give it her !

He said

At first her eye with slow dilation roll'd  
Dry flame, she listening, after sank and

sank

And, into mournful twilight mellowing,  
dwelt

Full on the child, she took it 'Pretty  
bud !

Lily of the vale ! half open'd bell of the  
woods !

Sole comfort of my dark hour, when a  
world

Of traitorous friend and broken system  
made

No purple in the distance, mystery,  
Pledge of a love not to be mine, farewell,

These men are laid upon us as of old,  
We two must part and yet how fun

was I

To deem thy cause embrac'd in mine,  
to think

I might be something to thee, when I felt  
Thy helpless warmth about my barren  
breast

In the dead pime but may thy mother  
prove

As true to thee as false, false, false to me !  
And, if thou needs must bear the yoke,

I wish it

Gentle as freedom !—hark she kiss'd it  
then—

'All good go with thee ! take it Sin,'  
and so

Laid the soft babe in hush'd mailed hands,

Who turn'd half round to Psyche as she  
spang

To meet it, with an eye that swum in  
thanks,

Then felt it sound and whole from head  
to foot,

And hugg'd and never hugg'd it close  
enough,

And in her hunger mouth'd and mumbled  
it,

And hid her bosom with it, after that  
Put on more calm and added suppliantly

'We two were friends I go to mine  
own land

For ever find some other as for me  
I scarce am fit for your great plans yet

speak to me,

Say one soft word and let me part for-  
given !

But Ida spoke not, apt upon the child  
Then Airc 'Ida—'sdeath' you blame

the man,

You wrong yourselves—the woman is so  
hard

Upon the woman Come, a grace to me !  
I am your warrior I and mine have fought

Your battle kiss her, take her hand,  
she weeps

'Sdeath ! I would sooner fight thrice o'er  
than see it !

But Ida spoke not, gazing on the ground,  
And reddening in the furrows of his chin,

And moved beyond his custom, Gamr  
said

'I've heard that there is none in the  
blood,

And I believe it Not one word ? not one ?  
Whence drew you this steel temper ? not

from me,

Not from your mother, now a aunt with  
sunts

She said you had a heart—I heard her  
say it—

"Ow Ida has a heart"—just as she died—  
"But see that some one with authority

Be near her still" and I—I sought for  
one—

All people said she had authority—  
 The Lady Blanche much profit! Not  
     one word,  
 No! tho' your father sues see how you  
     stand  
 Stiff as Lot's wife, and all the good  
     knights maim'd,  
 I trust that there is no one hurt to death,  
 For your wild whim and was it then  
     for this,  
 Was it for this we gave our palace up,  
 Where we withdrew from summer hearts  
     and state,  
 And had our wine and chess beneath the  
     planes,  
 And many a pleasant hour with her that's  
     gone,  
 Ere you were born to vex us? Is it kind?  
 Speak to her I say is this not she of  
     whom,  
 When first she came, all flush'd you said  
     to me  
 Now had you got a friend of your own  
     age,  
 Now could you share your thought, now  
     should men see  
 Two women faster welded in one love  
 Than pairs of wedlock, she you walk'd  
     with, she  
 You talk'd with, whole nights long, up  
     in the tower,  
 Of sine and arc, spheroid and azimuth,  
 And right ascension, He even knows what,  
     and now  
 A word, but one, one little kindly word,  
 Not one to spare her out upon you,  
     flint!  
 You love nor her, nor me, nor any, nay,  
 You shame your mother's judgment too  
     Not one?  
 You will not? well—no heart have you,  
     or such  
 As fancies like the vermin in a nut  
 Have fretted all to dust and bitterness'  
 So said the small king moved beyond his  
     wont  
  
 But Ida stood nor spoke, diam'd of her  
     force  
 By many a varying influence and so long

Down thro' her limbs a drooping languor  
     wept  
 Her head a little bent, and on her mouth  
 A doubtful smile dwelt like a clouded  
     moon  
 In a still water then brake out my sue,  
 Lifting his grim head from my wounds  
     'O you,  
 Woman, whom we thought woman even  
     now,  
 And were half fool'd to let you tend our son,  
 Because he might have wish'd it—but we  
     see  
 The accomplice of your madness unfor-  
     given,  
 And think that you might mix his daught-  
     er with death,  
 When your skins change again the  
     rougher hand  
 Is safer on to the tents take up the  
     Prince'  
  
 He rose, and while each ear was prick'd  
     to attend  
 A tempest, thro' the cloud that dimm'd  
     her broke  
 A genial warmth and light once more,  
     and shone  
 Thro' glittering drops on her sad friend  
     'Come hither  
 O Psyche,' she cried out, 'embrace me,  
     come,  
 Quick while I melt, make reconciliation  
     sure  
 With one that cannot keep her mind an  
     hour  
 Come to the hollow heart they slander so!  
 Kiss and be friends, like children being  
     chid!  
 I seem no more I want forgiveness too  
 I should have had to do with none but  
     maids,  
 That have no links with men Ah false  
     but dear,  
 Dear traitor, too much loved, why?—  
     why?—Yet see,  
 Before these kings we embrace you yet  
     once more  
 With all forgiveness, all oblivion,  
 And trust, not love, you less

And now, O she,  
 Grant me your son, to nurse, to wait upon  
 him,  
 Like mine own brother For my debt to  
 him,  
 This nightmare weight of gratitude, I  
 know it,  
 Truant me no more yourself and yours  
 shall have  
 Free wit, we will scatter all our maids  
 Till happier times each to her proper  
 hearth  
 What use to keep them here—now?  
 grant my prayer  
 Help, father, brother, help, speak to the  
 king  
 Throw this male nature to some touch of  
 that  
 Which kills me with myself, and drags  
 me down  
 From my fixt height to mob me up with all  
 The soft and milky rabble of womankind,  
 Poor wailing ev'n as they are  
 Passionate tears  
 Follow'd the king replied not Cyil  
 said  
 'You brother, Lady,—Flourish,—ask for  
 him  
 Of your great head—for he is wounded  
 too—  
 That you may tend upon him with the  
 prince'  
 'Ay so,' said Ida with a bitter smile,  
 'Our laws are broken let him enter  
 too'  
 Then Violet, she that sang the mournful  
 song,  
 And had a cousin tumbled on the plain,  
 Pollution'd too for him 'Ay so,' she said,  
 'I stagger in the stream I cannot keep  
 My heart an eddy from the brawling  
 hour  
 We break our laws with ease, but let it  
 be'  
 'Ay so?' said Blanche 'Amazed am I  
 to hear  
 Your Highness but your Highness  
 breaks with ease  
 The law your Highness did not make  
 'twas I

I had been wedded wife, I knew mankind,  
 And block'd them out, but these men  
 came to woo  
 Your Highness—venly I think to win'  
 So she, and turn'd askance a winty eye  
 But Ida with a voice, that like a bell  
 Ioll'd by an earthquake in a trembling  
 tower,  
 Rang round, answer'd full of grief and scorn  
 'Fling our doors wide! all, all, not  
 one, but all,  
 Not only he, but by my mother's soul,  
 Whatever man lies wounded, friend or  
 foe,  
 Shall enter, if he will Let our girls sit,  
 Till the storm die! but had you stood by  
 us,  
 The roar that breaks the Pharos from his  
 base  
 Had left us rock She fain would sting  
 us too,  
 But shall not Pass, and mangle with  
 your likes  
 We brook no further insult but are gone'  
 She turn'd, the very nape of her white  
 neck  
 Was rosed with indignation but the  
 Prince  
 Her brother came, the king her father  
 charm'd  
 Her wounded soul with words nor did  
 mine own  
 Refuse her proffer, lastly gave his hand  
 Then us they lifted up, dead weights,  
 and bare  
 Straight to the doors to them the doors  
 gave way  
 Groaning, and in the Vestal entry shak'd  
 The virgin mable under iron heels  
 And on they moved and gun'd the hall,  
 and there  
 Rested but great the crush was, and  
 each base,  
 To left and right, of those tall columns  
 down'd  
 In silken fluctuation and the swarm  
 Of female whisperers at the further end

Was Ida by the throne, the two great cats  
Close by her, like supporters on a shield,  
Bow back'd with fear but in the centre  
stood

The common men with rolling eyes,  
amazed

They glared upon the women, and aghast  
The women stared at these, all silent,  
save

When armour clish'd or jingled, while  
the day,

Descending, struck athwart the hall, and  
shot

A flying splendour out of brass and steel,  
That o'er the statues leapt from head to  
head,

Now fixed an angry Pillar on the helm,  
Now set a wrathful Dian's moon on flame,  
And now and then an echo started up,  
And shuddering fled from room to room,  
and died

Of fight in far apartments

Then the voice  
Of Ida sounded, issuing ordinance  
And me they bore up the broad stairs,  
and thro'

The long laid galleries, past a hundred  
doors

To one deep chamber shut from sound,  
and due

To languid limbs and sickness, left me  
in it,

And others elsewhere they laid, and all  
That afternoon a sound arose of hoof

And chival, many a maiden passing home  
I'll happier times, but some were left of  
those

Held sagest, and the great lords out and in,  
From those two hosts that lay beside the  
walls,

Walk'd at their will, and everything was  
changed

## VII

Ask me no more the moon may draw the sea,  
The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the  
shape

With fold so fold, of mountain or of cape,  
But O too fond, when have I answer'd thee?

Ask me no more

Ask me no more what answer should I give,  
I love not hollow cheek or faded eye  
Yet, O my friend, I will not have thee die!  
Ask me no more, lest I should bid thee live,  
Ask me no more

Ask me no more thy fate and mine are seal'd  
I strove against the stream and all in vain  
Let the great river take me to the main  
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield,  
Ask me no more

So was then sanctuary violated,  
So their fair college turn'd to hospital,  
At first with all confusion by and by  
Sweet order lived again with other laws  
A kindly influence reign'd, and every  
where

Low voices with the ministering hand  
Hung round the sick the maidens came,  
they talk'd,

They sang, they read till she not fair  
began

To gather light, and she that was, became  
Her former beauty trifle, and to and fro  
With books, with flowers, with Angel  
offices,

Like creatures native unto gracious act,  
And in their own clear element, they  
moved

But sadness on the soul of Ida fell,  
And hatred of her weakness, blent with  
shame

Old studies ful'd, seldom she spoke  
but oft

Clomb to the roofs, and gazed alone for  
hours

On that disastrous leaguer, swarms of men  
Darkening her female field void was her  
use,

And she is one that climbs a pearl to gaze  
O'er land and main, and sees a great  
black cloud

Diag inward from the deep, a wall of  
night,

Blot out the slope of sea from verge to  
shore,

And suck the blinding splendour from the  
sun,

and quenching life by lake and tun by  
tun

Expung'd the world so fued she gazing  
there,  
So blacken'd all her world in secret,  
blank  
And waste it seem'd and vain, till down  
she came,  
And found fair peace once more among  
the sick

And twilight dawn'd, and morn by  
morn the lark  
Shot up and shrill'd in flickering gyres,  
but I  
Lay silent in the muffled cage of life  
And twilight gloom'd, and broader grown  
the bowels  
Drew the great night into themselves,  
and Heaven,  
Star after star, arose and fell, but I,  
Deeper than those weird doubts could  
reach me, lay  
Quite sunder'd from the moving Universe,  
Nor knew what eye was on me, nor the  
hand  
That nursed me, more than infants in  
their sleep

But Psyche tended Florian with her  
oft,  
Melissa came, for Blanche had gone, but  
left  
Her child among us, willing she should  
keep  
Court favour here and there the small  
bright head,  
A light of healing, glanced about the  
couch,  
Or thro' the parted silks the tender face  
Peep'd, shining upon the wounded man  
With blush and smile, a medicine in  
themselves  
To wile the length from languorous hours,  
and draw  
The sting from pain, nor seem'd it strange  
that soon  
He rose up whole, and those fair charities  
Join'd at her side, nor stranger seem'd  
that hearts  
So gentle, so employ'd, should close in  
love,

Than when two dewdrops on the petal  
shake  
To the same sweet air, and tremble deeper  
down,  
And slip at once all fragrant into one

Less prosperously the second suit ob-  
tain'd  
At first with Psyche Not tho' Blanche  
had sworn  
That after that dark night among the fields  
She needs must wed him for her own good  
name,  
Not tho' he built upon the babe restored,  
Nor tho' she liked him, yielded she, but  
fear'd  
To incense the Head once more, till on  
a day  
When Cyril pleaded, Ida came behind  
Seen but of Psyche on her foot she hung  
A moment, and she heard, at which her  
face  
A little flush'd, and she past on, but each  
Assumed from thence a half-consent in-  
volved  
In stillness, plighted troth, and were at  
peace

Nor only these Love in the sacred halls  
Held carnival at will, and flying struck  
With showers of random sweet on maid  
and man  
Nor did her father cease to press my claim,  
Nor did mine own now reconciled, nor yet  
Did those twin brothers, risen again and  
whole,  
Nor Aric, satiate with his victory

But I lay still, and with me oft she sat  
Then came a change, for sometimes I  
would catch  
Her hand in wild delirium, gripe it hard,  
And fling it like a viper off, and shriek  
'You are not Ida,' clasp it once again,  
And call her Ida, tho' I knew her not,  
And call her sweet, as if in irony,  
And call her hard and cold which seem'd  
a truth  
And still she fear'd that I should lose my  
mind,

And often she believed that I should die  
 Till out of long frustration of her care,  
 And pensive tendance in the all weary  
   noons,  
 And watches in the dead, the dark, when  
   clocks  
 Throb'd thunder thro' the palace floors,  
   or call'd  
 On flying Time from all their silver  
   tongues—  
 And out of memories of her kinder days,  
 And sidelong glances at my father's grief,  
 And at the happy lover's heart in heart—  
 And out of hauntings of my spoken love,  
 And lonely listenings to my muttered  
   dream,  
 And often feeling of the helpless hand,  
 And wordless bloodings on the wasted  
   cheek—  
 From all a closer interest flourish'd up,  
 Tenderness touch by touch, and list, to  
   these,  
 Love, like an Alpine harebell hung with  
   tears  
 By some cold morning glacier, firm at first  
 And feeble, all unconscious of itself,  
 But such as gather'd colour day by day

Last I woke sane, but well nigh close  
   to death  
 For weakness it was evening silent light  
 Slept on the painted walls, wherein were  
   wrought  
 Two grand designs, for on one side arose  
 The women up in wild revolt, and storm'd  
 At the Oppian law Titanic shapes, they  
   cramm'd  
 The forum, and half crush'd among the  
   rest  
 A dwarf like Cato cower'd On the other  
   side  
 Hortensia spoke against the tax, behind,  
 A train of dames by axe and eagle sat,  
 With all their foreheads drawn in Roman  
   scowls,  
 And half the wolf's milk curdled in their  
   veins,  
 The fierce triumvirs, and before them  
   paused  
 Hortensia pleading angrily was her face

I saw the forms I knew not where I  
   was  
 They did but look like hollow shows,  
   nor more  
 Sweet Ida palm to palm she sat the dew  
 Dwelt in her eyes, and softer all her shape  
 And rounder seem'd I moved I sigh'd  
   a touch  
 Came round my waist, and tears upon my  
   hand  
 Then all for languor and self pity ran  
 Mine down my face, and with what life I  
   had,  
 And like a flower that cannot all unfold,  
 So diench'd it is with tempest, to the sun,  
 Yet, as it may, turns toward him, I on her  
 Fixt my faint eyes, and utter'd whisper  
   ingly

'If you be, what I think you, some  
   sweet dream,  
 I would but ask you to fulfil yourself  
 But if you be that Ida whom I knew,  
 I ask you nothing only, if a dream,  
 Sweet dream, be perfect I shall die  
   to night  
 Stoop down and seem to kiss me ere I  
   die'

I could no more, but lay like one in  
   trance,  
 That hears his burial talk'd of by his  
   friends,  
 And cannot speak, nor move, nor make  
   one sign,  
 But lies and dreads his doom She turn'd,  
   she press'd,  
 She stoop'd, and out of languor leapt a  
   cry,  
 Leapt fiery Passion from the brink of  
   death,  
 And I believed that in the living world  
 My spirit closed with Ida's at the lips,  
 Till back I fell, and from mine arms she  
   lost  
 Glowing all over noble shame, and all  
 Her falsar self slpt from her like a robe,  
 And left her woman, lovelier in her mood  
 Than in her mould that other, when she  
   came



From barren deeps to conquer all with  
 love,  
 And down the streaming crystal dropt,  
 and she  
 Far fleeted by the purple island sides,  
 Naked, a double light in air and wave,  
 To meet her Graces, where they deck'd  
 her out  
 For worship without end, nor end of mine,  
 Statehest, for thee ! but mute she glided  
 forth,  
 Not glanced behind her, and I sank and  
 slept,  
 Fill'd thro' and thro' with Love, a happy  
 sleep

Deep in the night I woke she, near  
 me, held  
 A volume of the Poets of her land  
 There to herself, all in low tones, she  
 read

'Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white,  
 Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk  
 Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font  
 The fire fly wakens waken thou with me

Now droops the milkwhite peacock like a ghost,  
 And like a ghost she glimmers on to me

Now lies the Earth all Danie to the stars,  
 And all thy heart lies open unto me

Now slides the silent meteor on, and leaves  
 A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in me

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,  
 And slips into the bosom of the lake  
 So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip  
 Into my bosom and be lost in me'

I heard her turn the page, she found  
 a small  
 Sweet Idyl, and once more, as low, she  
 read

'Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain  
 height

What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd sang)  
 In height and cold, the splendour of the hills?  
 But cease to move so near the Heavens, and cease  
 To glide a sunbeam by the blatted Pine,  
 To sit a star upon the sparkling spire,  
 And come, for Love is of the valley, come,  
 For Love is of the valley, come thou do not

And find him, by the happy threshold, he,  
 Or hand in hand with Plenty in the maize,  
 Or red with spiced purple of the vats,  
 Or foxlike in the vine, nor cares to walk  
 With Death and Morning on the silver horns  
 Nor wilt thou snare him in the white ravine,  
 Nor find him dropt upon the firths of ice,  
 That huddling slant in furrow cloven falls  
 To roll the torrent out of dusky doors  
 But follow, let the torrent dance thee down  
 To find him in the valley, let the wild  
 Lean headed Eagles yelp alone, and leave  
 The monstrous ledges there to slope, and spill  
 Their thousand wreaths of dangling water smoke,  
 That like a broken purpose waste in air  
 So waste not thou, but come, for all the vales  
 Await thee, azure pillars of the hearth  
 Arise to thee the children call, and I  
 Thy shepherd pipe, and sweet is every sound,  
 Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet  
 Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn,  
 The moan of doves in immemorial elms,  
 And murmuring of innumerable bees

So she low toned, while with shut  
 eyes I lay  
 Listening, then look'd Pale was the  
 perfect face,  
 The bosom with long sighs labour'd, and  
 meek  
 Seem'd the full lips, and mild the lumi-  
 nous eyes,  
 And the voice trembled and the hand  
 She said  
 Brokenly, that she knew it, she had fail'd  
 In sweet humility, had fail'd in all,  
 That all her labour was but as a block  
 Left in the quarry, but she still were loth,  
 She still were loth to yield herself to one  
 That wholly scorn'd to help their equal  
 rights  
 Against the sons of men, and barbarous  
 laws  
 She pray'd me not to judge their cause  
 from her  
 That wrong'd it, sought far less for truth  
 than power  
 In knowledge something wild within  
 her breast,  
 A greater than all knowledge, bent her  
 down  
 And she had nursed me there from weak  
 to weak

Much had she learnt in little time In  
part

It was ill counsel had misled the girl  
To vex true hearts yet was she but a girl—  
'Ah fool, and made myself a Queen of  
farce'

When comes another such? never, I think,  
Till the Sun drop, dead, from the signs'

Her voice  
Choked, and her forehead sank upon her  
hands,

And her great heart thro' all the fruitful  
Past

Went sorrowing in a pause I dared not  
break,

Till notice of a change in the dark world  
Was hapt about the racas, and a bird,  
That early woke to feed her little ones,  
Sent from a dewy breast a cry for light  
She moved, and at her feet the volume  
full

'Blame not thyself too much,' I said,  
'nor blame

Too much the sons of men and barbarous  
laws,

These were the rough ways of the world  
till now

Henceforth thou hast a helper, me, that  
know

The woman's curse is man's they rise  
or sink

Together, dwarf'd or godlike, bond or  
free

For she that out of Lethæ scales with man  
The shining steps of Nature, shares with  
man

His nights, his days, moves with him to  
one goal,

Stays all the fair young planet in her  
hands—

If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,  
How shall men grow? but work no more  
alone'

Our place is much as far as in us lies  
We two will serve them both in aiding  
her—

Will clear away the praiseful forms  
That seem to keep her up but drag her  
down—

Will leave her space to burgeon out of all  
Within her—let her make herself her own  
To give or keep, to live and learn and be  
All that not hams distinctive womanhood  
For woman is not undeveloped man,  
But diverse could we make her as the  
man,

Sweet Love were slain his dearest bond  
is this,

Not like to like, but like in difference  
Yet in the long years like must they grow,  
The man be more of woman, she of man,  
Her gun in sweetness and in moral height,  
Nor lose the wrestling throws that throw  
the world,

She mental breadth, not full in childhood  
cue,

Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind,  
Till at the last she set herself to man,  
Like perfect music unto noble words,  
And so these twain, upon the skins of  
Time,

Sit side by side, full summ'd in all their  
power,

Dispensing harvest, sowing the To be,  
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,  
Distinct in individualities,  
But like each other as 'n those who love  
Then comes the statelier Eden bred to  
men

Then reign the world's great birds,  
chaste and chime

Then springs the crowning race of humankind

May these things be?

Sighing she spoke 'I fear  
They will not'

'Dear, but let us type them now  
In our own lives, and this proud watch-  
word rest

Of equal, seeing either sex alone  
Is half itself, and in true marriage lies  
Not equal, not unequal each fulfils  
Defect in each, and always thought in  
thought,

Purpose in purpose, will in will, they grow,  
The single pure and perfect mind,  
The two cell'd heart beating, with one  
full stroke,

Life'

And again sighing she spoke 'A  
dream  
That once was mine ' what woman taught  
you this ?'

'Alone,' I said, 'from earlier than I  
know,  
Immersed in rich foreshadowings of the  
world,  
I loved the woman he, that doth not,  
lives  
A drowning life, besotted in sweet self,  
Or pines in sad experience worse than  
death,  
Or keeps his wing'd affections clipt with  
cume  
Yet was there one thro' whom I loved  
her, one  
Not learned, save in gracious household  
ways,  
Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants,  
No Angel, but a deiver being, all dipt  
In Angel instincts, breathing Paradise,  
Interpreter between the Gods and men,  
Who look'd all native to her place, and  
yet  
On tiptoe seem'd to touch upon a sphere  
Too gross to tread, and all male minds  
perforce  
Swy'd to her from their orbits as they  
mov'd,  
And girdled her with music Happy he  
With such a mother's futh in woman  
kind  
Beats with his blood, and trust in all  
things high  
Comes easy to him, and tho' he trip and  
fall  
He shall not blind his soul with clay '  
'But I,'  
Said Ida, tremulously, 'so all unlike—  
It seems you love to chert yourself with  
words  
This mother is your model I have  
heard  
Of your strange doubts they well might  
be I seem  
A mockery to my own self Never,  
Prince,  
You cannot love me '

'Nay but thee ' I said  
'From yearlong poring on thy pictured  
eyes,  
Ere seen I loved, and loved thee seen,  
and saw  
Thee woman thro' the crust of non moods  
That mask'd thee from men's reverence  
up, and forced  
Sweet love on planks of saucy boyhood  
now,  
Giv'n back to life, to life indeed, thro'  
thee,  
Indeed I love the new day comes, the  
light  
Dearest for night, as dearest thou for faults  
Lived over lift thine eyes, my doubts  
are dead,  
My haunting sense of hollow shows the  
change,  
This truthful change in thee has kill'd it  
Dear,  
Look up, and let thy nature strike on  
mine,  
Like yonder morning on the blind half  
world,  
Approach and fear not, breathe upon  
my brows,  
In that fine air I tremble, all the past  
Melts mist-like into this bright hour, and  
this  
Is morn to more, and all the rich to come  
Reels, as the golden Autumn woodland  
reels  
Athwart the smoke of burning weeds  
Forgive me,  
I waste my heart in signs let be My  
bide,  
My wife, my life O we will walk this  
world,  
Yoked in all exercise of noble end,  
And so thro' those dark gates across the  
wild  
That no man knows Indeed I love  
thee come,  
Yield thyself up my hopes and thine are  
one  
Accomplish thou my manhood and thy  
self,  
Lay thy sweet hands in mine and trust  
to me '

## CONCLUSION

So closed our tale, of which I give you  
all

The random scheme as wildly as it rose  
The words are mostly mine, for when  
we ceased

There came a minute's pause, and Walter  
said,

'I wish she had not yielded ' then to me,  
'What, if you drest it up poetically '  
So play'd the men, the women I gave  
assent

Yet how to bind the scatter'd scheme of  
seven

Together in one sheaf? What style could  
suit?

The men required that I should give  
throughout

The sort of mock-heroic gigantesque,  
With which we bunter'd little Lilia first  
The women—and perhaps they felt their  
power,

For something in the ballads which they  
sang,

Or in their silent influence as they sat,  
Had ever seem'd to wrestle with burlesque,  
And drove us, last, to quite a solemn  
close—

They hated banter, wish'd for something  
real,

A gallant fight, a noble princess—why  
Not make her true heroic—true sublime?  
Or all, they said, as earnest as the close?  
Which yet with such a framework scarce  
could be

Then rose a little feud betwixt the two,  
Betwixt the mockers and the realists  
And I, betwixt them both, to please them  
both,

And yet to give the story as it rose,  
I moved as in a strange diagonal,  
And maybe neither pleased myself nor  
them

But Lilia pleased me, for she took no  
part

In our dispute the sequel of the tale  
Had touch'd her, and she sat, she  
pluck'd the grass,

She flung it from her, thinking last, she  
fixt

A showery glance upon her aunt, and said,  
'You—tell us what we are' who might  
have told,

For she was cramm'd with theories out  
of books,

But that there rose a shout the gates  
were closed

At sunset, and the crowd were swarming  
now,

To take their leave, about the garden  
rills

So I and some went out to these we  
climb'd

The slopes to Vivian place, and turnings saw  
The happy valleys, half in light, and half  
Far shadowing from the west, a land of  
peace,

Gray halls alone among their massive  
groves,

Timblets, here and there a rustic  
tower

Half lost in belts of hop and breadths of  
wheat,

The shimmering glimpses of a stream,  
the ferns,

A red rail, or a white, and far beyond,  
Imagined more than seen, the skirts of  
France

'Look there, a garden!' said my  
college friend,

The forty member's elder son, 'and  
there'

God bless the narrow scar which keeps  
her off,

And keeps our Britain, whole within  
her self,

A nation yet, the rulers and the ruled—  
Some sense of duty, something of a faith,  
Some reverence for the laws ourselves  
have made,

Some patient force to change them when  
we will,

Some civic manhood firm against the  
crowd—

But yonder, whiff! there comes a sudden  
heat,

The gravest citizen seems to lose his head,  
The king is scared, the soldier will not  
fight,

The little boys begin to shoot and stab,  
A kingdom topples over with a shriek  
Like an old woman, and down rolls the  
world

In mock heroics stranger than our own,  
Revolts, republics, revolutions, most  
No graver than a schoolboys' barring  
out,

Too comic for the solemn things they  
are,

Too solemn for the comic touches in  
them,

Like our wild Princess with as wise a  
dream

As some of theirs—God bless the narrow  
seas!

I wish they were a whole Atlantic broad!

'Have patience,' I replied, 'ourselves  
are full

Of social wrong, and maybe wildest  
dreams

Are but the needful preludes of the truth  
For me, the general cry, the happy crowd,  
The sport half-sauce, fill me with a  
faith,

This fine old world of ours is but a child  
Yet in the go-cart 'Patience!' Give it  
time

To learn its limbs there is a hand that  
guides!

In such discourse we grun'd the garden  
ruls,

And there we saw Sir Walter where he  
stood,

Before a tower of crimson holly oaks,  
Among six boys, head under head, and  
look'd

No little lily-handed Brunet he,  
A great broad shoulder'd general English  
man,

A lord of fat pure oxen and of sheep,  
A ruler of huge melons and of pine,  
A patron of some thirty churches,  
A pamphleteer on guano and on grain,  
A quack sessions chairman, abler none,

Fair hair'd and redder than a windy  
morn,

Now shaking hands with him, now him,  
of those

That stood the nearest—now address'd  
to speech—

Who spoke few words and pithy, such as  
closed

Welcome, farewell, and welcome for the  
year

To follow a shout rose again, and made  
The long line of the approaching lookery  
sweive

From the elms, and shook the branches  
of the deer

From slope to slope thro' distant ferns,  
and rang

Beyond the bourn of sunset, O, a shout  
More joyful than the city-cries that hail  
Premier or king! Why should not these  
great Sns

Give up their pulks some dozen times a  
year

To let the people breathe? So thence  
they cued,

I likewise, and in groups they steun'd  
away

But we went back to the Abbey, and  
sat on,

So much the gathering darkness charm'd  
we sat

But spoke not, apt in nameless reverie,  
Parchance upon the future man the  
walls

Blacken'd about us, bats wheel'd, and  
owls whoop'd,

And gradually the powers of the night,  
That range above the region of the wind,  
Deepening the courts of twilight broke  
them up

Thro' all the silent spaces of the worlds,  
Beyond all thought into the Heaven of  
Heavens

Last little Lilla, rising quietly,

Disobed the glumming statue of Sir  
Ralph

From those rich silks, and home well  
pleased we went

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE  
DUKE OF WELLINGTON

PUBLISHED IN 1852

## I

BURY the Great Duke

With an empire's lamentation,

Let us bury the Great Duke

To the noise of the mourning of a  
mighty nation,

Mourning when their leaders fall,

Warriors carry the warrior's pall,

And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall

## II

Where shall we lay the man whom we  
deplora?

Here, in streaming London's central tower

Let the sound of those he wrought for,

And the feet of those he fought for,

Echo round his bones for evermore

## III

Lead out the pageant sad and slow,

As fits an universal woe,

Let the long long procession go,

And let the sorrowing crowd about it  
grow,

And let the mournful martial music blow,

The last great Englishman is low

## IV

Mourn, for to us he seems the last,

Remembering all his greatness in the  
Past

No more in soldier fashion will he greet

With lifted hand the gaze in the street

O friends, our chief state-oracle is mute

Mourn for the man of long enduring blood,

The statesman warrior, moderate, resolute,

Whole in himself, a common good

Mourn for the man of amplest influence,

Yet clearest of ambitious crime,

Our greatest yet with least pretence,

Great in council and great in war,

Foremost captain of his time,

Rich in saving common sense,

And, as the greatest only true,

In his simplicity sublime

O good gray head which all men knew,

O voice from which their omens all men  
drew,

O iron nerve to true occasion true,

O fall'n at length that tower of strength

Which stood four square to all the winds  
that blew!

Such was he whom we deplore

The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er

The great World-victor's victor will be  
seen no more

## V

All is over and done

Render thanks to the Giver,

England, for thy son

Let the bell be toll'd

Render thanks to the Giver,

And render him to the mould

Under the cross of gold

That shines over city and river,

There he shall rest for ever

Among the wise and the bold

Let the bell be toll'd

And a reverent people behold

The towing car, the sable steeds

Bright let it be with its blazon'd deeds,

Dark in its funeral fold

Let the bell be toll'd

And a deeper knell in the heart be  
knoll'd,And the sound of the sorrowing anthem  
toll'd

Thro' the dome of the golden cross,

And the volleying cannon thunder his  
loss,

He knew their voices of old

For many a time in many a clime

His captain's car has heard them boom

Bellowing victory, bellowing doom

When he with those deep voices wrought,

Guarding realms and kings from shame,

With those deep voices our dead captain  
taught

The tyrant, and assails his claim

In that discord sound to the great name,

Which he has worn so pure of blame,

In prudence and in dispute the same,

A man of well-attemper'd frame  
O civic muse, to such a name,  
To such a name for ages long,  
To such a name,  
Preserve a broad approach of fame,  
And ever echoing avenues of song

## VI

Who is he that cometh, like an honour'd  
guest,  
With banner and with music, with soldier  
and with priest,  
With a nation weeping, and breaking on  
my rest?  
Mighty Scaman, this is he  
Was great by land as thou by sea  
Thine island loves thee well, thou famous  
man,

The greatest sailor since our world began  
Now, to the roll of muffled drums,  
To thee the greatest soldier comes,  
For this is he

Was great by land as thou by sea,  
His foes were thine, he kept us free,  
O give him welcome, this is he  
Worthy of our gorgeous rites,  
And worthy to be laid by thee,  
For this is England's greatest son,  
He that gun'd a hundred fights,  
Nor ever lost an English gun,  
This is he that far away

Against the myriads of Assaye  
Clash'd with his fiery sword and won,  
And underneath another sun,  
Warring on a later day,  
Round affrighted Lisbon drew  
The triple works, the vast designs  
Of his labour'd rampart-lines,  
Where he greatly stood at bay,

Whence he issued forth anew,  
And ever great and greater grew,  
Beating from the wasted vices  
Back to France her blinded swarms,  
Back to France with countless blows,  
Till o'er the hills her eagles flew  
Beyond the Pyrenean pines,  
Follow'd up in valley and glen  
With blare of bugle, clamour of men,  
Roll of cannon and clash of arms,  
And England pouring on her foes

Such a war had such a close  
Again their ravening eagle rose  
In anger, wheel'd on Europe shadowing  
wings,  
And barking for the thrones of kings,  
Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown  
On that loud sabbath shook the spoiler  
down,

A day of onsets of despair!  
Dash'd on every rocky square  
Their surging charges foam'd themselves  
away,

Last, the Prussian trumpet blew,  
Thro' the long-tormented air  
Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilation,  
And down we swept and charged and  
overthrew

So great a soldier taught us there,  
What long enduring herits could do  
In that world earthquake, Waterloo!  
Mighty Seaman, tender and true,  
And pure as he from taint of craven guile,  
O saviour of the silver coasted isle,  
O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,  
If aught of things that here befall  
Touch a spirit among things divine,  
If love of country move thee thus at all,  
Be glad, because his bones are laid by  
thine!

And thro' the centuries let a people's voice  
In full acclaim,  
A people's voice,  
The proof and echo of all human fame,  
A people's voice, when they rejoice  
At civic revel and pomp and gume,  
Attest their great commander's claim  
With honour, honour, honour, honour to  
him,

Eternal honour to his name

## VII

A people's voice! we are a people yet  
Tho' all men else their nobler dreams  
forget,  
Confused by brainless mobs and lawless  
Powers,  
I hark him who led us here, and roughly  
set  
His Briton in blown seas and storming  
shores,

We have a voice, with which to pay the  
 debt  
 Of boundless love and reverence and re-  
 gret  
 To those great men who fought, and kept  
 it ours  
 And keep it ours, O God, from brute  
 control,  
 O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye,  
 the soul  
 Of Europe, keep our noble England  
 whole,  
 And save the one true seed of freedom  
 sown  
 Betwixt a people and their ancient throne,  
 That sober freedom out of which these  
 springs  
 Our loyal passion for our temperate kings,  
 For, saving that, ye help to save mankind  
 Till public wrong be crumbled into dust,  
 And drill the raw world for the march of  
 mind,  
 Till crowds at length be sane and crowns  
 be just  
 But wink no more in stolid oversight  
 Remember him who led your hosts,  
 He bade you guard the sacred coast  
 Your cannons moulded on the seaward  
 wall,  
 His voice is silent in your council hall  
 For ever, and whatever tempests howl  
 For ever silent even if they broke  
 In thunder, silent, yet remember all  
 He spoke among you, and the Man who  
 spoke,  
 Who never sold the truth to serve the  
 hour,  
 Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power,  
 Who let the turbid streams of rumour flow  
 Thro' either babbling world of high and  
 low,  
 Whose life was work, whose language life  
 With rugged maxims hewn from life,  
 Who never spoke against a foe,  
 Whose eighty winters fierce with one  
 rebuke  
 All great self-seekers trampling on the  
 right  
 Truth teller was our England's Alfred  
 named,

Truth-lover was our English Duke,  
 Whatever record leap to light  
 He never shall be shared

### V III

Lo, the leader in these glorious wars  
 Now to glorious burial slowly borne,  
 Follow'd by the hove of other hands,  
 He, on whom from both her open hands  
 Lavish Honour shower'd all her stars,  
 And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn  
 Yet, let all good things await  
 Him who craves not to be great,  
 But as he serves or serves the state  
 Not once or twice in our rough island-  
 story,

The path of duty was the way to glory  
 He that walks it, only thirsting  
 For the night, and leans to darkness  
 Love of self, before his journey closes,  
 He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting  
 Into glossy purples, which outtadden  
 All voluptuous garden roses

Not once or twice in our fair island story,  
 The path of duty was the way to glory  
 He, that ever followed her commands  
 On with toil of heart and knees and hands,  
 Thro' the long gorge to the sun light has  
 won

His path upward, and prevail'd,  
 Shall find the topping crags of Duty  
 scaled

Are close upon the shining table lands  
 To which our God Himself is moon and  
 sun

Such was he his work is done  
 But while the races of mankind endure,  
 Let his great example stand  
 Colossal, seen of every land,  
 And keep the soldier firm, the statesman  
 pure

Till in all lands and thro' all human story  
 The path of duty be the way to glory  
 And let the land whose hearths he served  
 from shame

For many and many in age to come  
 At civic revel and pomp and game,  
 And when the long illumined cities  
 flame,

Then ever loyal men leader's fame,



With honour, honour, honour, honour to  
him,  
Eternal honour to his name

## IX

Peace, his triumph will be sung  
By some yet un moulded tongue  
Far on in summers that we shall not see  
Peace, it is a day of pain  
For one about whose patriarchal knee  
Late the little children clung  
O peace, it is a day of pain  
For one, upon whose hand and heart and  
brain

Once the weight and fate of Europe hung  
Ours the pun, be his the gain !  
More than is of man's degree  
Must be with us, winking here  
At this, our great solemnity  
Whom we see not we revere,  
We revere, and we refrain  
From talk of battles loud and vain,  
And bawling memories all too free  
For such a wise humility  
As befits a solemn fare  
We revere, and while we hear  
The tides of Music's golden sea  
Setting toward eternity,  
Uplifted high in heart and hope we see,  
Until we doubt not that for one so true  
There must be other noble work to do  
Than when he fought at Waterloo,  
And Victor he must ever be  
For tho' the Grant Ages heave the hill  
And break the shore, and evermore  
Make and break, and work then will,  
Tho' world on world in myriad myriads  
roll

Round us, each with different powers,  
And other forms of life than ours,  
What know we greater than the soul ?  
On God and Godlike men we build our  
trust

Hush, the Dead March wails in the  
people's ears  
The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs  
and tears  
The black earth yawns the mortal  
disappears,  
Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,

He is gone who seem'd so great —  
Gone, but nothing can bereave him  
Of the force he made his own  
Being here, and we believe him  
Something far advanced in State,  
And that he wears a true crown  
Than any wreath that man can weave him  
Speak no more of his renown,  
Lay your earthly fancies down,  
And in the vast cathedral leave him  
God accept him, Christ receive him

1852

## THE THIRD OF FEBRUARY,

1852

My Lords, we heard you speak you told  
us all  
That England's honest censure went  
too far,  
That our free press should cease to bawl,  
Not sting the fiery Frenchman into  
war

It was our ancient privilege, my Lords,  
To fling whatever we felt, not fearing, into  
words

We love not this French God, the child  
of Hell,  
Wild War, who breaks the converse of  
the wise,  
But though we love kind Peace so well,  
We dare not ev'n by silence sanction  
lies  
It might be safe our censures to withdraw,  
And yet, my Lords, not well there is a  
higher law

As long as we remain, we must speak free,  
Tho' all the storm of Europe on us  
break,  
No little German state are we,  
But the one voice in Europe we *must*  
speak,  
That if to night our greatness were struck  
dead,  
That might be left some record of the  
things we said

If you be fearful, then must we be bold  
Our Britain cannot slve a tyrant o'er  
Better the waste Atlantic roll'd

On her and us and ours for evermore  
What have we fought for Freedom from  
our prime,  
At last to dodge and palter with a public  
crime?

Shall we fear *him*? our own we never  
feared

From our first Choules by force we  
wung our drums  
Pick'd by the Pupal spui, we fear'd,  
We slung the burthen of the second  
James

I say, we *never* feared! and as for these  
We broke them on the land, we drove  
them on the seas

And you, my Lords, you make the people  
muse

In doubt if you be of our Brions' breed—  
Were those your sons who fought at  
Lewes?

Is this the manly strain of Runnymede?  
O fall'n nobility, that, overawed,  
Would hsp in honey'd whispers of this  
monstrous fraud!

We feel, at least, that silence here were sin,  
Not ours the fault if we have feeble  
hosts—

If easy putions of them kin  
Have left the last free race with naked  
corsts!

They knew the precious things they had  
to guard

For us, we will not spare the tyrant one  
hard word

Tho' niggard throats of Manchester may  
bawl,

What England was, shall her true sons  
forget?

We are not cotton spinnis all,  
But some love England and her honour  
yet

And these in our Thermopylæ shall stand,  
And hold against the world this honour  
of the land

## THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

I

HALF a league, half a league,  
Half a league onward,  
All in the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred  
'Forward, the Light Brigade!  
Charge for the guns!' he said  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred

II

'Forward, the Light Brigade!  
Was there a man dismay'd?  
Not tho' the soldier knew  
Some one had blunder'd  
Then's not to mal reply,  
Then's not to reason why,  
Then's but to do and die  
Into the valley of Death  
Rode the six hundred

III

Cannon to right of them,  
Cannon to left of them,  
Cannon in front of them  
Volley'd and thunder'd,  
Storm'd it with shot and shell,  
Boldly they rode and well,  
Into the jaws of Death,  
Into the mouth of Hell  
Rode the six hundred

IV

Flash'd all their sabres bare,  
Flash'd as they turn'd in air  
Slicing the air with their  
Charging an army, while  
All the world wonder'd  
Plunged in the battery smok  
Right thro' the line they broke,  
Cossack and Russian  
Reel'd from the sabre-stroke  
Shatter'd and sunder'd  
Then they rode back, but not  
Not the six hundred

## V

Cannon to right of them,  
 Cannon to left of them,  
 Cannon behind them  
 Volley'd and thunder'd,  
 Storm'd it with shot and shell,  
 While horse and hero fell,  
 They that had fought so well  
 Came thro' the jaws of Death,  
 Back from the mouth of Hell,  
 All that was left of them,  
 Left of six hundred

## VI

When can their glory fade ?  
 O the wild charge they made !  
 All the world wonder'd  
 Honour the charge they made !  
 Honour the Light Brigade,  
 Noble six hundred !

# ODE SUNG AT THE OPENING OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION

## I

UPLIFT a thousand voices full and sweet,  
 In this wide hall with earth's invention  
 stord,  
 And praise the invisible universal Lord,  
 Who lets once more in peace the nations  
 meet,  
 Where Science, Art, and Labour have  
 outpour'd  
 Then myriad horns of plenty at our feet

## II

O silent father of our Kings to be  
 Mourn'd in this golden hour of jubilee,  
 For this, for all, we weep our thanks to  
 thee !

## III

The world compelling plan was thine,—  
 And, lo ! the long laborious miles  
 Of Palace, lo ! the grant aisles,  
 Rich in model and design,  
 Harvest-tool and husbandry,  
 Loom and wheel and engineering,

## II

Secrets of the sullen mine,  
 Steel and gold, and corn and wine,  
 Fabric rough, or fancy-fine,  
 Sunny tokens of the Line,  
 Polar marvels, and a feast  
 Of wonder, out of West and East,  
 And shapes and hues of Art divine !  
 All of beauty, all of use,  
 That one fair planet can produce,  
 Brought from under every star,  
 Blown from over every main,  
 And mixt, as life is mixt with pain,  
 The works of peace with works of war

## IV

Is the goal so far away ?  
 Fu, how fu no tongue can say,  
 Let us dream our dream to day

## V

O ye, the wise who think, the wise who  
 reign,  
 From growing commerce loose her latest  
 chain,  
 And let the fair white wing'd peacemaker  
 fly  
 To happy heavens under all the sky,  
 And mix the seasons and the golden  
 hours,  
 Till each man find his own in all men's  
 good,  
 And all men work in noble brotherhood,  
 Breaking their mailed fleets and armed  
 towers,  
 And ruling by obeying Nature's powers,  
 And gathering all the fruits of earth and  
 crown'd with all her flowers

## A WELCOME TO ALEXANDRA

MARCH 7, 1863

SEA KINGS' daughter from over the sea,  
 Alexandria !  
 Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,  
 But all of us Danes in our welcome of  
 thee, Alexandria !  
 Welcome her, thousands of foot and of fleet !  
 Welcome her, thundering chieftain of the  
 street !

Welcome hei, all things youthful and  
sweet,  
Scatter the blossom under hei feet !  
Break, happy land, into earlier flowers !  
Make music, O bud, in the new budded  
bowers !

Blazon your mottos of blessing and  
prayer !

Welcome hei, welcome her, all that is ours !  
Waible, O bugle, and trumpet, blare !  
Flags, flutter out upon towers and tow'rs !  
Flames, on the windy headland flare !  
Utter your jubilee, steeple and spire !  
Clash, ye bells, in the merry March air !  
Flash, ye cities, in rivers of fire !  
Rush to the roof, sudden rocket, and  
higher

Melt into stars for the land's desire !  
Roll and rejoice, jubilant voice,  
Roll as a ground swell dash'd on the  
strand,

Roar as the sea when he welcomes the  
land,

And welcome hei, welcome the land's  
desire,

The sea kings' daughter as happy as fair,  
Blissful bride of a blissful heir,  
Bride of the heir of the kings of the sea—  
O joy to the people and joy to the  
throne,

Come to us, love us and make us your  
own

For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,  
Teuton or Celt, or whatever we be,  
We are each all Dane in our welcome of  
thee, Alexandrovna !

# A WELCOME TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS MARIE ALEX- ANDROVNA, DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH

MARCH 7, 1874

## I

THE Son of him with whom we strove  
for power—

Whose will is laid thro' all his world  
domain—

Who made the self a man, and burst  
his chain—

Has given our Prince his own imperial  
Flower,

Alexandrovna

And welcome, Russian flower, a people's  
pride,

To Britain, when her flowers begin to  
blow !

From love to love, from home to home  
you go,

From mother unto mother, stately bride,  
Marie Alexandrovna !

## II

The golden news along the steppes is  
blown,

And at thy name the Tatar tents are  
stir'd,

Elbuz and all the Caucasus have  
heard,

And all the sultry palms of India known,  
Alexandrovna

The voices of our universal sea

On coasts of Africa as on cliffs of Kent,  
The Marais and that Isle of Continent,  
And loyal pines of Canada murmur  
thee,

Marie Alexandrovna !

## III

Four empires bunching, both, in lusty  
life !—

Yet Harold's England fell to Norman  
swords,

Yet thine own land has bow'd to  
Tatar hordes

Since English Harold gave its throne a  
wife,

Alexandrovna !

For thrones and peoples are as waifs that  
swing,

And float or fall, in endless ebb and  
flow,

But who love best have best the grace  
to know

That Love by right divine is deathless  
king,

Marie Alexandrovna !

## IV

And Love has led thee to the stranger  
land,

Where men are bold and strongly say  
their say,—

See, empire upon empire smiles to-  
day,

As thou with thy young lover hand in  
hand

Alexandrovna !

So now thy fuller life is in the west,

Whose hand at home was gracious to  
thy poor

Thy name was blest within the narrow  
door,

Here also, Marie, shall thy name be blest,  
Marie Alexandrovna !

## V

Shall fetters and jealous hatreds flame again ?

Or at thy coming, Princess, every  
where,

The blue heaven break, and some  
divine air

Breathe thro' the world and change the  
hearts of men,

Alexandrovna ?

But hearts that change not, love that  
cannot cease,

And peace be yours, the peace of soul  
in soul !

And howsoever this wild world may roll,  
Between your peoples truth and manifold  
peace,

Alfred—Alexandrovna !

## THE GRANDMOTHER

## I

AND Willy, my eldest born, is gone, you say, little Annie ?  
Ruddy and white, and strong on his legs, he looks like a man  
And Willy's wife has written she never was over wise,  
Never the wife for Willy he wouldn't take my advice

## II

For, Annie, you see, her father was not the man to save,  
Hidn't a head to manage, and drank himself into his grave  
Picty enough, very pretty ! but I was aginst it for one  
Eh !—but he wouldn't hear me—and Willy, you say, is gone

## III

Willy, my beauty, my eldest born, the flower of the flock,  
Never a man could fling him for Willy stood like a rock  
'Here's a leg for a babe of a week !' says doctor, and he would be bound,  
There was not his like that year in twenty panishes round

## IV

Strong of his hands, and strong on his legs, but still of his tongue !  
I ought to have gone before him I wonder he went so young  
I cannot cry for him, Annie I have not long to stay,  
Perhaps I shall see him the sooner, for he lived far away

## V

Why do you look at me, Annie ? you think I am hard and cold,  
But all my children have gone before me, I am so old  
I cannot weep for Willy, nor can I weep for the rest,  
Only at your age, Annie, I could have wept with the best

## VI

For I remember a quarrel I had with your father, my dear,  
 All for a slanderous story, that cost me many a tear  
 I mean your grandfather, Annie—it cost me a world of woe  
 Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago

## VII

For Jenny, my cousin, had come to the place, and I knew right well  
 That Jenny had tupt in her time—I knew, but I would not tell  
 And she to be coming and slandering me, the little liar!  
 But the tongue is a fine as you know, my dear, the tongue is a fine

## VIII

And the prison made it his text that week, and he said likewise,  
 That a lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies,  
 That a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright  
 But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight

## IX

And Willy had not been down to the farm for a week and a day,  
 And all things look'd half-dead, tho' it was the middle of May  
 Jenny, to slander me, who I knew what Jenny had been!  
 But soiling another, Annie, will never make oneself clean

## X

And I cried myself well nigh blind, and all of an evening late  
 I climb'd to the top of the guth, and stood by the road at the gate  
 The moon like a sick on fire was shining over the dale,  
 And whif, whif, whif, in the bush beside me chirrup'd the nightingale

## XI

All of a sudden he stopt there past by the gate of the farm,  
 Willy,—he didn't see me,—and Jenny hung on his arm  
 Out into the road I started, and spoke I scarce knew how,  
 Ah, there's no fool like the old one—it makes me angry now

## XII

Willy stood up like a man, and look'd the thing that he meant  
 Jenny, the viper, made me a mocking cutsey and went  
 And I said, 'Let us part in a hundred years it'll all be the same,  
 You cannot love me at all, if you love not my good name'

## XIII

And he turn'd, and I saw his eyes all wet, in the sweet moonshine  
 'Sweetheart, I love you so well that your good name is mine  
 And what do I care for Jane, let her speak of you well or ill,  
 But marry me out of hand—we two shall be happy still'

## XIV

'Marry you, Willy!' said I, 'but I needs must speak my mind,  
And I fear you'll listen to tales, be jealous and hard and unkind'  
But he turn'd and claspt me in his arms, and answer'd, 'No, love, no,  
Seventy years ago, my dailing, seventy years ago

## XV

So Willy and I were wedded I wore a lilac gown,  
And the ringers rang with a will, and he gave the ringers a crown  
But the first that ever I bare was dead before he was born,  
Shadow and shine is life, little Annie, flower and thorn

## XVI

That was the first time, too, that ever I thought of death  
There lay the sweet little body that never had drawn a breath  
I had not wept, little Anne, not since I had been a wife,  
But I wept like a child that day, for the babe had fought for his life

## XVII

His dear little face was troubled, as if with anger or pain  
I look'd at the still little body—his trouble had all been in vain  
For Willy I cannot weep, I shall see him another morn  
But I wept like a child for the child that was dead before he was born

## XVIII

But he cheer'd me, my good man, for he seldom said me nay  
Kind, like a man, was he, like a man, too, would have his way  
Never jealous—not he we had many a happy year,  
And he died, and I could not weep—my own time seem'd so near

## XIX

But I wish'd it had been God's will that I, too, then could have died  
I began to be tired a little, and fun had slept at his side  
And that was ten years back, or more, if I don't forget  
But as to the children, Annie, they're all about me yet

## XX

Pattering over the boards, my Annie who left me at two,  
Patter she goes, my own little Annie, an Annie like you  
Pattering over the boards, she comes and goes at her will,  
While Harry is in the five-acre and Charlie ploughing the hill

## XXI

And Harry and Charlie, I hear them too—they sing to their team  
Often they come to the door in a pleasant land of a dream  
They come and sit by my chair, they hover about my bed—  
I am not always certain if they be alive or dead

## XXII

And yet I know for a truth, there's none of them left alive,  
 For Harry went at sixty, your father at sixty five  
 And Willy, my eldest-born, at nigh threescore and ten,  
 I knew them all as babies, and now they're elderly men

## XXIII

For mine is a time of peace, it is not often I grieve,  
 I am oftener sitting at home in my father's farm at eve  
 And the neighbours come and laugh and gossip, and so do I,  
 I find myself often laughing at things that have long gone by

## XXIV

To be sure the preacher says, our sins should make us sad  
 But mine is a time of peace, and there is Grace to be had,  
 And God, not man, is the Judge of us all when life shall cease,  
 And in this Book, little Annie, the message is one of Peace

## XXV

And age is a time of peace, so it be free from pain,  
 And happy has been my life, but I would not live it again  
 I seem to be tired a little, that's all, and long for rest,  
 Only at your age, Annie, I could have wept with the best

## XXVI

So Willy has gone, my beauty, my eldest-born, my flower,  
 But how can I weep for Willy, he has but gone for an hour  
 Gone for a minute, my son, from this room into the next,  
 I, too, shall go in a minute—What time have I to be next?

## XXVII

And Willy's wife has written, she never was over wise  
 Get me my glasses, Annie—thank God that I keep my eyes  
 There is but a trifle left you, when I shall have past away  
 But stay with the old woman now—you cannot have long to stay

## NORTHERN FARMER

## OLD STYLE

## I

WHEEL 'asta bean saw long and mea liggim' 'eic aloan?  
 Noorse? thoort nowt o' a noorse—why, Doctor's abin in yr' agoan  
 Says that I moant 'a naw moor aale—but I be int a fool  
 Git me my aale, fur I beant a gooin' to break my rule



## II

Doctoos, they knaws nowt, fuu ɹ sɹays whaɹ's nawways true  
 Naw soot o' kound o' use to sɹay the things that a do  
 I've 'ed my point o' aale ivry noight sin' I bean 'eie,  
 An' I've 'ed my quant ivry market noight foi foorty yera

## III

Parson's a bean loikewise, ɹn' ɹ sittin' eie o' my bed  
 'The amoughty's a taakin o' you to 'issén, my friend,' a said,  
 An' a towɹ ma my sins, an's toithe were due, an' I gied iɹ in hond,  
 I done moy duty boy 'um, as I 'a done boy the lond

## IV

Lain'd a mɹ' bea I reckons I 'annot sa mooch to lain  
 But ɹ cast oop, thot a did, 'boot Bessy Marris's brune  
 Thɹw a knaws I hallus voated wɹ Squire an' choorch an' staate,  
 An' iɹ the woost o' toimes I wur niver agin the iaate

## V

An' I hallus coom'd to 's choorch afooi moy Silly wuu deɹd,  
 An' 'ceid 'um ɹ bummin' awaay loike a buzzɹnd clock<sup>1</sup> ower my 'eɹd,  
 An' I niver knaw'd whot ɹ mean'd but I thowt ɹ 'ad summut to sɹay,  
 An' I thowt a said whot ɹ owɹ to 'a said ɹn' I coom'd awaay

## VI

Bessy Marris's bairn<sup>1</sup> tha knaws she lɹɹd it to meɹ  
 Mowt ɹ bean, mɹɹɹɹɹɹ, fɹi she wuu a bad un, sheɹ  
 'Sivei, I kep 'um, I kep 'um, my lass, tha mun undeɹstond,  
 I done moy duty boy 'um as I 'ɹ done boy the lond

## VII

But Parson ɹ cooms ɹn' a goos, an' a sɹays it easy an' freeɹ  
 'The amoughty's a taakin o' you to 'issén, my friend,' sɹays 'eɹ  
 I weant sɹay men be lorus, thaw summun sud it in 'ɹaste  
 But 'e reads wonn sɹumɹn ɹ weɹk, ɹn' I 'ɹ stubb'd Thunɹɹby waaste

## VIII

D'ɹɹ moind the waaste, my lass? naw, naw, tha was not boin then,  
 Theer wuu a boggle in it, I often 'ceid 'um mysen,  
 Moist loike ɹ butter bump,<sup>2</sup> fuu I 'eerd 'um ɹhoot ɹn' aloot,  
 But I stubb'd 'um oop wɹ the lot, an' rɹaved ɹn' scmbled 'um oot

## IX

Keaper's it wuu so' they fun 'um theer ɹ laaid of 'is faace  
 Doon iɹ the wouɹd 'enemies<sup>3</sup> ɹfooi I coom'd to the pɹɹace  
 Noiks oi Fhumblely—toancei 'ed shot 'um ɹs deɹd ɹs ɹ nɹail  
 Noiks wuu 'ɹng'd foi it oop ɹt 'soize—but git mɹ mɹ ɹɹɹ

<sup>1</sup> Corl chɹɹɹɹ<sup>2</sup> Bittɹn<sup>3</sup> ɹnɹomɹes

## X

Dubbut loook at the waaste theer wain't not seed for a cow ,  
Nowt at all but bricken un' fuzz, an' loook at it now—  
Waint worth nowt a hacre, an' now theer's lots o' seed,  
Fouscooi yows upon it an' some on it doon i' seed

## XI

Nobbut a bit on it's left, an' I mean'd to 'a stubb'd it at fall,  
Done it i' year I mean'd, an' unnd' plow thru'ff it un' all,  
If godamoughty un' parson 'ud nobbut let me a'loin,  
Mea, wi' haate oondeid haacie o' Squone's, an' lond o' my oin

## XII

Do godamoughty know what a's doing a trakin' o' mea?  
I beant wonn as saws 'ere a bean un' yonder a pea,  
An' Squone 'ull be so mad an' all—'a' den a' dea!  
And I 'a managed for Squone coom Michaelmas thutty yer

## XIII

A mowt 'a taaen owd Joines, as 'unt nor a 'rapoth o' sense,  
Or a mowt 'a truen young Robins—a niver mended a fence  
But godamoughty a moost taake mea un' trake ma now  
Wi' a'f the cows to cauve an' Thurnaby houms to plow!

## XIV

Loook 'ow quoloty smoles when they see as me a passin boy,  
Says to thessin now doubt 'what a man a be a sewer loy!  
Fui they knows what I bein to Squone in fust a coound to the All,  
I done moy duty by Squone un' I done moy duty boy hall

## XV

Squone's i' Lunnon, un' summun I reckons 'ull 'a to write,  
For who's to howd the lond iter me that muddles me quoit,  
Satin sewer I be, that a want niver give it to Joines,  
Now, nor a moant to Robins—a niver rembles the storns

## XVI

But summun 'ull come ater me mayhap wi' 'is kittle o' steam  
Huzzin' an' maazin' the blessed felds wi' the Devil's own team  
Sin' I mun doy I mun doy, thaw loife they say is sweet,  
But sin' I mun doy I mun doy, for I couldn abe u to see it

## XVII

What att stannin' theer fui, un' doesn bring me the rule  
Docto's a 'toattler, lass, un' 's hallus i' the owd rule  
I want break rules fui Docto, a knaws naw moor nor a floy,  
Git me my rule I tell the, un' if I mun doy I mun doy

## NORTHERN FARMER

## NEW STYLE

## I

Dosn't thou 'eai my 'eise's legs, as they canteis wraay?  
 Proputty, proputty, proputty—that's whai I 'eais 'em saay  
 Proputty, proputty, proputty—Sam, thou's an ass foi thy paains  
 Thee's mooi sense i' one o' 'is legs nor in all thy braains

## II

Woa—theer's a caw to pluck wi' thi, Sam yon's parson's 'ouse—  
 Dosn't thou know that a man mun be eather a man oi a mouse?  
 Time to think on it then, for thou'll be twenty to weack!<sup>1</sup>  
 Proputty, proputty—woa then woa—let ma 'car mysén speak

## III

Me an' thy muther, Sammy, 'as bean a-talkin' o' thee,  
 Thou's bean talkin' to muther, an' she bean a tellin' it me  
 Thou'll not marry foi munny—thou's sweet upo' paison's lass—  
 Noa—thou'll marry foi luvv—an' we boath on us thinks tha an ass

## IV

Seer'd hei tod'ay goa by—Saaint's daay—they was ringin' the bells  
 She's a beauty thou thinks—an' soa is scoois o' gulls,  
 Them 'as munny an' 'all—wot's a beauty?—the flower as blows  
 But proputty, proputty sticks, an' proputty, proputty graws

## V

Do'ant be stunt<sup>2</sup> taake time I knows whai maakes thi sa mad  
 Wun't I cawed fur the lasses mysén when I wai a lad?  
 But I know'd a Quaker feller as often 'as tow'd ma this  
 'Doant thou marry for munny, but goa wheer munny is!<sup>3</sup>

## VI

An' I went wheer munny wai an' thy muther coom to 'and,  
 Wi' lots o' munny laud by, an' a nicetish bit o' land  
 Maybe she wain't a beauty—I niver giv it a thowt—  
 But wain't she as good to cuddle an' kiss as a lass as 'ant nowt?

## VII

Paison's lass 'ant nowt, an' she weant 'a nowt when 'e's dead,  
 Mun be a guyness, lad, oi summot, and addle<sup>3</sup> hei bread  
 Why? fin 'e's nobbut a curate, an' weant niver git na' 'igher,  
 An' 'e made the bed as 'e ligs on afoot 'e coom'd to the shue

<sup>1</sup> This wack<sup>2</sup> Oll timate<sup>3</sup> Eran

## VIII

An thin 'e coom'd to the parish wi' lots o' Varsity debt,  
Stook to his taail they did, an' 'e 'ant got shut on 'em yet  
An' 'e ligs on 'is back i' the grip, wi' now to lend 'im a shove,  
Woose noi a fai welter'd<sup>1</sup> yowe    fu, Sammy, 'e married fu luvv

## IX

Luvv? what's luvv? thou can luvv thy lass an' 'ai munny too,  
Marrin' 'em goa together as they've good ight to do  
Could'n I luvv thy muther by cruse o' 'er munny laud by?  
Naay—fur I luvv'd 'ai a ist sight moor fu it    as oun why

## X

Ay an' thy muther says thou wants to marry the lass,  
Cooms o' a gentleman burn    an' we both on us thinks thar an ass  
Woa then, proputtly, wilthar?—an' as as neai as rays nowt—  
Woa then, wilthar? dangtha!—the becs as as sell as owt<sup>2</sup>

## XI

Break me a bit o' the esh for his 'ead, lad, out o' the fence!  
Gentleman burn! what's gentleman burn? is it shillins an' pence?  
Proputtly, proputtly's nuything 'cie, an', Sammy    I an blest  
If it isn't the same oop vonder, fur thim as 'as it's the best

## XII

Tis'n them as 'as munny as breaks into 'ouses an' steils,  
Them as 'as coits to their backs an' trikes them regular meals,  
Noa, but it's them as mair knows wheer a meal's to be 'ad  
Laake my word for it, Sammy, the poor in a loomj is bid

## XIII

Them or thin seythers, thi sees, mun 'a be in a luvv lot,  
Fur work mun 'a gone to the gittin' whiniver munny was got  
Feyther 'ad ummost nowt, leaswys 'is munny was ad  
But 'e tued an' moil d'issén deid, an' 'e did a good un, 'e did

## XIV

Look thou theer wheer Wigglesby beck cooms out by the 'ill!  
Feyther run oop to the farm, an' I runs oop to the mill,  
An' I'll run oop to the bag, an' that thou'll live to see,  
And if thou marries a good un I'll leave the land to thee

## XV

Thim's my noations, Sammy, wheerby I means to stiel,  
But if thou marries a bad un, I'll leave the land to Dick—  
Coom oop, proputtly, proputtly—that's what I 'e us 'm sray--  
Proputtly, proputtly, proputtly—cantar an' cantar away

<sup>1</sup> Or fow welter'd,—said of a sheep lying on its back in the furrow

<sup>2</sup> Makes nothing

<sup>3</sup> The flies are as fierce as anything

## THE DAISY

WRITTEN AT EDINBURGH

O LOVE, what hours were thine and mine,  
In lands of palm and southern pine,  
In lands of palm, of orange blossom,  
Of olive, aloe, and myze and vine

What Roman strength Turbia show'd  
In ruin, by the mountain road,  
How like a gem, beneath, the city  
Of little Monaco, basking, glow'd

How richly down the rocky dell  
The torrent vineyard streaming fell  
To meet the sun and sunny waters,  
That only heaved with a summer swell

What slender campanili grew  
By bays, the peacock's neck in hue,  
Where, here and there, on sandy  
beaches  
A milky bell'd amaryllis blew

How young Columbus seem'd to love,  
Yet present in his natal grove,  
Now watching high on mountain coil  
nice,  
And steering, now, from a purple cove,

Now pacing mute by ocean's rim,  
Till, in a narrow street and dim,  
I stay'd the wheels at Cogoletto,  
And drank, and loyally drank to him

Nor knew we well what pleased us most,  
Not the clipt palm of which they boast,  
But distant colour, happy hamlet,  
A moulder'd citadel on the coast,

Or tower, or high hill convent, seen  
A light amid its olives green,  
Or olive honey ripe in ocean,  
Or rose blossom in hot lavine,

Where oleanders flush'd the bed  
Of silent torrent, gravel spread,  
And, crossing, oft we saw the glisten  
Of ice, far up on a mountain head

We loved that hall, tho' white and cold,  
Those niched shapes of noble mould,  
A princely people's awful princes,  
The grave, severe Genovese of old

At Florence too what golden hours,  
In those long galleries, were ours,  
What dives about the flesh Cascinè,  
Or walks in Boboli's ducal bowers

In bright vignettes, and each complete,  
Of tower or duomo, sunny-sweet,  
Or palace, how the city glitter'd,  
Tho' cypress avenues, at our feet

But when we cross'd the Lombard plain  
Remember what a plague of rain,  
Of rain at Reggio, rain at Parma,  
At Lodi, rain, Piacenza, rain

And stern and sad (so rue the smiles  
Of sunlight) look'd the Lombard piles,  
Poich pillars on the lion resting,  
And sombre, old, colonnaded aisles

O Milan, O the chanting quires,  
The giant windows' blazon'd fires,  
The height, the space, the gloom, the  
gloiy  
A mount of marble, a hundred spires

I climb'd the roofs at break of day,  
Sun smitten Alps before me lay  
I stood among the silent statues,  
And stutued pinnacles, mute as they

How faintly flush'd, how phantom fair,  
Was Monte Rosa, hanging there  
A thousand shadowy-pencil'd valleys  
And snowy dells in a golden air

Remember how we came at last  
To Como, shower and storm and blast  
Had blown the lake beyond his limit,  
And all was flooded, and how we part

From Como, when the light was gray,  
And in my head, for half the day,  
The rich Virgilian rustic measure  
Of Lani M'vume, all the way,

Like ballad burthen music, kept,  
As on The Lariano cleft

To that fair port below the castle  
Of Queen Theodolind, where we slept,

Or hardly slept, but watch'd awake  
A cypress in the moonlight shake,

The moonlight touching o'er a terrace  
One tall Agave above the lake

What more? we took our last adieu,  
And up the snowy Splügen drew,

But ere we reach'd the highest summit  
I pluck'd a daisy, I gave it you

It told of England then to me,  
And now it tells of Italy

O love, we two shall go no longer  
To lands of summer across the sea,

So dear a life your aims enfold  
Whose crying is a cry for gold

Yet here to night in this dark city,  
When ill and weary, alone and cold,

I found, tho' crush'd to hard and dry,  
This nurseling of another sky

Still in the little book you lent me,  
And where you tenderly laid it by

And I forgot the clouded Forth,  
The gloom that saddens Heaven and  
Earth,

The bitter east, the misty summer  
And gray metropolis of the North

Perchance, to lull the throbs of pain,  
Perchance, to charm a vacant brain,

Perchance, to dream you still beside me,  
My fancy fled to the South again

## TO THE REV F D MAURICE

Come, when no graver cares employ,  
Godfather, come and see your boy

Your presence will be sun in winter,  
Making the little one leap for joy

For, being of that honest few,  
Who give the Fiend himself his due,

Should eighty-thousand college councils  
Thunder 'Anathema,' friend, at you,

Should all our churchmen form in spite  
At you, so careful of the night,

Yet one lay heath would give you wel  
come

(Take it and come) to the Isle of Wight,

Where, far from noise and smoke of town,  
I watch the twilight falling brown

All round a cruellest order'd garden  
Close to the ridge of a noble down

You'll have no scandal while you dine,  
But honest talk and wholesome wine,

And only hear the magic gossip  
Garrulous under a roof of pine

For groves of pine on either hand,  
To break the blast of winter, stand,  
And further on, the hoary Channel  
Tumbles a billow on chalk and sand,

Where, if below the milky steep  
Some ship of battle slowly creep,  
And on tho' zones of light and shadow  
Glimmer away to the lonely deep,

We might discuss the Northern sin  
Which made a selfish war begin,

Dispute the claims, arrange the claims,  
Empire, Ottoman, which shall win

Or whether wars avenging God  
Shall hush all Europe into blood,

Till you should turn to dead matters,  
Dead to the man that is dear to God,

How best to help the slender store,  
How mend the dwellings, of the poor,

How gain in life, as life advances,  
Valour and charity more and more

Come, Maurice, come the lawn is yet  
Is hoar with rime, or spongy wet,

But when the wealth of March has  
blossom'd,

Crocus, anemone, violet,

Or later, pry one visit here,

For those are few we hold as dear,

Nor pry but one, but come for many,

Many and many a happy yeu

Jan 1873, 1875

## WILL

## I

O WELL for him whose will is strong '   
 He suffers, but he will not suffer long,   
 He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong   
 For him nor moves the loud world's   
     random mock,   
 Nor all Calamity's hugest waves confound,   
 Who seems a promontory of rock,   
 That, compass'd round with turbulent   
     sound,   
 In middle ocean meets the singing shock,   
 Tempest-buffeted, citadel-crown'd

## II

But ill for him who, bettering not with time,   
 Corrupts the strength of heaven descended   
     Will,   
 And ever weaker grows thro' acted crime,   
 Or seeming-genial venial fault,   
 Recurring and suggesting still '   
 He seems as one whose footsteps halt,   
 Toiling in immensurable sand,   
 And o'er a weary sultry land,   
 Far beneath a blazing sun,   
 Sown in a wrinkle of the moristious hill,   
 The city sparkles like a grain of salt

IN THE VALLEY OF  
CAUTERETZ

ALL along the valley, stream that flashest   
     white,   
 Deepening thy voice with the deepening   
     of the night,   
 All along the valley, where thy waters flow,   
 I walk'd with one I loved two and thirty   
     years ago   
 All along the valley, while I walk'd to day,   
 The two and thirty years were a mist that   
     rolls away,   
 For all along the valley, down thy rocky bed,   
 Thy living voice to me was as the voice   
     of the dead,   
 And all along the valley, by rock and   
     cave and tree,   
 The voice of the dead was a living voice   
     to me

IN THE GARDEN AT  
SWAINSTON

NIGHTINGALES warbled without   
 Within was weeping for thee   
 Shadows of three dead men   
 Walk'd in the walks with me,   
 Shadows of three dead men and thou   
     wist one of the three

Nightingales sang in his woods   
 The Master was far away   
 Nightingales warbled and sang   
 Of a passion that lasts but a day,   
 Still in the house in his coffin the Prince   
     of courtesy lay

Two dead men have I known   
 In courtesy like to thee   
 Two dead men have I loved   
 With a love that ever will be   
 Three dead men have I loved and thou   
     art last of the three

## THE FLOWER

ONCE in a golden hour   
 I cast to earth a seed   
 Up there came a flower,   
 The people said, a weed

To and fro they went   
 Thro' my garden bower,   
 And muttering discontent   
 Cursed me and my flower

Then it grew so tall   
 It wore a crown of light,   
 But thieves from o'er the wall   
 Stole the seed by night

Sow'd it far and wide   
 By every town and tower,   
 Till all the people cried,   
 'Splendid is the flower'

Read my little fable   
 He that runs may read   
 Most can ruse the flowers now,   
 For all have got the seed

And some are pretty enough,  
And some are poor indeed,  
And now again the people  
Call it but a weed

### REQUIESCAT

FAIR is her cottage in its place,  
Where yon broad water sweetly slowly  
glides  
It sees itself from thatch to base  
Dream in the sliding tides

And fairer she, but ah how soon to die !  
Her quiet dream of life this hour may  
cease

Her peaceful being slowly passes by  
To some more perfect place

### THE SAILOR BOY

HE rose at dawn and, fired with hope,  
Shot o'er the seething harbour bar,  
And reach'd the ship and caught the rope,  
And whistled to the morning star

And while he whistled long and loud  
He heard a fierce merman cry,  
'O boy, tho' thou art young and proud,  
I see the place where thou wilt lie

'The sands and yeasty surges mix  
In caves about the dreary bay,  
And on thy ribs the limpet sticks,  
And in thy heart the scrawl shall play '

'Fool,' he answer'd, 'death is sure  
To those that stay and those that roam,  
But I will nevermore endure  
To sit with empty hands at home

'My mother clings about my neck,  
My sisters crying, "Stay for shame,"  
My father raves of death and wreck,  
They are all to blame, they are all to blame

'God help me ! save I take my part  
Of danger on the roiling sea,  
A devil rises in my heart,  
Far worse than any death to me '

### THE ISLET

'WHITHER, O whither, love, shall we go,  
For a score of sweet little summers or so ?'  
The sweet little wife of the singer said,  
On the day that followed the day she was  
wed,

'Whither, O whither, love, shall we go ?'  
And the singer shaking his curly head  
Turn'd as he sat, and struck the keys  
There at his right with a sudden crash,  
Singing, 'And shall it be over the seas  
With a crew that is neither rude nor rash,  
But a bevy of Eroses apple cheek'd,  
In a shallop of crystal ivory back'd,  
With a sun sail of a ruby glow,  
To a sweet little Eden on earth that I  
know,

A mountain islet pointed and peak'd,  
Waves on a diamond shingle dash,  
Cataract brooks to the ocean run,  
Fairly delicate palaces shine  
Mixt with myrtle and clad with vine,  
And overstream'd and silvery streak'd  
With many a rivulet high against the  
Sun

The fleets of the glorious mountain fish  
Above the valleys of palm and pine '

'Thither, O thither, love, let us go '

'No, no, no !  
For in all that exquisite isle, my dear,  
There is but one bird with a musical  
throat,

And his compass is but of a single note,  
That it makes one weary to hear '

'Mock me not ! mock me not ! love, let  
us go '

'No, love, no  
For the bud ever breaks into bloom on the  
tree,  
And a storm never wakes on the lonely  
sea,  
And a worm is there in the lonely wood,  
That pierces the liver and blackens the  
blood,  
And makes it a sorrow to be '



## CHILD-SONGS

## I

## THE CITY CHILD

DAINTY little maiden, whither would you wander ?

Whither from this pretty home, the home where mother dwells ?

'Far and far away,' said the dainty little maiden,

'All among the gardens, anemones, ranunculus,

Roses and lilies and Canterbury bells'

Dainty little maiden, whither would you wander ?

Whither from this pretty house, this city house of ours ?

'Far and far away,' said the dainty little maiden,

'All among the meadows, the clover and the clematis,

Daisies and kingcups and honeysuckle-flowers'

## II

## MINNIE AND WINNIE

MINNIE and Winnie

Slept in a shell

Sleep, little ladies !

And they slept well

Pink was the shell within,

Silver without,

Sounds of the great sea

Wander'd about

Sleep, little ladies !

Wake not soon !

Echo on echo

Dies to the moon

Two bright stars

Peep'd into the shell

'What are they dreaming of ?

Who can tell ?'

Started a green linnet

Out of the cleft,

Wake, little ladies,

The sun is aloft !

## THE SPITEFUL LETTER

HERE, it is here, the close of the year,

And with it a spiteful letter

My name in song has done him much wrong,

For himself has done much better

O little bard, is your lot so hard,

If men neglect your pages ?

I think not much of yours or of mine,

I hear the toll of the ages

Rhymes and rhymes in the range of the times !

Are mine for the moment stronger ?

Yet hate me not, but abide your lot,

I last but a moment longer

This faded leaf, our names are as brief,

What room is left for a hater ?

Yet the yellow leaf hates the greener leaf,

For it hangs one moment later

Greater than I—is that your cry ?

And men will live to see it

Well—if it be so—so it is, you know,

And if it be so, so be it

Brief, brief is a summer leaf,

But this is the time of hollies

O hollies and ivies and evergreens,

How I hate the spies and the follies !

## LITERARY SQUABBLES

Alas ! the petty fools of rhyme

That shriek and sweat in pigmy wars

Before the stony face of Time,

And look'd at by the silent stars

Who hate each other for a song,

And do their little best to bite

And pinch their brethren in the throng,

And scratch the very dead for spite

And strive to make an inch of room

For their sweet selves, and cannot hear

The sullen Lethe rolling doom

On them and theirs and all things here

When one small touch of Charity  
 Could lift them near a God like state  
 Than if the crowded Orb should cry  
 Like those who cried *Drina* great

And I too, talk, and lose the touch  
 I talk of Surely, after all,  
 The noblest answer unto such  
 Is perfect stillness when they bawl

## THE VICTIM

### I

A PLAGUE upon the people fell,  
 A famine after had them low,  
 Then thoipe and byre rose in fire,  
 For on them brake the sudden foe,  
 So thick they died the people cried,  
 'The Gods are moved agunst the land',  
 The Priest in honour about his shrou  
 To Thor and Odin lifted a hand  
 'Help us from famine  
 And plague and strife'  
 What would you have of us?  
 Human life?  
 Were it our dearest,  
 Were it our dearest,  
 (Answer, O answer)  
 We give you his life'

### II

But still the fœman spoil'd and burn'd,  
 And cattle died, and deer in wood,  
 And bird in air, and fishes turn'd  
 And whiten'd all the rolling flood,  
 And dead men lay all over the way,  
 Or down in a furrow scathed with flame  
 And ever and aye the Priesthood moan'd,  
 Till at last it seem'd that an answer  
 came  
 'The King is happy  
 In child and wife,  
 Take you his dearest,  
 Give us a life'

### III

The Priest went out by heath and hill,  
 The King was hunting in the wild,  
 They found the mother sitting still,  
 She cast her arms about the child

The child was only eight summers old,  
 His beauty still with his years increased,  
 His face was ruddy, his hair was gold,  
 He seem'd a victim due to the priest  
 The Priest beheld him,  
 And cried with joy,  
 'The Gods have answer'd  
 We give them the boy'

### IV

The King return'd from out the wild,  
 He bore but little game in hand,  
 The mother said, 'They have taken the  
 child  
 To spill his blood and heal the land  
 The land is sick, the people diseased,  
 And blight and famine on all the land  
 The holy Gods, they must be appeased,  
 So I pray you tell the truth to me  
 They have taken our son,  
 They will have his life  
 Is he your dearest?  
 Or I, the wife?'

### V

The King bent low with hand on brow,  
 He stry'd his arms upon his knee  
 'O wife, what use to answer now?  
 For now the Priest has judg'd for me'  
 The King was shaken with holy fear,  
 'The Gods,' he said, 'would have  
 chosen well,  
 Yet both are new, and both are dear,  
 And which the dearest I cannot tell'  
 But the Priest was happy,  
 His victim won  
 'We have his dearest,  
 His only son'

### VI

The rites prepared, the victim bared,  
 The knife uprising toward the blow  
 To the altar stone she sprang alone,  
 'Mc, not my darling, no!'  
 He caught her away with a sudden cry  
 Suddenly from him brake his wife,  
 And shrieking 'I am his dearest, I—  
 I am his dearest' rushed on the  
 knife

And the Priest was happy,  
'O, Father Odin,  
We give you a life

Which was his nearest?  
Who was his dearest?  
The Gods have answer'd,  
We give them the wife!<sup>1</sup>

## WAGES

Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,  
Paid with a voice flying by to be lost on an endless sea—  
Glory of Virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong—  
Nay, but she aim'd not at glory, no lover of glory she  
Gave her the glory of going on, and still to be

The wages of sin is death if the wages of Virtue be dust,  
Would she have heur to endure for the life of the worm and the fly?  
She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet seats of the just,  
To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in a summer sky  
Gave her the wages of going on, and not to die

## THE HIGHER PANTHEISM

THE sun, the moon, the stars, the seas, the hills and the plains—  
Are not these, O Soul, the Vision of Him who reigns?

Is not the Vision His? tho' He be not that which He seems?  
Dreams are true while they last, and do we not live in dreams?

Earth, these solid stars, this weight of body and limb,  
Are they not sign and symbol of thy division from Him?

Dark is the world to thee thyself art the reason why,  
For is He not all but thou, that hast power to feel 'I am I'?

Glory about thee, without thee, and thou fulfillst thy doom  
Making Him broken gleams, and a stifled splendour and gloom

Speak to Him thou for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit can meet—  
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet

God is Law, say the wise, O Soul, and let us rejoice,  
For if He thunder by law the thunder is yet His voice

Law is God, say some no God at all, says the fool,  
For all we have power to see is a straight staff bent in a pool,

And the ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of man cannot see,  
But if we could see and hear, this Vision—were it not He?

## THE VOICE AND THE PEAK

## I

THE voice and the Peak  
Far over summit and lawn,  
The lone glow and long roar  
Green rushing from the rosy thrones of  
dawn !

## II

All night have I heard the voice  
Rave over the rocky bar,  
But thou wert silent in heaven,  
Above thee glided the star

## III

Hast thou no voice, O Peak,  
That standest high above all ?  
'I am the voice of the Peak,  
I roar and rave for I feel

## IV

'A thousand voices go  
To North, South, East, and West,  
They leave the heights and are troubled,  
And moan and sink to their rest

## V

'The fields are fair beside them,  
The chestnut towers in his bloom,  
But they—they feel the desne of the deep—  
Fall, and follow their doom

## VI

'The deep has power on the height,  
And the height has power on the deep,  
They are raised for ever and ever,  
And sink again into sleep'

## VII

Not raised for ever and ever,  
But when their cycle is o'er,  
The valley, the voice, the peak, the stru  
Pass, and are found no more

## VIII

The Peak is high and flush'd  
At his highest with sunrise fire,  
The Peak is high, and the strus are high,  
And the thought of a man is higher

## IX

A deep below the deep,  
And a height beyond the height !  
Our hearing is not hearing,  
And our seeing is not sight

## X

The voice and the Peak  
Far into heaven withdrawn,  
The lone glow and long roar  
Green rushing from the rosy thrones  
of dawn !

FLOWER in the crannies all,  
I pluck you out of the crannies,  
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,  
Little flower—but if I could understand  
What you are, root and all, and all in  
all,  
I should know what God and man is

## A DEDICATION

DEAR, near and true—so true Time  
himself  
Can prove you, tho he make you ever-  
more  
Deeper and deeper, a the rapid of life  
Shoots to the full—the this and pray  
that he  
Who wrote it, honouing your sweet faith  
in him,  
My trust himself, and after praise and  
scorn,  
As one who feels the immeasurable  
world,  
Attrun the wise indifference of the wise,  
And after Autumn past—if left to pass  
His return into secure, leafless days—  
Draw toward the long frost and longest  
night,  
Wearing his wisdom lightly, like the  
fruit  
Which in our winter woodland looks a  
flower !

1 The fruit of the Spindle tree (*Linonynus  
Europæus*)

## EXPERIMENTS

## BOADICEA

WHILE about the shore of Mona those Neronian legionaries  
 Burnt and broke the grove and altar of the Druid and Druidess,  
 For in the East Boadicea, standing loftily charioted,  
 Mad and maddening all that heard her in her fierce volubility,  
 Girt by half the tribes of Britain, near the colony Camulodune,  
 Yell'd and shriek'd between her daughters o'er a wild confederacy

'They that scorn the tribes and call us Britain's barbarous populates,  
 Did they hear me, would they listen, did they pity me supplicating?  
 Shall I heed them in their anguish? shall I brook to be supplicated?  
 Hear Icenian, Caticeuchlanian, hear Contarion, Timobant!  
 Must then ever ravening eagle's beak and talon annihilate us?  
 For the noble heart of Britain, leave it gorgeously quivering?  
 Look an answer, Britain's raven! look and blacken innumerable,  
 Blacken round the Roman caisson, make the crucace a skeleton,  
 Kite and kestrel, wolf and wolfkin, from the wilderness, wallow in it,  
 Till the face of Bel be brighten'd, Taranis be propitiated  
 Lo their colony half defended! lo their colony, Camulodune!  
 Hence the hoide of Roman robbers mock at a barbarous avengery  
 Hence the hirc of Roman hirc worship a gluttonous emperor idiot  
 Such is Rome, and thus her duty—hear it, Spirit of Cissavelaia!

'Hear it, Gods! the Gods have heard it, O Icenian, O Contarion!  
 Doubt not ye the Gods have answer'd, Caticeuchlanian, Timobant  
 These have told us all their anger in marvellous utterances,  
 Thunder, a flying fire in heaven, a murmur heard aerially,  
 Phantom sound of blows descending, moan of an enemy massacred,  
 Phantom wail of women and children, multitudinous agonies  
 Bloodily flow'd the Tamesa rolling phantom bodies of horses and men,  
 When a phantom colony smoulder'd on the reflux estuary  
 Lastly yonder yester even, suddenly giddily tottering—  
 There was one who watch'd and told me—down their statue of Victory fell  
 Lo then precious Roman brantling, lo the colony Camulodune,  
 Shall we teach it a Roman lesson? shall we crie to be pitiful?  
 Shall we deal with it as an infant? shall we dandle it amorously?

'Hear Icenian, Caticeuchlanian, hear Contarion, Timobant!  
 While I roved about the forest, long and bitterly meditating,  
 There I heard them in the darkness, at the mystical ceremony,  
 I nosily robed in flying riment, sang the terrible prophetesses,  
 "For not, isle of blowing woodland, isle of silvery pinnacles!  
 Tho' the Roman eagle shadow thee, tho' the gathering enemy narrow thee,  
 Thou shalt wax and he shall dwindle, thou shalt be the mighty one yet!  
 Thine the liberty, thine the glory, thine the deeds to be celebrated,

Thine the myriad rolling ocean, light and shadow illimitable,  
 Thine the lands of lasting summer, many blossoming Paradises,  
 Thine the North and thine the South and thine the battle-thunder of God,"  
 So they chanted how shall Britain light upon auguries happier?  
 So they chanted in the darkness, and there cometh a victory now

'Hear Icenian, Catuechlanian, hear Constanian, Timobant!  
 Me the wife of rich Prasutagus, me the lover of liberty,  
 Me they seized and me they tortured, me they lash'd and humiliated,  
 Me the sport of rufald Veterans, mine of rufian violators!  
 See they sit, they hide their faces, miserable in ignominy!  
 Wherefore in me burns an anger, not by blood to be satiated  
 Lo the palaces and the temple, lo the colony Camulodune!  
 There they ruled, and thence they wasted all the flourishing territory,  
 Thither at their will they haled the yellow ringleted Britons—  
 Bloodily, bloodily fall the battleaxe, unexhausted, inexorable  
 Shout Icenian, Catuechlanian, shout Constanian, Timobant,  
 Till the victim hear within and yearn to hurry precipitously  
 Like the leaf in a roaring whirlwind, like the smoke in a hurricane whirl'd  
 Lo the colony, there they roted in the city of Cunobeline!  
 There they drink in cups of emerald, there at tables of ebony lay,  
 Rolling on their purple couches in their tender effeminacy  
 There they dwelt and there they roted, there—there—they dwell no more  
 Burst the gates, and burn the palaces, break the works of the statuary,  
 Take the hoary Roman head and shatter it, hold it abominable,  
 Cut the Roman boy to pieces in his lust and voluptuousness,  
 Lash the maiden into swooning, me they lash'd and humiliated,  
 Chop the breasts from off the mother, dash the brains of the little one out,  
 Up my Britons, on my chariot, on my chugais, trample them under us'

So the Queen Boadicea, standing loftily charioted,  
 Brandishing in her hand a dart and rolling glances lioness like,  
 Yell'd and shriek'd between her daughters in her fierce volubility  
 Till her people all around the royal chariot agitated,  
 Madly dash'd the darts together, writhing barbarous linciments,  
 Made the noise of frosty woodlands, when they shiver in January,  
 Ror'd as when the roaring breakers boom and blanch on the precipices,  
 Yell'd as when the winds of winter tear an oak on a promontory  
 So the silent colony heaving her tumultuous adversaries  
 Clash the darts and on the buckler beat with rapid unanimous hand,  
 Thought on all her evil tyrannies, all her pitiless abuse,  
 Till she felt the heart within her fall and flutter tremulously,  
 Then her pulses at the clamouring of her enemy fainted away  
 Out of evil evil flourishes, out of tyranny tyranny buds  
 Ran the land with Roman slaughter, multitudinous agonies  
 Perish'd many a mad and mation, many a valorous legionary,  
 Fell the colony, city, and citadel, London, Verulam, Camulodune

## IN QUANTITY

## ON TRANSLATIONS OF HOMER

*Hexameters and Pentameters*

THESE lyme hexameters the strong-wing'd music of Homer<sup>1</sup>

No—but a most burlesque barbarous experiment

When was a haisher sound ever heard, ye Muses, in England?

When did a frog coarser croak upon our Helicon?

Hexameters no wiser than dauling Germany gave us,

Barbarous experiment, barbarous hexameters

## MILTON

*Alarcs*

O MIGHTY MOUTH'D inventor of harmonies,

O skill'd to sing of Time or Eternity,  
God gifted organ voice of England,  
Milton, a name to resound for ages,  
Whose Titan anguls, Gabriel, Abdiel,  
Starr'd from Jehovah's gorgeous armories,  
Tower, is the deep domed empyrean  
Rings to the top of an angel onset—

Me rather all that bowery loneliness,  
The brooks of Eden musingly murmuring,  
And bloom profuse and cedar arches  
Charm, as a wanderer out in ocean,  
Where some refulgent sunset of India  
Streams o'er a rich ambrosial ocean isle,  
And crimson hued the stately palm-woods

Whisper in odorous heights of even

*Heptasyllabics*

O YOU chorus of indolent reviewers,  
Irresponsible, indolent reviewers,  
Look, I come to the test, a tiny poem  
All composed in a metre of Catullus,  
All in quantity, careful of my motion,  
Like the skater on ice that hardly bears  
him,  
Lest I fall unawares before the people,  
Waking laughter in indolent reviewers  
Should I flounder awhile without a tumble  
Thro' this metrifaction of Catullus,  
They should speak to me not without a  
welcome,

All that chorus of indolent reviewers  
Hard, hard, hard is it, only not to tumble,  
So fantastical is the dainty metre  
Wherefore slight me not wholly, nor  
believe me

Too presumptuous, indolent reviewers  
O blatant Magazines, regard me rather—  
Since I blush to belaud myself a moment—

As some rare little rose, a piece of inmost  
Horticultural art, or half coquette-like  
Maiden, not to be greeted unbenevolently

## SPECIMEN OF A TRANSLATION OF THE ILIAD IN BLANK VERSE

So Hector spake, the Trojans roared  
applause,  
Then loosed their sweating horses from  
the yoke,  
And each beside his chariot bound his  
own,  
And oxen from the city, and goodly sheep  
In haste they drove, and honey-hearted  
wine  
And bread from out the houses brought,  
and heap'd  
Their firewood, and the winds from off  
the plain  
Roll'd the rich vapour far into the heaven  
And these all night upon the bridge<sup>1</sup> of  
war  
Sat glorying, many a fire before them  
blazed

<sup>1</sup> Or, ridge

As when in heaven the stars about the  
moon  
Look beautiful, when all the winds are  
laid,  
And every height comes out, and jutting  
perk  
And valley, and the immeasurable heavens  
Break open to their highest, and all the  
stars  
Shine, and the Shepherd gladdens in his  
heut

So many a fire between the ships and  
stream  
Of Xanthus blazed before the towers of  
Troy,  
A thousand on the plain, and close by  
each  
Sat fifty in the blaze of burning fire,  
And eating hoary grum and pulse the  
steds,  
Fist by their cus, wuted the golden  
dawn *Had VIII 512 501*

## THE WINDOW,

### OR, THE SONG OF THE WRENS

FOUR years ago Mr Sullivan requested me to write a little song cycle, German fashion, for him to exercise his art upon. He had been very successful in setting such old songs as 'Orpheus with his lute' and I dressed up for him, partly in the old style, a puppet, whose almost only merit is, perhaps, that it can dance to Mr Sullivan's instrument. I am sorry that my four year old puppet should have to dance at all in the dark shadow of these days but the music is now completed, and I am bound by my promise.

*December, 1870*

A. T. N. ISON

### THE WINDOW

#### ON THE HILL

THE lights and shadows fly!  
Yonder it brightens and darkens down  
on the plain  
A jewel, a jewel deu to a lover's eye!  
Oh is it the brook, or a pool, or her  
window pane,  
When the winds are up in the  
morning?  
Clouds that are racing above,  
And winds and lights and shadows that  
cannot be still,  
All running on one way to the home  
of my love,  
You are all running on, and I stand on  
the slope of the hill,  
And the winds are up in the morning!  
Follow, follow the chase!  
And my thoughts are as quick and as  
quick, ever on, on, on  
O lights, are you flying over her sweet  
little face?

And my heart is there before you are  
come and gone,  
When the winds are up in the  
morning!

Follow them down the slope!  
And I follow them down to the window  
pane of my deu,  
And it brightens and darkens and  
brightens like my hope,  
And it darkens and brightens and darkens  
like my fear,  
And the winds are up in the  
morning

#### AT THE WINDOW

Vine, vine and eglantine,  
Clasp her window, true and twine!  
Rose, rose and clematis,  
True and twine and clasp and kiss,  
Kiss, kiss, and make her a bow  
All of flowers, and drop me a flower,  
Drop me a flower



Vine, vine and eglantine,  
 Cannot a flower, a flower, be mine?  
 Rose, rose and clematis,  
 Drop me a flower, a flower, to kiss,  
 Kiss, kiss—and out of her bower  
 All of flowers, a flower, a flower,  
 Dropt, a flower

## GONE

Gone!  
 Gone, till the end of the year,  
 Gone, and the light gone with her, and  
 left me in shadow here!  
 Gone—fitted away,  
 Taken the stars from the night and the  
 sun from the day!  
 Gone, and a cloud in my heart, and a  
 storm in the air!  
 Flown to the east or the west, fitted I  
 know not where!  
 Down in the south is a flash and a glow  
 she is there! she is there!

## WINTER

The frost is here,  
 And fuel is dear,  
 And woods are seen,  
 And fires burn clear,  
 And frost is here  
 And has bitten the heel of the going year

Bite, frost, bite!  
 You roll up away from the light  
 The blue wood-louse, and the plump  
 dormouse,  
 And the bees are still'd, and the flies are  
 kill'd,  
 And you bite far into the heart of the  
 house,  
 But not into mine

Bite, frost, bite!  
 The woods are all the secret,  
 The fuel is all the dearer,  
 The fires are all the clearer,  
 My spring is all the nearer,  
 You have bitten into the heart of the  
 earth,  
 But not into mine

## SPRING

Birds' love and birds' song  
 Flying here and there,  
 Buds' song and buds' love,  
 And you with gold for hair!  
 Birds' song and buds' love,  
 Passing with the weather,  
 Men's song and men's love,  
 To love once and for ever  
 Men's love and birds' love,  
 And women's love and men's!  
 And you my wien with a crown of gold,  
 You my queen of the wrens!  
 You the queen of the wrens—  
 We'll be buds of a feather,  
 I'll be King of the Queen of the wrens,  
 And all in a nest together

## THE LETTER

Where is another sweet as my sweet,  
 Fine of the fine, and shy of the shy?  
 Fine little hands, fine little feet—  
 Dewy blue eye  
 Shall I write to her? shall I go?  
 Ask her to marry me by and by?  
 Somebody said that she'd say no,  
 Somebody knows that she'll say ay!  
 Ay or no, if ask'd to her face?  
 Ay or no, from shy of the shy?  
 Go, little letter, apace, apace,  
 Fly,  
 Fly to the light in the valley below—  
 Tell my wish to her dewy blue eye  
 Somebody said that she'd say no,  
 Somebody knows that she'll say ay!

## NO ANSWER

The mist and the rain, the mist and the  
 rain!  
 Is it ay, or no? is it ay or no?  
 And never a glimpse of her window pane!  
 And I may die but the grass will grow,  
 And the grass will grow when I am gone,  
 And the wet west wind and the world  
 will go on  
 Ay is the song of the waded spheres,  
 No is trouble and cloud and storm,

Ay is life for a hundred years,  
 No will push me down to the worm,  
 And when I am there and dead and gone,  
 The wet west wind and the world will  
     go on

The wind and the wet, the wind and the  
     wet !

Wet west wind how you blow, you  
     blow !

And never a line from my lady yet !

Is it ay or no ? is it ay or no ?

Blow then, blow, and when I am gone,  
 The wet west wind and the world may  
     go on

#### NO ANSWER

Winds are loud and you are dumb,  
 Take my love, for love will come,

Love will come but once a life  
 Winds are loud and winds will pass !  
 Spring is here with leaf and grass

Take my love and be my wife  
 After-loves of muds and men  
 Are but dainties diest a gun  
 Love me now, you'll love me then  
     Love can love but once a life

#### THE ANSWER

Two little hands that meet,  
 Claspt on her seal, my sweet !  
 Must I take you and break you,  
 Two little hands that meet ?  
 I must take you, and break you,  
 And loving hands must part—  
 Take, take—break, break—  
 Break—you may break my heart  
     Faint heart never won—  
     Break, break, and all's done

#### AY

Be merry, all buds, to dry,  
     Be merry on earth as you never were  
     merry before,  
 Be merry in heaven, O laiks, and far away,  
     And merry for ever and ever, and one  
     day more

#### Why ?

For it's easy to find a rhyme

Look, look, how he flits,  
 The fine crown'd king of the wiens,  
     from out of the pine !  
 Look how they tumble the blossom, the  
     mad little tits !  
 'Cuck oo ! Cuck oo !' was ever a May  
     so fine ?

#### Why ?

For it's easy to find a rhyme  
 O merry the linnet and dove,  
 And swallow and sparrow and thistle,  
     and have your desire !  
 O merry my heart, you have gotten the  
     wings of love,  
 And fit like the ling of the wiens with  
     a crown of fire

#### Why ?

For it's ay ay, ay ay

#### WHEN

Sun comes, moon comes,  
     Time slips away  
 Sun sets, moon sets,  
     Love, for a day

'A year hence, a year hence '  
     'We shall both be gray '  
 'A month hence, a month hence '  
     'For, for away '

'A week hence, a week hence '  
     'Ah, the long delay '  
 'Wait a little, wait a little,  
     You shall fix a day '

'To-morrow, love, to-morrow,  
     And that's an age away '  
 Blaze upon her window, sun,  
     And honour all the day

#### MARRIAGE MORNING

Light, so low upon earth,  
     You send a flash to the sun  
 Here is the golden close of love,  
     All my wooing is done  
 Oh, the woods and the meadows,  
     Woods where we hid from the wet,  
 Stiles where we stry'd to be kind,  
     Meadows in which we met !

Light, so low in the vale  
 You flash and lighten afar,  
 For this is the golden morning of love,  
 And you are his morning star  
 Flash, I am coming, I come,  
 By meadow and stile and wood,  
 Oh, lighten into my eyes and my heart,  
 Into my heart and my blood !

Heart, are you great enough  
 For a love that never tues ?  
 O heart, are you great enough for love ?  
 I have heard of thorns and briars  
 Over the thorns and briars,  
 Over the meadows and stiles,  
 Over the world to the end of it  
 Flash for a million miles

## IN MEMORIAM A H H

OBIIT MDCCCXXXIII

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,  
 Whom we, that have not seen thy  
 face,  
 By faith, and faith alone, embrace,  
 Believing where we cannot prove,

Thine are these orbs of light and shade,  
 Thou madest Life in man and brute,  
 Thou madest Death, and lo, thy foot  
 Is on the skull which thou hast made

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust  
 Thou madest man, he knows not  
 why,  
 He thinks he was not made to die,  
 And thou hast made him thou art just

Thou seemest human and divine,  
 The highest, holiest manhood, thou  
 Our wills are ours, we know not  
 how,  
 Our wills are ours, to make them thine

Our little systems have their day,  
 They have their day and cease to be  
 They are but broken lights of thee,  
 And thou, O Lord, art more than they

We have but faith we cannot know,  
 For knowledge is of things we see,  
 And yet we trust it comes from thee,  
 A beam in darkness let it grow

Let knowledge grow from more to more,  
 But more of reverence in us dwell,  
 That mind and soul, according well,  
 May make one music as before,

But vast! We are fools and slight,  
 We mock thee when we do not feel  
 But help thy foolish ones to bear,  
 Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light

Forgive what seem'd my sin in me,  
 What seem'd my worth since I  
 began,  
 For merit lives from man to man,  
 And not from man, O Lord, to thee

Forgive my grief for one removed,  
 Thy creature, whom I found so fair  
 I trust he lives in thee, and there  
 I find him worthier to be loved

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,  
 Confusions of a wasted youth,  
 Forgive them where they fail in truth,  
 And in thy wisdom make me wise

1849

I

I HELD it truth, with him who sings  
 To one clear harp in diverse tones,  
 That men may rise on stepping stones  
 Of their dead selves to higher things

But who shall so forecast the years  
 And find in loss a gain to match ?  
 Or reach a hand thro' time to catch  
 The far off interest of tears ?

Let Love clasp Grief lest both be drown'd,  
 Let darkness keep her raven gloss  
 Ah, sweeter to be drunk with loss,  
 To dance with death, to beat the ground

Than that the victor Hours should scorn  
The long result of love, and boast,  
'Behold the man that loved and lost,  
But all he was is overworn'

## II

Old Yew, which graspest at the stones  
That name the under-lying dead,  
Thy fibres net the dreamless head,  
Thy roots are wrapt about the bones

The seasons bring the flower again,  
And bring the fisting to the flock,  
And in the dusk of thee, the clock  
Beats out the little lives of men

O not for thee the glow, the bloom,  
Who changest not in any gale,  
Nor branding summer suns avail  
To touch thy thousand years of gloom

And gazing on thee, sullen tree,  
Sick for thy stubborn hardihood,  
I seem to feel from out my blood  
And grow incorporate into thee

## III

O Sorrow, cruel fellowship,  
O Priestess in the vaults of Death,  
O sweet and bitter in a breath,  
What whispers from thy lying lip?

'The stars,' she whispers, 'blindly run,  
A web is wov'n across the sky,  
From out waste places comes a cry,  
And mummings from the dying sun

'And all the phantom, Nature, stands—  
With all the music in her tone,  
A hollow echo of my own,—  
A hollow form with empty hands'

And shall I take a thing so blind,  
Embrace her as my natural good,  
Or crush her, like a vice of blood,  
Upon the threshold of the mind?

## IV

To Sleep I give my powers away,  
My will is bondsman to the dusk,  
I sit within a helmless bark,  
And with my heart I muse and say

O heart, how fares it with thee now,  
That thou should'st feel from thy  
desire,  
Who scarcely dares to inquire,  
'What is it makes me beat so low?'

Something it is which thou hast lost,  
Some pleasure from thine early years  
Bereft, thou deep vase of chilling  
tears,  
That grief hath shaken into frost!

Such clouds of nameless trouble cross,  
All night below the darkened eyes,  
With morning wakes the will, and  
cries,  
'Thou shalt not be the fool of loss'

## V

I sometimes hold it half a sin  
To put in words the grief I feel,  
For words, like Nature, half reveal  
And half conceal the Soul within

But, for the unquiet heart and brain,  
A use in measured language lies,  
The sad mechanic exercise,  
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain

In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,  
Like coarsest clothes against the  
cold  
But that large grief which these  
unfold  
Is given in outline and no more

## VI

One writes, that 'Other friends remain,'  
That 'Loss is common to the race'—  
And common is the commonplace,  
And vacant chaff well meant for gain

That loss is common would not make  
My own less bitter, rather more  
Too common! Never morning wore  
To evening, but some heart did break

O father, wheresoe'er thou be,  
Who pledgedst now thy gallant son,  
A shot, or half thy dauntless deed,  
Hath still'd the life that beat from thee

O mother, praying God will save  
Thy sailor, — while thy head is  
bow'd,

His heavy shotted hammock-shroud  
Drops in his vast and wandering grave

Ye know no more than I who wrought  
At that last hour to please him well,  
Who mused on all I had to tell,  
And something written, something  
thought,

Expecting still his advent home,  
And ever met him on his way  
With wishes, thinking, 'here to day,'  
Or 'here to-morrow will he come'

O somewhere, meek, unconscious dove,  
That sittest ranging golden hour,  
And glad to find thyself so fair,  
Poor child, that waitest for thy love!

For now her father's chimney glows  
In expectation of a guest,  
And thinking 'this will please him  
best,'  
She takes a ribbon of rose,

For he will see them on to-night,  
And with the thought her colour  
burns,  
And, having left the glass, she turns  
Once more to set a ringlet right,

And, even when she turn'd, the curse  
Had fallen, and her future Lord  
Was down'd in passing thro' the  
ford,  
Or kill'd in falling from his horse

O what to her shall be the end?  
And what to me remains of good?  
To her, perpetual maidenhood,  
And unto me no second friend

## VII

Dark house, by which once more I stand  
Here in the long unlovely street,  
Doors, where my heart was used to  
beet  
So quickly, waiting for a hand,

A hand that can be clasp'd no more—  
Belted me, for I cannot sleep,  
And like a guilty thing I creep  
At earliest morning to the door

He is not here, but far away  
The noise of life begins again,  
And ghastly thro' the drizzling rain  
On the bald street breaks the blank day

## VIII

A happy lover who has come  
To look on her that loves him well,  
Who 'lights and rings the gateway  
bell,  
And learns her gone and far from home,

He saddens, all the magic light  
Dies off at once from bower and hall,  
And all the place is dark, and all  
The chambers emptied of delight

So find I every pleasant spot  
In which we two were wont to meet,  
The field, the chamber and the street,  
For all is dark where thou art not

Yet as that other, wandering there  
In those deserted walks, may find  
A flower beat with rain and wind,  
Which once she foster'd up with care,

So seems it in my deep regret,  
O my forsaken heart, with thee  
And this poor flower of poesy  
Which little cared for fades not yet

But since it pleased a vanish'd eye,  
I go to plant it on his tomb,  
That if it can it there may bloom,  
Or dying, there at least may die

## IX

Fair ship, that from the Italian shore  
Sailed the placid ocean plains  
With my lost Arthur's loved remains,  
Spread thy full wings, and waft him o'er

So draw him home to those that mourn  
In vain, a favourable speed  
Ruffle thy mirror'd mast, and lead  
Thro' prosperous floods his holy urn

All night no rude: our perplex  
Thy sliding keel, till Phosphor, bight  
As our pure love, thro' early light  
Shall glimmer on the dewy decks

Sphere all your lights around, above,  
Sleep, gentle heavens, before the  
prow,

Sleep, gentle winds, as he sleeps now,  
My friend, the brother of my love,

My Arthur, whom I shall not see  
Till all my widow'd race be run,  
Dear as the mother to the son,  
More than my brothers are to me

\

I hear the noise about thy keel,  
I hear the bell struck in the night  
I see the cabin window bight  
I see the sailor at the wheel

Thou bring'st the sailor to his wife,  
And travell'd men from foreign lands,  
And letters unto trembling hands,  
And, thy dark freight, a vanish'd life

So bring him we have idle dreams  
This look of quiet flutters thus  
Our home-bred fancies O to us,  
The fools of habit, sweeter seems

To rest beneath the clover sod,  
That takes the sunshine and the runs,  
Or where the kneeling hamlet dains  
The chalice of the grapes of God,

Than if with thee the morning wells  
Should gulf him fathom deep in brine,  
And hands so often clasp'd in mine,  
Should toss with tangle and with shells

\I

Calm is the moor without a sound,  
Calm as to suit a calmer grief,  
And only thro' the faded leaf  
The chestnut pattering to the ground

Calm and deep peace on this high wold,  
And on these dews that drench the  
furze,  
And all the silvery gossamers  
That twinkle into green and gold

Calm and still light on yon great plain  
That sweeps with all its autumn  
bowers,  
And crowded farms and lessening  
towers,

To mingle with the bounding main

Calm and deep peace in this wide air,  
These leaves that reddon to the fall,  
And in my heart, if calm at all,  
If any calm, a calm despair

Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,  
And waves that sway themselves in  
rest,  
And dead calm in that noble breast  
Which heaves but with the heaving deep

\II

Lo, as a dove when up she springs  
To bear thro' Heaven a tale of woe,  
Some dolorous message knit below  
The wild pulsation of her wings,

Like her I go, I cannot stay,  
I leave this mortal ark behind,  
A weight of nerves without a mind,  
And leave the cliffs, and haste away

O'er ocean mirrors rounded huge,  
And reach the glow of southern skies,  
And see the sails at distance rise,  
And linger weeping on the marge,

And saying, 'Comes he thus, my friend?  
Is this the end of all my care?'  
And circle morning in the air  
'Is this the end? Is this the end?'

And forward dart again, and play  
About the prow, and back return  
To where the body sits, and learn  
That I have been an hour away

\III

Tears of the widower, when he sees  
A late-lost form that sleep reveals,  
And moves his doubtful arms, and  
feels  
Her place is empty, fall like these,

Which weep a loss for ever new,  
 A void where heart on heart reposed,  
 And, where warm hands have prest  
 and closed,  
 Silence, till I be silent too

Which weep the comrade of my choice,  
 An awful thought, a life removed,  
 The human hearted man I loved,  
 A Spirit, not a breathing voice

Come time, and teach me, many years,  
 I do not suffer in a dream,  
 For now so strange do these things  
 seem,  
 Mine eyes have leisure for thine tears,

My fancies time to rise on wing,  
 And glance about the approaching  
 suns,  
 As tho' they brought but merchants'  
 bales,  
 And not the burthen that they bring

## XIV

If one should bring me this report,  
 That thou hadst touch'd the land  
 to day,  
 And I went down unto the quay,  
 And found thee lying in the port,

And standing, muffled round with woe,  
 Should see thy passengers in rank  
 Come stepping lightly down the  
 plank,  
 And beckoning unto those they know,

And if along with these should come  
 The man I held as half divine,  
 Should strike a sudden hand in mine,  
 And ask a thousand things of home,

And I should tell him all my pain,  
 And how my life had droop'd of late,  
 And he should sorrow o'er my state  
 And marvel what possess'd my brain,

And I perceived no touch of change,  
 No hint of death in all his frame,  
 But found him all in all the same,  
 I should not feel it to be strange

## XV

To-night the winds begin to rise  
 And roar from yonder dropping day  
 The last red leaf is whil'd away,  
 The looks are blown about the skies,

The forest crack'd, the waters curl'd,  
 The cattle huddled on the lea,  
 And wildly dash'd on tower and tree  
 The sunbeam strikes along the world

And but for fancies, which ave  
 That all thy motions gently pass  
 Athwart a plane of molten glass,  
 I scarce could brook the strain and stir

That makes the barren branches loud,  
 And but for fear it is not so,  
 The wild unrest that lives in woe  
 Would dote and poe on yonder cloud

That rises upward always higher,  
 And onward drags a labouring breast,  
 And topples round the dreary west,  
 A looming bastion fringed with fire

## XVI

What words are these have fall'n from me?  
 Can calm despair and wild unrest  
 Be tenants of a single breast,  
 Or sorrow such a changeling be?

Or doth she only seem to take  
 The touch of change in calm or storm,  
 But knows no more of transient form  
 In her deep self, than some dead lake

That holds the shadow of a larva  
 Hung in the shadow of a heaven?  
 Or has the shock, so harshly given,  
 Confused me like the unhappy bark

That strikes by night a craggy shelf,  
 And staggers blindly ere she sink?  
 And stunn'd me from my power to  
 think

And all my knowledge of myself,

And made me that delirious man  
 Whose fancy fuses old and new,  
 And flashes into false and true,  
 And mingles all without a plan?

## XVII

Thou comest, much wept for such a breeze  
Compell'd thy canvas, and my prayer  
Was as the whisper of an air  
To breathe thee over lonely seas

For I in spirit saw thee move  
Thro' circles of the bounding sky,  
Week after week the days go by,  
Come quick, thou bringest all I love

Henceforth, wherever thou may'st roam,  
My blessing, like a line of light,  
Is on the waters day and night,  
And like a beacon guards thee home

So may whatever tempest rous  
Mid ocean, spare thee, sacred bark,  
And balmy drops in summer dark  
Slide from the bosom of the stars

So kind an office hath been done,  
Such precious relics brought by thee,  
The dust of him I shall not see  
Till all my widow'd race be run

## XVIII

'Tis well, 'tis something, we may stand  
Where he in English earth is laid,  
And from his ashes may be made  
The violet of his native land

'Tis little, but it looks in truth  
As if the quiet bones were blest  
Among familiar names to rest  
And in the places of his youth

Come then, pure hands, and bear the head  
That sleeps or wears the mask of sleep,  
And come, whatever loves to weep,  
And hear the ritual of the dead

Ah yet, ev'n yet, if this might be,  
I, falling on his faithful heart,  
Would breathing thro' his lips impart  
The life that almost dies in me,

That dies not, but endures with pain,  
And slowly forms the firmer mind,  
Treasuring the look it cannot find,  
The words that are not heard again

## XIX

The Danube to the Severn gave  
The darken'd heart that beth no  
more,  
They laid him by the pleasant shore,  
And in the hearing of the wave

There twice a day the Severn fills,  
The salt sea water passes by,  
And hushes half the babbling Wye,  
And makes a silence in the hills

The Wye is hush'd nor moved along,  
And hush'd my deepest grief of all,  
When fill'd with tears that cannot  
fall,

I brim with sorrow drowning song

The tide flows down, the wave again  
Is vocal in its wooded walls,  
My deeper anguish also falls,  
And I can speak a little then

## XX

The lesser griefs that may be said,  
That breathe a thousand tender  
sorrow,  
Are but as servants in a house  
Where lies the master newly dead,

Who speak their feeling as it is,  
And weep the fulness from the  
mind  
'It will be hard,' they say, 'to find  
Another service such as this'

My lighter moods are like to these,  
That out of words a comfort win,  
But there are other griefs within,  
And tears that at their fountain freeze,

For by the hearth the children sit  
Cold in that atmospheric of Death,  
And scarce endure to draw the  
breath,  
Or like to noiseless phantoms sit

But open converse is there none,  
So much the vital spirits sink  
To see the vacant chair, and think,  
How good! how kind! and he is gone'



## XXI

I sing to him that rests below,  
And, since the grasses round me wave,  
I take the grasses of the grave,  
And make them pipes whereon to blow

The traveller hears me now and then,  
And sometimes harshly will he speak  
'This fellow would make weakness  
weak,

And melt the waxen hearts of men'

Another answers, 'Let him be,  
He loves to make parade of pain,  
That with his piping he may gain  
The praise that comes to constancy'

A third is wroth 'Is this an hour  
For private sorrow's barren song,  
When more and more the people  
throng  
The chairs and thrones of civil power?

'A time to sicken and to swoon,  
When Suenice reaches forth her arms  
To feel from woe to world, and  
charms  
Her secret from the latest moon?'

Behold, ye speak an idle thing  
Ye never knew the sacred dust  
I do but sing because I must,  
And pipe but as the linnets sing

And one is glad, her note is gay,  
For now her little songs have ranged,  
And one is sad, her note is changed,  
Because her blood is stol'n away

## XXII

The path by which we twain did go,  
Which led by tracts that pleased us  
well,

Thio' four sweet years arose and fell,  
From flower to flower, from snow to snow

And we with singing cheer'd the way,  
And, crown'd with all the season  
lent,

From April on to April went,  
And glad at heart from May to May

But where the path we walk'd began  
To slant the fifth autumnal slope,  
As we descended following Hope,  
There sat the Shadow fear'd of man,

Who broke our fair companionship,  
And spread his mantle dark and  
cold,  
And wrapt thee formless in the fold,  
And dull'd the murmur on thy lip,

And bore thee where I could not see  
Nor follow, tho' I walk in haste,  
And think, that somewhere in the  
waste  
The Shadow sits and waits for me

## XXIII

Now, sometimes in my sorrow shut,  
Or breaking into song by fits,  
Alone, alone, to where he sits,  
The Shadow cloak'd from head to foot,

Who keeps the keys of all the creeds,  
I wonder, often falling lame,  
And looking back to whence I came,  
Or on to where the pathway leads,

And crying, How changed from where it  
ran  
Thio' lands where not a leaf was  
dumb,  
But all the livish hills would hum  
The murmur of a happy Pan

When each by turns was guide to each,  
And Fancy light from Fancy caught,  
And Thought leapt out to wed with  
Thought  
Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech,

And all we met was fair and good,  
And all was good that Time could  
bring,  
And all the secret of the Spring  
Moved in the chambers of the blood,

And many an old philosophy  
On Argive heights divinely sang,  
And round us all the thicket rang  
To many a flute of Arcady

## XXIV

And was the day of my delight  
As pure and perfect as I say?  
The very source and fount of Day  
Is dash'd with wandering isles of night

If all was good and fair we met,  
This earth had been the Paradise  
It never look'd to human eyes  
Since our first Sun arose and set

And is it that the haze of grief  
Makes former gladness loom so  
great?  
The lowness of the present state,  
That sets the past in this relief?

Or that the past will always win  
A glory from its being far,  
And o'er into the perfect star  
We saw not, when we moved therein?

## XXV

I know that this was Life,—the track  
Whereon with equal feet we fared,  
And then, as now, the day prepared  
The daily burden for the back

But this it was that made me move  
As light as carried birds in air,  
I loved the weight I had to bear,  
Because it needed help of Love

Nor could I weary, heart or limb,  
When mighty Love would cleave in  
twain  
The lading of a single pain,  
And part it, giving half to him

## XXVI

Still onward winds the dreary way,  
I with it, for I long to prove  
No lapse of moons can curl or Love,  
Whatever fickle tongues may say

And if that eye which watches guilt  
And goodness, and hath power to  
see  
Within the green the moulder'd tree,  
And towers fall'n as soon as built—

Oh, if indeed that eye foresee  
Or see (in Him is no before)  
In more of life true life no more  
And Love the indifference to be,

Then might I find, ere yet the morn  
Breaks hither over Indian seas,  
That Shadow waiting with the  
keys,  
To shroud me from my proper scorn

## XXVII

I envy not in any moods  
The captive void of noble rage,  
The linnet born within the cage,  
That never knew the summer woods

I envy not the beast that takes  
His license in the field of time,  
Unfetter'd by the sense of crime,  
To whom a conscience never wakes,

Nor, what may count itself as blest,  
The heart that never plighted troth  
But stagnates in the weeds of sloth,  
Nor any want begotten rest

I hold it true, whate'er befall,  
I feel it, when I sorrow most,  
'Tis better to have loved and lost  
Than never to have loved at all

## XXVIII

The time draws near the birth of Christ  
The moon is hid, the night is still,  
The Christmas bells from hill to hill  
Answer each other in the mist

Four voices of four hamlets round,  
From far and near, on mead and  
moor,  
Swell out and fail, as if a door  
Were shut between me and the sound

Each voice four changes on the wind,  
That now dilate, and now decrease,  
Peace and goodwill, goodwill and  
peace,  
Peace and goodwill, to all mankind

This year I slept and woke with pain,  
I almost wish'd no more to wake,  
And that my hold on life would break  
Before I heard those bells again

But they my troubled spirit rule,  
For they controll'd me when a boy,  
They bring me sorrow touch'd with  
joy,  
The merry merry bells of Yule

XXX

With such compelling cause to grieve  
As daily vexes household peace,  
And chains regret to his decease,  
How dare we keep our Christmas eve,

Which brings no more a welcome guest  
To enrich the threshold of the night  
With shower'd largess of delight  
In dance and song and game and jest?

Yet go, and while the holly boughs  
Entwine the cold baptismal font,  
Make one wreath more for Use and  
Wont,  
That guard the portals of the house,

Old sisters of a day gone by,  
Gay nurses, loving nothing new,  
Why should they miss their yearly  
due  
Before their time? They too will die

XXV

With trembling fingers did we weave  
The holly round the Christmas  
hearth,  
A rainy cloud possess'd the earth,  
And sadly fell our Christmas eve

At our old pastimes in the hall  
We gambol'd, making vain pretence  
Of gladness, with an awful sense  
Of one mute Shadow watching all

We paused the winds were in the beech  
We heard them sweep the winter  
land,  
And in a circle hand in hand  
Sat silent, looking each at each

II

Then echo like our voices rang,  
We sung, tho' every eye was dim,  
A merry song we sang with him  
Last year impetuously we sang

We ceased a gentler feeling crept  
Upon us surely rest is meet  
'They rest,' we said, 'then sleep is  
sweet,'  
And silence follow'd, and we wept

Our voices took a higher range,  
Once more we sang 'They do not  
die  
Nor lose their mortal sympathy,  
Nor change to us, although they change,

'Rapt from the fickle and the frail  
With gather'd power, yet the same,  
Pierces the keen seraphic flame  
From orb to orb, from veil to veil'

Rise, happy morn, rise, holy morn,  
Draw forth the cheerful day from  
night  
O Father, touch the east, and light  
The light that shone when Hope was  
born

XXVI

When Lazarus left his charnel-cave,  
And home to Mary's house return'd,  
Was thus demanded—if he yearn'd  
To hear her weeping by his grave?

'Where wert thou, brother, those four  
days?'  
There lives no record of reply,  
Which telling what it is to die  
Had surely added praise to praise

From every house the neighbours met,  
The streets were fill'd with joyful  
sound,  
A solemn gladness even crown'd  
The purple brows of Olivet

Behold a man raised up by Christ!  
The rest remaineth unreveal'd,  
He told it not, or something seal'd  
The lips of that Evangelist

E 2

## XXXXII

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer,  
 Not other thought her mind admits  
 But, he was dead, and there he sits,  
 And he that brought him back is there

Then one deep love doth supersede  
 All other, when her ardent gaze  
 Roves from the living brother's face,  
 And rests upon the Life indeed

All subtle thought, all curious fears,  
 Borne down by gladness so complete,  
 She bows, she bathes the Saviour's  
 feet  
 With costly spikenard and with tears

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful  
 prayers,  
 Whose loves in higher love endure,  
 What souls possess themselves so  
 pure,  
 Or is there blessedness like theirs?

## XXXXIII

O thou that after toil and storm  
 Mayst seem to have reach'd a quiet  
 all,  
 Whose faith has centred everywhere,  
 Nor eases to fix itself to form,

I leave thou thy sister when she prays,  
 Her early Heaven, her happy views,  
 Not thou with shadow'd hint confuse  
 A life that leads melodious days

Her faith thro' form is pure as thine,  
 Her hands are quicker unto good  
 Oh, sacred be the flesh and blood  
 To which she links a truth divine

See thou, that countest reason ripe  
 In holding by the law within,  
 Thou fail not in a world of sin,  
 And ev'n for want of such a type

## XXXXIV

My own dim life should teach me this,  
 That life shall live for evermore,  
 Else earth is darkness at the core,  
 And dust and ashes all that is,

This round of green, this orb of flame,  
 Fantastic beauty, such as lurks  
 In some wild Poet, when he works  
 Without a conscience of an aim

What then were God to such as I?  
 'Twere hardly worth my while to  
 choose  
 Of things all mortal, or to use  
 A little patience ere I die,

'Twere best at once to sink to peace,  
 Like birds the charming serpent  
 draws,  
 To drop head foremost in the jaws  
 Of vacant darkness and to cease

## XXXXV

Yet if some voice that man could trust  
 Should murmur from the narrow  
 house,  
 'The cheeks drop in, the body bows,  
 Man dies not is there hope in dust'

Might I not say? 'Yet even here,  
 But for one hour, O Love, I strive  
 To keep so sweet a thing alive'  
 But I should turn mine ears and hear

The mornings of the homeless sea,  
 The sound of streams that swift or  
 slow  
 Draw down Arabian hills, and sow  
 The dust of continents to be,

And Love would answer with a sigh,  
 'The sound of that forgetful shore  
 Will change my sweetness more and  
 more,  
 Half dead to know that I shall die'

O me, what profits it to put  
 An idle case? If Death were seen  
 At first as Death, Love had not been,  
 Or been in narrowest working shut,

More fellowship of sluggish moods,  
 Or in his coarsest Satyr shape  
 Had bruised the herb and crush'd  
 the grape,  
 And brusk'd and batten'd in the wood-

## XXVI

Tho' truths in manhood darkly join,  
 Deep seated in our mystic flame,  
 We yield all blessing to the name  
 Of Him that made them current coin,

For Wisdom dealt with mortal powers,  
 Where truth in closest words shall  
 ful,  
 When truth embodied in a tale  
 Shall enter in at lowly doors

And so the Word had breath, and  
 wrought  
 With human hands the creed of  
 creeds

In loveliness of perfect deeds,  
 More strong than all poetic thought,  
 Which he may read that binds the sherd,  
 Or builds the house, or digs the grave,  
 And those wild eyes that watch the  
 wave

In soundings round the coral reef

## XXVII

Urania speaks with drucken'd brow  
 'Thou pratest here where thou art  
 leest,  
 This faith has many a purer priest,  
 And many an abler voice than thou

'Go down beside thy native hill,  
 On thy Parnassus set thy feet,  
 And hear thy lute whisper sweet  
 About the ledges of the hill'

And my Melpomene replies,  
 A touch of shame upon her cheek  
 'I am not worthy ev'n to speak  
 Of thy prevailing mysteries,

'For I am but an earthly Muse,  
 And owning but a little art  
 To lull with song an aching heart,  
 And tender human love his dues,

'But brooding on the dear one dead,  
 And all he said of things divine,  
 (And dear to me as sacred wine  
 To dying lips is all he said),

'I murmur'd, as I came along,  
 Of comfort clasp'd in truth reveal'd,  
 And loiter'd in the master's field,  
 And darken'd sanctities with song'

## XXVIII

With weary steps I loiter on,  
 Tho' always under alter'd skies  
 The purple from the distance dies,  
 My prospect and horizon gone

No joy the blowing season gives,  
 The herald melodies of spring,  
 But in the songs I love to sing  
 A doubtful gleam of solace lives

If any care for what is here  
 Survive in spirits render'd free,  
 Then are these songs I sing of thee  
 Not all ungrateful to thine ear

## XXIX

Old warder of these buried bones,  
 And answering now my random  
 stroke

With fruitful cloud and living smoke,  
 Dark yew, that graspest at the stones

And dippest toward the dreamless head,  
 To thee too comes the golden hour  
 When flower is feeling after flower.  
 But Sorrow—fixt upon the dead,

And darkening the dark graves of men,—  
 What whisper'd from her lying lips?  
 Thy gloom is kindled at the tips,  
 And passes into gloom again

## XL

Could we forget the widow'd hour  
 And look on Spirits breathed away,  
 As on a maiden in the day  
 When first she wears her orange flower'

When crown'd with blessing she doth  
 rise  
 To take her latest leave of home,  
 And hopes and light regrets that  
 come  
 Make April of her tender eyes,

And doubtful joys the father move,  
And tears are on the mother's face,  
As parting with a long embrace  
She enters other realms of love,

Her office there to rear, to teach,  
Becoming as is meet and fit  
A link among the days, to knit  
The generations each with each,

And, doubtless, unto thee is given  
A life that bears immortal fruit  
In those great offices that suit  
The full-grown energies of heaven

Ay me, the difference I discern!  
How often shall her old fireside  
Be cheer'd with tidings of the bride,  
How often she herself return,

And tell them all they would have told,  
And bring her babe, and make her  
boast,  
Till even those that miss'd her most  
Shall count new things as dear as old

But thou and I have shaken hands,  
Till growing winters lay me low,  
My paths are in the fields I know,  
And thine in undiscover'd lands

## XII

Thy spirit ere our fatal loss  
Did ever rise from high to higher,  
As mounts the heavenward altar fire,  
As flies the lighter thro' the gross

But thou art turn'd to something strange,  
And I have lost the links that bound  
Thy changes, here upon the ground,  
No more partaker of thy change

Deep folly! yet that this could be—  
That I could wing my will with  
might  
To leap the grades of life and light,  
And flash at once, my friend, to thee

For tho' my nature rarely yields  
To that vague fear implied in death,  
Nor shudders at the gulfs beneath,  
The howlings from forgotten fields,

Yet oft when sundown skirts the moon  
An inner trouble I behold,  
A spectral doubt which makes me  
cold,

That I shall be thy mate no more,

Tho' following with an upward mind  
The wonders that have come to  
thee,  
I thro' all the secular to be,  
But evermore a life behind

## XIII

I veiled my heart with fancies dim  
He still outstrip me in the race,  
It was but unity of place  
That made me dream I rank'd with him

And so may Place retain us still,  
And he the much beloved again,  
A lord of large experience, trim  
To ripper growth the mind and will

And what delights can equal those  
That stir the spirit's inner deeps,  
When one that loves but knows not,  
icaps  
A truth from one that loves and knows?

## XIV

If Sleep and Death be truly one,  
And every spirit's folded bloom  
Thro' all its interital gloom  
In some long trance should slumber on,

Unconscious of the sliding hour,  
Bare of the body, might it last,  
And silent traces of the past  
Be all the colour of the flower

So then were nothing lost to man,  
So that still garden of the souls  
In many a figured leaf enrolls  
The total world since life began,

And love will last as pure and whole  
As when he loved me here in  
Time,  
And at the spiritual prime  
Rewaken with the dawning soul

## XLIV

How fues it with the happy dead?  
 For here the man is more and more,  
 But he forgets the days before  
 God shut the doorways of his head

The days have vanish'd, tone and tint,  
 And yet perhaps the hoarding sense  
 Gives out at times (he knows not  
 whence)

A little flash, a mystic hint,

And in the long harmonious years  
 (If Death so taste Lethæan springs),  
 May some dim touch of earthly  
 things

Surprise thee ranging with thy peers

If such a dreamy touch should fall,  
 O turn thee round, resolve the doubt,  
 My guardian angel will speak out  
 In that high place, and tell thee all

## XLV

The baby new to earth and sky,  
 What time his tender palm is prest  
 Against the circle of the breast,  
 Has never thought that 'this is I'

But as he grows he gathers much,  
 And learns the use of 'I,' and 'me,'  
 And finds 'I am not what I see,  
 And other than the things I touch'

So rounds he to a separate mind  
 From whence clear memory may  
 begin,

As thro' the frame that binds him in  
 His isolation grows defined

This use may be in blood and breath,  
 Which else were fruitless of then due,  
 Had man to learn himself anew  
 Beyond the second birth of Death

## XLVI

We ranging down this lower track,  
 The path we came by, thorn and  
 flower,  
 Is shadow'd by the growing hour,  
 Lest life should fail in looking back

So be it there no shade can last  
 In that deep dawn behind the tomb,  
 But clear from marge to marge shall  
 bloom

The eternal landscape of the past,

A lifelong tract of time reveal'd,  
 The fruitful hours of still increase,  
 Days order'd in a wealthy peace,  
 And those five years its richest field

O Love, thy province were not large,  
 A bounded field, not stretching far,  
 Look also, Love, a brooding star,  
 A rosy warmth from marge to marge

## XLVII

That each, who seems a separate whole,  
 Should move his rounds, and fusing  
 all

The skirts of self again, should fall  
 Remeiging in the general Soul,

Is faith as vague as all unsweet  
 Eternal form shall still divide  
 The eternal soul from all beside,  
 And I shall know him when we meet

And we shall sit at endless feast,  
 Enjoying each the other's good  
 What vaster dream can hit the mood  
 Of Love on earth? He seeks at least

Upon the last and sharpest height,  
 Before the spirits fade away,  
 Some landing-place, to clasp and say,  
 'Farewell! We lose ourselves in light'

## XLVIII

If these brief lays, of Sorrow born,  
 Were taken to be such as closed  
 Grave doubts and answers here pro-  
 posed,  
 Then these were such as men might scorn

Her care is not to part and prove,  
 She takes, when harsher moods  
 remit,  
 What slender shade of doubt may  
 flit,  
 And makes it vassal unto love

And hence, indeed, she sports with  
words,  
But better serves a wholesome law,  
And holds it sin and shame to draw  
The deepest measure from the chords

Nor dare she trust a larger lay,  
But rather loosens from the lip  
Short swallow-flights of song, that dip  
Their wings in tears, and skim away

## XIX

From art, from nature, from the schools,  
Let random influences glance,  
Like light in many a shiver'd lance  
That breaks about the dipp'd pools

The lightest wave of thought shall hie,  
The fancy's tenderest eddy weather,  
The slightest an of song shall breathe  
To make the sullen surface crisp

And look thy look, and go thy way,  
But blame not thou the winds that  
make

The seeming wanton ripple break,  
The tender-pencil'd shadow play

Beneath all fancied hopes and fears  
Ay me, the sorrow deepens down,  
Whose muffled motions blindly drown  
The bises of my life in tears

## I

Be near me when my light is low,  
When the blood creeps, and the  
nerves prick

And tingle, and the heart is sick,  
And all the wheels of Being slow

Be near me when the sensuous frame  
Is rack'd with pangs that conquer  
trust,

And Time, a maniac scattering dust,  
And Life, a Fury slinging flame

Be near me when my faith is dry,  
And men the flies of litter spung,  
That lay their eggs, and sting and  
sing

And weave then petty cells and die

Be near me when I fade away,  
To point the term of human strife,  
And on the low dark verge of life  
The twilight of eternal day

## II

Do we indeed desire the dead  
Should still be near us at our side?  
Is there no brightness we would hide?  
No inner wisdom that we dread?

Shall he for whose applause I strove,  
I had such reverence for his blame,  
See with clear eye some hidden  
shame  
And I be lessen'd in his love?

I wrong the grave with fears untrue  
Shall love be blamed for want of  
faith?

There must be wisdom with great  
Death  
The dead shall look me thro' and thro'

Be near us when we climb or fall  
Ye watch, like God, the rolling hours  
With larger other eyes than ours,  
To make allowance for us all

## III

I cannot love thee as I ought,  
For love reflects the thing beloved,  
My words are only words, and moved  
Upon the topmost froth of thought

'Yet blame not thou thy plaintive song,'  
The Spirit of true love replied,  
'Thou canst not move me from thy  
side,

Nor human frailty do me wrong

'What keeps a spirit wholly true  
To that ideal which he bears?  
What record? not the sinless years  
That breathed beneath the Syrian blue

'So fret not, like an idle gull,  
That life is dash'd with flecks of sin  
Abide thy wealth is gather'd in,  
When Time hath sunder'd shell from  
pearl'



## LIII

How many a father have I seen,  
 A sober man, among his boys,  
 Whose youth was full of foolish  
 noise,  
 Who wears his manhood hale and green  
 And dare we to this fancy give,  
 That had the wild oat not been  
 sown,  
 The soil, left barren, scarce had  
 grown  
 The grain by which a man may live ?  
 Or, if we held the doctrine sound  
 For life outliving heats of youth,  
 Yet who would preach it as a truth  
 To those that eddy round and round ?  
 Hold thou the good define it well  
 For fear divine Philosophy  
 Should push beyond her mark, and  
 be  
 Procress to the Lords of Hell

## LIV

Oh yet we trust that somehow good  
 Will be the final goal of ill,  
 To purges of nature, sins of will,  
 Defects of doubt, and taints of blood,  
 That nothing walks with aimless feet,  
 That not one life shall be destroy'd,  
 Or cast as rubbish to the void,  
 When God hath made the pile complete,  
 That not a worm is cloven in vain,  
 That not a moth with vain desire  
 Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,  
 Or but subserves another's gain  
 Behold, we know not anything,  
 I can but trust that good shall fall  
 At last—far off—at last, to all,  
 And every winter change to spring  
 So runs my dream but what am I ?  
 An infant crying in the night  
 An infant crying for the light  
 And with no language but a cry

## LV

The wish, that of the living whole  
 No life may fail beyond the grave,  
 Derives it not from what we have  
 The likeliest God within the soul ?  
 Are God and Nature then at strife,  
 That Nature lends such evil dreams ?  
 So careful of the type she seems,  
 So careless of the single life,  
 That I, considering everywhere  
 Her secret meaning in her deeds,  
 And finding that of fifty seeds  
 She often brings but one to bear,  
 I falter where I firmly trod,  
 And falling with my weight of cares  
 Upon the great world's altar-steps  
 I hate slope thro' darkness up to God,  
 I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,  
 And gather dust and chaff, and call  
 To what I feel is Lord of all,  
 And faintly trust the larger hope

## LVI

'So careful of the type' but no  
 From scaped cliff and quarried stone  
 She cries, 'A thousand types are gone  
 I care for nothing, all shall go  
 'Thou makest thine appeal to me  
 I bring to life, I bring to death  
 The spirit does but mean the breath  
 I know no more' And he, shall he,  
 Man, her last work, who seem'd so fair,  
 Such splendid purpose in his eyes,  
 Who roll'd the psalm to wintry skies,  
 Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,  
 Who trusted God was love indeed  
 And love Creation's final law—  
 Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw  
 With ravine, shriek'd against his creed—  
 Who loved, who suffer'd countless ills,  
 Who battled for the True, the Just,  
 Be blown about the desert dust,  
 Or seal'd within the iron hills ?

No more? A monster then, a diem,  
A discord Dragons of the prime,  
That tare each other in their slime,  
Were mellow music match'd with him

O life as futile, then, as frail!  
O for thy voice to soothe and bless!  
What hope of answer, or redress?  
Behind the veil, behind the veil

## LXII

Peace, come away the song of woe  
Is after all an earthly song  
Peace, come away we do him wrong  
To sing so wildly let us go

Come, let us go your cheeks are pale  
But half my life I leave behind  
Methinks my friend is richly shamed,  
But I shall pass, my work will fail

Yet in these ears, till hearing dies,  
One set slow bell will seem to toll  
The passing of the sweetest soul  
That ever look'd with human eyes

I hear it now, and o'er and o'er,  
Eternal greetings to the dead,  
And 'Ave, Ave, Ave,' said  
'Adieu, adieu' for evermore

## LXIII

In those sad words I took farewell  
Like echoes in sepulchral halls,  
As drop by drop the water falls  
In vaults and catacombs, they fell,

And, falling, idly broke the peace  
Of hearts that beat from day to day,  
Half-conscious of their dying clay,  
And those cold crypts where they shall cease

The high Muse answer'd 'Wherefore grieve  
Thy brethren with a fruitless tear?  
Abide a little longer here,  
And thou shalt take a nobler leave'

## LXIV

O Sorrow, wilt thou live with me  
No casual mistress, but a wife,  
My bosom-friend and half of life,  
As I confess it needs must be,

O Sorrow, wilt thou rule my blood,  
Be sometimes lovely like a bride,  
And put thy harsher moods aside,  
If thou wilt have me wise and good

My centred passion cannot move,  
Nor will it lessen from to day,  
But I'll have leave at times to play  
As with the creature of my love,

And set thee forth, for thou art mine,  
With so much hope for yours to come,  
That, howsoever I know thee, some  
Could hardly tell what name were thine

## LXV

He past, a soul of nobler tone  
My spirit loved and loves him yet,  
Like some poor girl whose heart is set

On one whose rank exceeds her own

He mixing with his proper sphere,  
She finds the baseness of her lot,  
Half-jerous of she knows not what,  
And envying all that meet him there

The little village looks forlorn,  
She sighs and her narrow days,  
Moving about the household ways,  
In that dark house where she was born

The foolish neighbours come and go,  
And tease her till the day draws by  
At night she weeps, 'How vain  
am I'

How should he love a thing so low?

## LXVI

If, in thy second state sublime,  
Thy ransom'd reason change replies  
With all the circle of the wise,  
The perfect flower of human time,

And if thou cast thine eyes below,  
How dimly character'd and slight,  
How dwarf'd a growth of cold and  
night,  
How blanch'd with darkness must I grow !

Yet turn thee to the doubtful shore,  
Where thy first form was made a man,  
I loved thee, Spirit, and love, nor can  
The soul of Shakspeare love thee more

## IXII

Tho' if an eye that's downward cast  
Could make thee somewhat blench  
or fail,

Then be my love an idle tale,  
And fading legend of the past,

And thou, as one that once declined,  
When he was little more than boy,  
On some unworthy heart with joy,  
But lives to wed an equal mind,

And breathes a novel world, the while  
His other passion wholly dies,  
Or in the light of deeper eyes  
Is matter for a flying smile

## IXIII

Yet pity for a horse o'er driven,  
And love in which my hound has  
part,  
Can hang no weight upon my heart  
In its assumptions up to heaven,

And I am so much more than these,  
As thou, purchase, not more than I,  
And yet I spare them sympathy,  
And I would set their pains at ease

So myst thou watch me where I weep,  
As, unto vaster motions bound,  
The circuits of thine orbit round  
A higher height, a deeper deep

## IXIV

Dost thou look back on what hath been,  
As some divinely gifted man,  
Whose life in low estate begun  
And on a simple village green,

Who breaks his birth's invidious bai,  
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,  
And breasts the blows of circum-  
stance,  
And grapples with his evil star,

Who makes by force his merit known  
And lives to clutch the golden key,  
To mould a mighty state's decrees,  
And shape the whisper of the throne,

And moving up from high to higher,  
Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope  
The pillar of a people's hope,  
The centre of a world's desire,

Yet feels, as in a pensive dream,  
When all his active powers are still,  
A distant dearness in the hill,  
A secret sweetness in the stream,

The limit of his narrower fate,  
While yet beside its vocal springs  
He play'd at counsellors and kings,  
With one that was his earliest mate,

Who ploughs with pain his native lea  
And reaps the labour of his hands,  
Or in the furrow musing stands,  
'Does my old friend remember me?'

## IXV

Sweet soul, do with me as thou wilt,  
I lull a fancy trouble tost  
With 'Love's too precious to be lost,  
A little gain shall not be split'

And in that solace can I sing,  
Till out of painful phases wrought  
There flutters up a happy thought,  
Self balanced on a lightsome wing

Since we deserved the name of friends,  
And thine effect so lives in me,  
A part of mine may live in thee  
And move thee on to noble ends

## IXVI

You thought my heart too far diseased,  
You wonder when my fancies play  
To find me gay among the gay,  
Like one with any trifle pleased

The shade by which my life was lost,  
Which makes a desert in the mind,  
Has made me kindly with my kind,  
And like to him whose sight is lost,

Whose feet are guided thro' the land,  
Whose jest among his friends is free,  
Who takes the children on his knee,  
And winds their curls about his hand

He plays with thierds, he beats his chain  
For pastime, dreaming of the sky,  
His inner day can never die,  
His night of loss is always there

## LXVII

When on my bed the moonlight fills,  
I know that in thy place of rest  
By that broad water of the west,  
I here comes a glory on the walls

Thy marble bright in dark appears,  
As slowly steals a silver flame  
Along the letters of thy name  
And o'er the number of thy years

The mystic glory swims away,  
From off my bed the moonlight dies,  
And closing caves of warded eyes  
I sleep till dusk is dipt in grey

And then I know the mist is drawn  
A lucid veil from coast to coast,  
And in the dark church like a ghost  
Thy tablet glimmers to the dawn

## LXVIII

When in the dawn I sink my head,  
Sleep, Death's twin-brother, takes  
my breath,  
Sleep, Death's twin-brother, knows  
not Death,  
Nor can I dream of thee as dead

I walk as ere I walk'd forlorn,  
When all our path was fresh with dew,  
And all the bugle breezes blew  
Reveillee to the breaking morn

But what is this? I turn about,  
I find a trouble in thine eye,  
Which makes me sad I know not why,  
Nor can my dream resolve the doubt

But ere the lark hath left the lae  
I wake, and I discern the truth,  
It is the trouble of my youth  
That foolish sleep transfers to thee

## LXIX

I dream'd there would be Spring no more,  
That Nature's ancient power was  
lost  
The streets were black with smoke  
and frost,  
They chatter'd trifles at the door

I wander'd from the noisy town,  
I found a wood with thorny boughs  
I took the thorns to bind my brows,  
I wore them like a civic crown

I met with scolds, I met with scorn  
From youth and babe and hoary  
huns

They call'd me in the public squares  
The fool that wears a crown of thorns

They call'd me fool, they call'd me child  
I found an angel of the night,  
The voice was low, the look was  
bright,

He look'd upon my crown and smiled

He reach'd the glory of a hand,  
That seem'd to touch it into life  
The voice was not the voice of grief,  
The words were hard to understand

## LXX

I cannot see the features right,  
When on the gloom I strive to print  
The face I know, the hues are faint  
And mix with hollow mists of night,

Cloud-towers by ghostly masons wrought,  
A gulf that ever shuts and gapes,  
A hand that points, and pulled shape,  
In shadowy thoroughfares of thought,

And crowds that steam from yawning  
doors,  
And shoals of pucker'd faces dive,  
Dark bulks that tumble half alive,  
And lazy lengths on boundless shores,

Till all at once beyond the will  
I hear a wizard music roll,  
And thro' a lattice on the soul  
Looks thy fair face and makes it still

## LXXI

Sleep, kinsman thou to death and trance  
And madness, thou hast forged at last  
A night long Present of the Past  
In which we went thro' summer France

Hadst thou such credit with the soul?  
Then bring an opiate tiebly strong,  
Drug down the blindfold sense of  
wrong  
That so my pleasure may be whole,

While now we talk as once we talk'd  
Of men and minds, the dust of change,  
The days that grow to something  
strange,  
In walking as of old we walk'd

Beside the river's wooded reach,  
The fortress, and the mountain ridge,  
The cataract flashing from the budge,  
The breaker breaking on the beach

## LXXII

Risest thou thus, dim dawn, again,  
And howlest, issuing out of night,  
With blasts that blow the poplar  
white,  
And lash with storm the streaming pane?

Day, when my crown'd estate begun  
To pine in that reverse of doom,  
Which sicken'd every living bloom,  
And blur'd the splendour of the sun,

Who usherest in the dolorous hour  
With thy quick tears that make the  
rose  
Pull sideways, and the daisy close  
Her crimson fringes to the show'r,

Whomight'st have heaved a windless flame  
Up the deep East, or, whispering,  
play'd  
A chequer work of beam and shade  
Along the hills, yet look'd the same

As wan, as chill, as wild as now,  
Day, mark'd as with some hideous  
crime,  
When the dark hand struck down  
thio' time,  
And cancell'd nature's best but thou,

Lift as thou may'st thy burthen'd brows  
Thro' clouds that diench the morning  
star,  
And whirl the ungarn'd sheaf afar,  
And sow the sky with flying boughs,

And up thy vault with roaring sound  
Climb thy thick noon, disastrous day,  
Touch thy dull goal of joyless gray,  
And hide thy shame beneath the ground

## LXXIII

So many would's, so much to do,  
So little done, such things to be,  
How know I what had need of thee,  
For thou wast strong as thou wast true?

The fame is quench'd that I foresaw,  
The head hath mis'd an earthly  
wreath  
I curse not nature, no, nor death,  
For nothing is that errs from law

We pass, the path that each man trod  
Is dim, or will be dim, with weeds  
What fame is left for human deeds  
In endless age? It rests with God

O hollow wrath of dying fame,  
Fade wholly, while the soul exults,  
And self unfolds the large results  
Of force that would have forged a name

## LXXIV

As sometimes in a dead man's face,  
To those that watch it more and more,  
A likeness, hardly seen before,  
Comes out—to some one of his race

So, dearest, now thy brows are cold,  
I see thee what thou art, and know  
Thy likeness to the wise below,  
Thy kindred with the great of old

But there is more than I can see,  
And what I see I leave unsaid,  
Not speak it, knowing Death has  
made  
His darkness beautiful with thee

## LXXXV

I leave thy praises unexpress'd  
In verse that brings myself relief,  
And by the measure of my grief  
I leave thy greatness to be guess'd,

What practice howsoever expect  
In fitting aptest words to things,  
Or voice the richest toned that sings,  
Hath power to give thee as thou wert

I care not in these fading days  
To raise a cry that lasts not long,  
And round thee with the breeze of  
song  
To stir a little dust of praise

Thy leaf has perish'd in the green,  
And, while we live, beneath the  
sun,  
The world which credits what is done  
Is cold to all that might have been

So here shall silence guard thy fame,  
But somewhere, out of human view,  
Whate'er thy hands are set to do  
Is wrought with tumult of acclaim

## LXXXVI

Take wings of fancy, and ascend,  
And in a moment set thy face  
Where all the starry heavens of  
space  
Are sharpen'd to a needle's end,

Take wings of foresight, lighten thine  
The secular abyss to come,  
And lo, thy deepest lays are dumb  
Before the mouldering of a yew,

And if the matin songs, that woke  
The darkness of our planet, last,  
Thine own shall wither in the vast,  
Ere half the lifetime of an oak

Ere these have clothed their branchy  
bowers  
With fifty Mays, thy songs are vain,  
And what are they when these remain  
The ruin'd shells of hollow towers?

## LXXXVII

What hope is here for modern rhyme  
To him, who turns a musing eye  
On songs, and deeds, and lives, that  
he  
Foreshorten'd in the tract of time?

These mortal lullabies of pun  
My bind a book, my line a box,  
My serve to curl a maiden's locks,  
Or when a thousand moons shall wane

A man upon a stall may find,  
And, passing, turn the page that tells  
A grief, then changed to something  
else,  
Sung by a long forgotten mind

But what of that? My drunken'd ways  
Shall ring with music all the same,  
To bid the my loss is more than fame,  
To utter love more sweet than praise

## - LXXXVIII

Again at Christmas did we weave  
The holly round the Christmas  
hearth,  
The silent snow possess'd the earth,  
And calmly fell our Christmas eve

The yule clog sparkled keen with frost,  
No wing of wind the region swept,  
But over all things brooding slept  
The quiet sense of something lost

As in the winters left behind,  
Again our ancient games had place,  
The mimic picture's breathing grace,  
And dance and song and hoodman blind

Who show'd a token of distress?  
 No single tear, no mark of pain  
 O sorrow, then can sorrow wane?  
 O grief, can grief be changed to less?

O last regret, regret can die!  
 No—mixt with all this mystic frame,  
 Her deep relations are the same,  
 But with long use her tears are dry

## LXXIV

'More than my brothers are to me,'—  
 Let this not vex thee, noble heart!  
 I know thee of what force thou art  
 To hold the costliest love in fee

But thou and I are one in kind,  
 As moulded like in Nature's mint,  
 And hill and wood and field did print  
 The same sweet forms in either mind

For us the same cold streamlet curl'd  
 Thro' all his eddying coves, the same  
 All winds that roam the twilight came  
 In whispers of the beauteous world

At one dear knee we proffer'd vows,  
 One lesson from one book we learn'd,  
 Ere childhood's flaxen ringlet turn'd  
 To black and brown on kindled brows

And so my wealth resembles thine,  
 But he was rich where I was poor,  
 And he supplied my want the more  
 As his unlikeness fitted mine

## LXXV

If any vague desire should rise,  
 That holy Death ere Arthur died  
 Had moved me kindly from his side,  
 And dropt the dust on tearless eyes,

Then fancy shapes, as fancy can,  
 The grief my loss in him had wrought,  
 A grief as deep as life or thought,  
 But stay'd in peace with God and man

I make a picture in the brain,  
 I hear the sentence that he speaks,  
 He bears the burthen of the weeks  
 But turns his burthen into gain

His credit thus shall set me free,  
 And, influence rich to soothe and  
 save,  
 Unused example from the grave  
 Reach out dead hands to comfort me

## LXXVI

Could I have said while he was here,  
 'My love shall now no further range,  
 There cannot come a mellow  
 change,

For now is love mature in ear'

Love, then, had hope of richer store  
 What end is here to my complaint?  
 This haunting whisper makes me  
 faint,

'More years had made me love thee more'

But Death returns an answer sweet  
 'My sudden frost was sudden gain,  
 And gave all ripeness to the grain,  
 It might have dawn'd from after heat'

## LXXVII

I wage not any feud with Death  
 For changes wrought on form and  
 face,  
 No lower life than earth's embrace  
 May breed with him, can fright my faith

Eternal process moving on,  
 From state to state the spirit walks,  
 And these are but the shatter'd stalks,  
 Or run'd chrysalis of one

Nor blame I Death, because he bare  
 The use of virtue out of earth  
 I know transplanted human worth  
 Will bloom to profit, elsewhere

For this alone on Death I weak  
 The wrath that garners in my heart,  
 He put our lives so far apart  
 We cannot hear each other speak

## LXXVIII

Dip down upon the northern shore,  
 O sweet new year delaying long,  
 Thou doest expectant nature wrong,  
 Delaying long, delay no more

What stays thee from the clouded noons,  
Thy sweetness from its proper place?  
Can trouble live with April days,  
Or sadness in the summer moons?

Bung orchis, bring the foxglove spire,  
The little speedwell's darling blue,  
Deep tulips dash'd with fiery dew,  
Laburnums, drooping wells of fire

O thou, new year, delaying long,  
Delayest the sorrow in my blood,  
That longs to burst a frozen bud  
And flood a fresher throat with song

#### XXXX

When I contemplate all alone  
The life that had been thine below,  
And fix my thoughts on all the glow  
To which thy crescent would have grown

I see thee sitting crown'd with good,  
A central warmth diffusing bliss  
In glance and smile, and clasp and  
kiss,

On all the branches of thy blood,

Thy blood, my friend, and partly mine  
For now the day was drawing on,  
When thou should'st link thy life  
with one

Of mine own house, and boys of thine

Had babbled 'Uncle' on my knee,  
But that remorseless non-hou  
Made cypress of her orange flower,  
Despur of Hope, and earth of thee

I seem to meet thee lest desire,  
To clasp then cheeks, to call them mine  
I see thee unborn faces shine  
Beside the never-lighted fire

I see myself an honour'd guest,  
Thy partner in the flowery walk  
Of letters, genial table talk,  
Or deep dispute, and graceful jest,

While now thy prosperous labour fills  
The lips of men with honest praise,  
And sun by sun the happy days  
Descend below the golden hills

With promise of a morn as fair,  
And all the train of bounteous hours  
Conduct by paths of growing powers,  
To reverence and the silver hair,

Till slowly worn her earthly robe,  
Her lavish mission richly wrought,  
Leaving great legacies of thought,  
Thy spirit should sail from off the globe,

What time mine own might also flee,  
As link'd with thine in love and fate,  
And, hovering o'er the dolorous stair  
To the other shore, involved in thee,

Arrive at last the blessed goal,  
And life that died in Holy Land  
Would reach us out the shining hand,  
And take us as a single soul

What need was that on which I leant?  
Ah, backward fancy, wherefore wake  
The old bitterness again, and break  
The low beginnings of content

#### XXXXV

This truth came borne with bier and pall,  
I felt it, when I sorrow'd most,  
'Tis better to have loved and lost,  
Than never to have loved at all—

O true in word, and true in deed,  
Demanding, so to bring relief  
To this which is our common grief,  
What kind of life is that I lead,

And whether trust in things above  
Be dimm'd of sorrow, or sustain'd,  
And whether love for him have  
dimin'd

My capabilities of love,

Your words have virtue such as draws  
A faithful answer from the breast,  
Thine light reproaches, half exprest,  
And loyal unto kindly laws

My blood an even tenor kept,  
Till on mine ear this message falls,  
That in Vienna's fatal walls  
God's finger touch'd him, and he slept



The great Intelligences fun  
 That range above our mortal state,  
 In circle round the blessed gate,  
 Received and gave him welcome there,  
 And led him thro' the blissful climes,  
 And show'd him in the fountain fresh  
 All knowledge that the sons of flesh  
 Shall gather in the cycl'd times  
 But I remain'd, whose hopes were dim,  
 Whose life, whose thoughts were little  
 worth,  
 To wander on a darken'd earth,  
 Where all things round me breathed of  
 him  
 O friendship, equal poised control,  
 O heart, with kindest motion warm,  
 O sacred essence, other form,  
 O solemn ghost, O crowned soul !  
 Yet none could better know than I,  
 How much of act at human hands  
 The sense of human will demands  
 By which we dare to live or die  
 Whatever way my days decline,  
 I felt and feel, tho' left alone,  
 His being working in mine own,  
 His footsteps of his life in mine,  
 A life that all the Muses deck'd  
 With gifts of grace, that might ex-  
 press  
 All comprehensive tenderness,  
 All subliming intellect  
 And so my passion hath not swerved  
 To works of weakness, but I find  
 An image comforting the mind,  
 And in my grief a strength reserved  
 Likewise the imaginative woe,  
 That loved to handle spiritual strife,  
 Diffused the shock thro' all my life,  
 But in the present broke the blow  
 My pulses therefore beat again  
 For other friends that once I met,  
 Nor can it suit me to forget  
 The mighty hopes that make us men

I woo you love I count it crime  
 To mourn for any overmuch,  
 I, the divided half of such  
 A friendship as had master'd Time,  
 Which masters Time indeed, and is  
 Eternal, separate from fears  
 The all assuming months and years  
 Can take no part away from this  
 But Summer on the steaming floods,  
 And Spring that swells the narrow  
 brooks,  
 And Autumn, with a noise of rooks,  
 That gather in the waning woods,  
 And every pulse of wind and wave  
 Recalls, in change of light or gloom,  
 My old affection of the tomb,  
 And my prime passion in the grave  
 My old affection of the tomb,  
 A part of stillness, years to speak  
 'Aise, and get thee forth and seek  
 A friendship for the years to come  
 'I watch thee from the quiet shore,  
 Thy spirit up to mine can reach,  
 But in dear words of human speech  
 We two communicate no more'  
 And I, 'Can clouds of nature stain  
 The starry clearness of the free?  
 How is it? Canst thou feel for me  
 Some painless sympathy with pain?'  
 And lightly does the whisper fall,  
 'Tis hard for thee to fathom this,  
 I triumph in conclusive bliss,  
 And that serene result of all'  
 So hold I commerce with the dead,  
 Or so methinks the dead would  
 say,  
 Or so shall grief with symbols play  
 And pining life be fancy fed  
 Now looking to some settled end,  
 That these things pass, and I shall  
 prove  
 A meeting somewhere, love with love,  
 I crave you pardon, O my friend,

If not so fresh, with love as true,  
 I, clasping brother hands, ave  
 I could not, if I would, transfer  
 The whole I felt for him to you

For which be they that hold apart  
 The promise of the golden hours?  
 First love, first friendship, equal  
 powers,  
 That marry with the virgin heart

Still mine, that cannot but deplore,  
 That beats within a lonely place,  
 That yet remembers his embrace,  
 But at his footstep leaps no more,

My heart, tho' widow'd, may not rest  
 Quite in the love of what is gone,  
 But seeks to beat in time with one  
 That warms another living breast

Ah, take the imperfect gift I bring,  
 Knowing the primrose yet is dew,  
 The primrose of the later year,  
 As not unlike to that of Spring

## LXXVI

Sweet after showers, ambrosial rain,  
 That sollest from the gorgeous  
 gloom  
 Of evening over brake and bloom  
 And meadow, slowly breathing brake

The round of space, and rapt below  
 Thro' all the dewy tressell'd wood,  
 And shadowing down the horned  
 flood  
 In ripples, fan my brows and blow

The fever from my cheek, and sigh  
 The full new life that feeds thy  
 breath  
 Throughout my frame, till Doubt  
 and Death,  
 Ill brethren, let the fancy fly

From belt to belt of crimson seas  
 On leagues of odour streaming far,  
 To where in yonder orient star  
 A hundred spirits whisper 'Peace'

## LXXVII

I past beside the reverend walls  
 In which of old I wore the gown;  
 I roved at random thro' the town,  
 And saw the tumult of the halls,

And heard once more in college fanes  
 The storm their high built organs  
 make,  
 And thunder music, rolling, shake  
 The prophet blazon'd on the pines,

And caught once more the distant shout,  
 The measured pulse of racing oars  
 Among the willows, paced the shores  
 And many a bridge, and all about

The same gray flats again, and felt  
 The same, but not the same, and  
 last

Up that long walk of limes I past  
 To see the rooms in which he dwelt

Another name was on the door  
 I linger'd, all within was noise  
 Of songs, and clapping hands, and  
 boys

That crash'd the glass and beat the floor,

Where once we held debate, a band  
 Of youthful friends, on mind and art,  
 And labour, and the changing mart,  
 And all the framework of the land,

When one would run in arrow fur,  
 But send it shakily from the string  
 And one would pierce an outer ring,  
 And one an inner, here and there,

And last the master bowman, he,  
 Would cleave the mark A willing  
 ear  
 We kn't him Who, but hung to  
 hear

The rapt oration flowing free

From point to point, with power and  
 grace

And music in the bounds of law,  
 To those conclusions when we saw  
 The God within him light his face,

And seem to lift the form, and glow  
 In azure orbits heavenly wise,  
 And over those ethereal eyes  
 The bar of Michael Angelo

## LXXXVIII

Wild bird, whose warble, liquid sweet,  
 Rings Eden thro' the budded quacks,  
 O tell me where the senses mix,  
 O tell me where the passions meet,

Whence radiate fierce extremes employ  
 Thy spouts in the darkening leaf,  
 And in the midmost heart of grief  
 Thy passion clasps a secret joy

And I—my harp would prelude woe—  
 I cannot all command the strings,  
 The glory of the sum of things  
 Will flash along the chords and go

## LXXXIX

Witch elms that counterchange the floor  
 Of this flat lawn with dusk and  
 bright,  
 And thou, with all thy breadth and  
 height  
 Of foliage, towering sycamore,

How often, hither wandering down,  
 My Arthur found your shadows fur,  
 And shook to all the liberal air  
 The dust and din and steam of town

He brought an eye for all he saw,  
 He mixt in all our simple sports,  
 They pleased him, fresh from brawl  
 ing courts  
 And dusty pulleys of the law

O joy to him in this retreat,  
 Immured in ambrosial dark,  
 To drink the cooler air, and mark  
 The landscape winking thro' the heat

O sound to rout the brood of cares,  
 The sweep of scythe in morning  
 dew,  
 The rust that round the garden flew,  
 And tumbled half the mellowing peais

O bliss, when all in circle drawn  
 About him, heart and ear were fed  
 To hear him, as he lay and read  
 The Tuscan poets on the lawn

O! in the all golden afternoon  
 A guest, or happy sister, sung,  
 Or here she brought the harp and  
 flung  
 A ballad to the brightening moon

Nor less it pleased in livelier moods,  
 Beyond the bounding hill to stay,  
 And break the lifelong summer day  
 With banquet in the distant woods

Whereat we glanced from theme to  
 theme,  
 Discuss'd the books to love or hate,  
 Or touch'd the changes of the state,  
 Or threaded some sociatic dream,

But if I praised the busy town,  
 He loved to rail against it still,  
 For 'ground in yonder social mill  
 We rub each other's angles down,

'And merge' he said 'in form and  
 gloss  
 The picturesque of man and man'  
 We talk'd the stream beneath us  
 in,  
 The wine flask lying couch'd in moss,

Or cool'd within the glooming wave,  
 And last, returning from afar,  
 Before the crimson circled star  
 If'd fall'n into her father's grave,

And bushing ankle deep in flowers,  
 We heard behind the woodbine veil  
 The milk that bubbled in the pail,  
 And buzzings of the honied hours

## XC

He tasted love with half his mind,  
 Nor ever drank the inviolate spring  
 Where mightest heaven, who first  
 could fling  
 This bitter seed among mankind,

That could the dead, whose dying eyes  
Were closed with wail, resume their  
life,

They would but find in child and wife  
An un welcome when they rise

'Twas well, indeed, when warm with wine  
To pledge them with a kindly tea,  
To talk them o'er, to wish them here,  
To count their memories half divine,

But if they came who past away,  
Behold their birds in other hands  
The hard heir strides about their  
lands,  
And will not yield them for a day

Yea, tho' their sons were none of these,  
Not less the yet loved one would  
make  
Confusion worse than death, and  
shake

The pillars of domestic peace

Ah dear, but come thou back to me  
Whatever change the years have  
wrought,  
I find not yet one lonely thought  
That cues against my wish for thee

#### XCII

When rose plumlets tuff the larch,  
And rarely pipes the mounted thrush,  
On underneath the barren bush  
Flits by the sea blue bird of Much,

Come, wear the form by which I know  
Thy spirit in time among thy peers,  
The hope of unaccomplish'd years  
Be large and lucid round thy brow

When summer's hourly mellowing change  
May breathe, with many roses sweet,  
Upon the thousand waves of wheat,  
That ripple round the lonely grange,

Come not in watches of the night,  
But where the sunbeam broodeth  
warm,  
Come, beauteous in thine after form,  
And like a finer light in light

#### XCIII

If any vision should reveal  
Thy likeness, I might count it vain  
As but the canker of the brain,  
Yea, tho' it spake and made appeal

To chances where our lots were cast  
Together in the days behind,  
I might but say, I hear a wind  
Of memory murmuring the past.

Yea, tho' it spake and bared to view  
A fact within the coming year,  
And tho' the months, revolving near,  
Should prove the phantom warning true,

They might not seem thy prophecies,  
But spiritual presentiments,  
And such refraction of events  
As often uses ere they rise

#### XCIV

I shall not see thee Dore I say  
No spirit ever broke the bond  
That strays him from the native land  
Where first he walk'd when clustring in clay?

No visual shade of some one lost,  
But he, the Spirit himself, may come  
Where all the nerve of sense is  
numb,  
Spirit to Spirit, Ghost to Ghost

O, therefore from thy sightless range  
With gods in un conjectured bliss,  
O, from the distance of the abyss,  
Of tenfold complicated change,

Descend, and touch, and enter, hear  
The wish too strong for words to  
name,  
That in this blindness of the frame  
My Ghost may feel that thine is near

#### XCIV

How pure at heart and sound in head,  
With what divine affections hold  
Should be the man whose thought  
would hold  
An hour's communion with the dead

In vain shalt thou, or any, call  
 The spirits from their golden day,  
 Except, like them, thou too canst say,  
 My spirit is at peace with all

They haunt the silence of the breast,  
 Imaginations calm and fair,  
 The memory like a cloudless air,  
 The conscience as a sea at rest

But when the heart is full of din,  
 And doubt beside the portal waits,  
 They can but listen at the gates,  
 And hear the household jar within

## XCV

By night we linger'd on the lawn,  
 For underfoot the herb was dry,  
 And genial warmth, and o'er the sky  
 The silvery haze of summer drawn,

And calm that let the tapers burn  
 Unwavering not a cricket chir'd  
 The brook alone fur off was heard,  
 And on the board the fluttering urn

And bats went round in fragrant skies,  
 And wheel'd or lit the filmy shapes  
 That haunt the dusk, with emine  
 capes  
 And woolly breasts and beaded eyes,

While now we sung old songs that perld  
 From knoll to knoll, where, couch'd  
 at ease,  
 The white line glimmer'd, and the  
 trees

Laid their dark arms about the field

But when those others, one by one,  
 Withdrew themselves from me and  
 night,  
 And in the house light after light  
 Went out, and I was all alone,

A hunger seized my heart, I read  
 Of that glad year which once had  
 been,  
 In those fall'n leaves which kept  
 their green,  
 The noble letters of the dead

And strangely on the silence broke  
 The silent speaking words, and  
 strange

Was love's dumb cry defying change  
 To test his worth, and strangely spoke

The faith, the vigour, bold to dwell  
 On doubts that drive the coward back,  
 And keen thro' wordy snares to track  
 Suggestion to her inmost cell

So word by word, and line by line,  
 The dead man touch'd me from the  
 past,  
 And all at once it seem'd at last  
 The living soul was flash'd on mine,

And mine in this was wound, and whirl'd  
 About empyreal heights of thought,  
 And came on that which is, and  
 caught

The deep pulsations of the world,

Æonian music measuring out  
 The steps of Time—the shocks of  
 Chance—

The blows of Death At length  
 my trance  
 Was cancell'd, stricken thro' with doubt

Vague words! but ah, how hard to flame  
 In matter moulded forms of speech,  
 Or ev'n for intellect to reach  
 Thro' memory that which I became

Till now the doubtful dusk reveal'd  
 The knolls once more where, couch'd  
 at ease,

The white line glimmer'd, and the  
 trees

Laid then dark arms about the field

And suck'd from out the distant gloom  
 A breeze began to tremble o'er  
 The large leaves of the sycamore,  
 And fluctuate all the still perfume,

And gathering fresher overhead,  
 Rock'd the full foliaged elms, and  
 swung  
 The heavy folded rose, and flung  
 The lilies to and fro, and said

'The dawn, the dawn,' and died away,  
And East and West, without a  
breath,  
Mixt then dim lights, like life and  
death,

To broaden into boundless day

XCVI

You say, but with no touch of scorn,  
Sweet-hearted, you, whose light  
blue eyes

Aie tender over drowning life,  
You tell me, doubt is Devil born

I know not one indeed I knew  
In many a subtle question versed,  
Who touch'd a jarring lyre at first,  
But ever strove to make it true

Perplex in faith, but pure in deeds,  
At last he bent his music out  
There lives more faith in honest  
doubt,  
Believe me, than in half the creeds

He fought his doubts and gather'd  
strength,  
He would not make his judgment  
blind,  
He faced the spectres of the mind  
And laid them thus he came at length

To find a stronger faith his own,  
And Power was with him in the  
night,  
Which makes the darkness and the  
light,  
And dwells not in the light alone,

But in the darkness and the cloud,  
As over Sinai's peaks of old,  
While Israel made their gods of  
gold,  
Altho' the trumpet blew so loud

XCVII

My love has talk'd with rocks and trees,  
He finds on misty mountain ground  
His own vast shadow glory crown'd,  
He sees himself in all he sees

Two partners of a married life—  
I look'd on these and thought of thee  
In vastness and in mystery,  
And of my spirit as of a wife

These two—they dwelt with eye on eye,  
Their hearts of old have beat in  
tune,

Then meetings made December June  
Their every parting was to die

Then love has never past away,  
The days she never can forget  
Are earnest that he loves her yet,  
Whatsoever the faithless people say

Her life is lone, he sits apart,  
He loves her yet, she will not weep,  
Tho' rapt in matters dark and deep  
He seems to slight her simple heart

He thuds the labyrinth of the mind,  
He reads the secret of the star,  
He seems so near and yet so far,  
He looks so cold she thinks him kind

She keeps the gift of years before,  
A wither'd violet is her bliss  
She knows not what his greatness is,  
For that, for all, she loves him more

For him she plays, to him she sings  
Of early faith and plighted vows,  
She knows but matters of the house,  
And he, he knows a thousand things

Her faith is fix'd and cannot move,  
She darkly feels him great and wise,  
She dwells on him with faithful eyes,  
'I cannot understand I love'

XCVIII

You leave us you will see the Rhine,  
And those fair hills I sail'd below,  
When I was there with him, and go  
By summer belts of wheat and vine

To where he breathed his latest breath,  
That City All her splendour seems  
No livelier than the wisp that gleams  
On the eye in the eyes of Death

Let her great Danube rolling fair  
 Enwind her isles, unmark'd of me  
 I have not seen, I will not see  
 Vienna, rather dream that there,

A treble darkness, Evil haunts  
 The bith, the bridal, friend from  
 friend  
 Is oftener parted, fathers bend  
 Above more graves, a thousand wants

Gnarr at the heels of men, and prey  
 By each cold heath, and sadness  
 flings  
 Her shadow on the blaze of kings  
 And yet myself have heard him say,

That not in any mother town  
 With statelier progress to and fro  
 The double tides of chariots flow  
 By park and suburb under brown

Of lustier leaves, nor more content,  
 He told me, lives in any crowd,  
 When all is gay with lamps, and  
 loud  
 With spoit and song, in booth and tent,

Imperial halls, or open plain,  
 And wheels the circled dance, and  
 breaks  
 The rocket molten into flakes  
 Of crimson or in emerald rain

## XCIX

Risest thou thus, dim dawn, again,  
 So loud with voices of the birds,  
 So thick with lowings of the herds,  
 Day, when I lost the flower of men,

Who tremblest thro' thy darkling red  
 On yon swoll'n brook that bubbles  
 fast  
 By meadows breathing of the past,  
 And woodlands holy to the dead,

Who murmurest in the foliaged eaves  
 A song that slights the coming care,  
 And Autumn laying here and there  
 A fiery finger on the leaves,

Who wakenest with thy balmy breath  
 To myriads on the genial earth,  
 Memories of bridal, or of bith,  
 And unto myriads more, of death

O wheresoe'er those may be,  
 Betwixt the slumber of the poles,  
 To day they count as kindred souls,  
 They know me not, but mourn with me

## C

I climb the hill from end to end  
 Of all the landscape underneath,  
 I find no place that does not breathe  
 Some gracious memory of my friend,

No gray old grange, or lonely fold,  
 Or low morass and whispering  
 reed,  
 Or simple stile from mead to mead,  
 Or sheepwalk up the windy wold,

Nor hoary knoll of ash and haw  
 That hears the latest linnet trill,  
 Nor quarry trench'd along the hill  
 And haunted by the wrangling daw,

Nor runlet tinkling from the rock,  
 Nor pastoral rivulet that swerves  
 To left and right thro' meadowy  
 curves,  
 That feed the mothers of the flock,

But each has pleased a kindred eye,  
 And each reflects a kinder day,  
 And, leaving these, to pass away,  
 I think once more he seems to die

## CI

Unwatch'd, the garden bough shall sway,  
 The tender blossom flutter down,  
 Unloved, that beech will gather  
 brown,

This maple burn itself away,

Unloved, the sun flower, shining fair,  
 Ray round with flames her disk of  
 seed,

And many a rose carnation feed  
 With summer spice the humming air,

Unloved, by many a sundy bair,  
The brook shall babble down the  
plain,  
At noon or when the lesser wain  
Is twisting round the polar star,

Uncared for, gude the windy grove,  
And flood the haunts of hein and  
craik,  
Or into silver mrows break  
The sailing moon in creek and cove,

Till from the garden and the wild  
A fresh association blow,  
And year by year the landscape  
grow  
Familiar to the stranger's child,

As year by year the labourer tills  
His wonted glebe, or lops the glades,  
And year by year our memory fades  
From all the circle of the hills

## CII

We leave the well beloved place  
Where first we gazed upon the sky,  
The roofs, that heard our earliest  
cry,  
Will shelter one of stranger race

We go, but ere we go from home,  
As down the garden walks I move,  
Two spirits of a diverse love  
Contend for loving masterdom

One whispers, 'Here thy boyhood sung  
Long since its matin song, and  
heard  
The low love-language of the bud  
In native hazels tassel hung'

The other answers, 'Yea, but here  
Thy feet have stray'd in after hours  
With thy lost friend among the  
bowers,  
And this hath made them trebly dear'

These two have striven half the day,  
And each prefers his separate claim,  
Poor rivals in a losing game,  
That will not yield each other way

I turn to go my feet are set  
To leave the pleasant fields and  
farms,  
They mix in one another's arms  
To one pure image of regret

## CIII

On that last night before we went  
From out the doors where I was bred,  
I dream'd a vision of the dead,  
Which left my after morn content

Methought I dwelt within a hall,  
And maddens with me distant hills  
From hidden summits fed with rills  
A river sliding by the wall

The hall with harp and carol rang  
They sang of what is wise and good  
And graceful In the centre stood  
A statue veil'd, to which they sang,

And which, tho' veil'd, was known to me,  
The shape of him I loved, and love  
For ever then flew in a dove  
And brought a summons from the sea

And when they learnt that I must go  
They wept and wail'd, but led the  
way  
To where a little shallop lay  
At anchor in the flood below,

And on by many a level mead,  
And shadowing bluff that made the  
banks,  
We glided winding under ranks  
Of us, and the golden reed,

And still as faster grew the shore  
And roll'd the floods in grander  
space,  
The maidens gather'd strength and  
grace  
And presence, lordlier than before

And I myself, who sat apart  
And watch'd them, wail'd in every  
limb,  
I felt the throes of Anakim,  
The pulses of a Titan's heart,



As one would sing the death of wai,  
 And one would chant the history  
 Of that great race, which is to be,  
 And one the shaping of a stai ,

Until the forward creeping tides  
 Began to foam, and we to draw  
 From deep to deep, to where we saw  
 A great ship lift her shining sides

The man we loved was there on deck,  
 But thice as large as man he bent  
 To greet us Up the side I went,  
 And fell in silence on his neck

Whereat those maidens with one mind  
 Bewail'd their lot, I did them wrong  
 'We served thee here,' they said,  
 'so long,

And wilt thou leave us now behind''

So apt I was, they could not win  
 An answer from my lips, but he  
 Replying, 'Enter likewise ye  
 And go with us ' they enter'd in

And while the wind began to sweep  
 A music out of sheet and shroud,  
 Westward her toward acumson cloud  
 That landlike slept along the deep

## CIV

The time draws near the birth of Christ,  
 The moon is hid, the night is still,  
 A single church below the hill  
 Is pealing, folded in the mist

A single peal of bells below,  
 That wakens at this hour of rest  
 A single murmur in the breast,  
 That these are not the bells I know

Like strangers' voices here they sound,  
 In lands where not a memory stays,  
 No landmark breathes of other days,  
 But all is new unhallow'd ground

## CV

To night ungather'd let us leave  
 This hovel, let this holly stand  
 We live within the stranger's land,  
 And strangely falls our Christmas-eve

Our father's dust is left alone  
 And silent under other snows  
 There in due time the woodbine  
 blows,

The violet comes, but we are gone

No more shall wayward grief abuse  
 The genial hour with mask and  
 mime,  
 For change of place, like growth of  
 time,  
 Has broke the bond of dying use

Let cares that petty shadows cast,  
 By which our lives are chiefly  
 proved,  
 A little spare the night I loved,  
 And hold it solemn to the past

But let no footstep beat the floor,  
 Nor bowl of wassail mantle wain,  
 For who would keep an ancient form  
 Thro' which the spirit breathes no more?

Be neither song, nor game, nor feast,  
 Nor harp be touch'd, nor flute be  
 blown,

No dance, no motion, save alone  
 What lightens in the lucid east

Of rising world? by yonder wood  
 Long sleeps the summer in the seed,  
 Run out your measured arcs, and  
 lead

The closing cycle rich in good

## CVI

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
 The flying cloud, the frosty light  
 The year is dying in the night,  
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow  
 The year is going, let him go,  
 Ring out the false, ring in the true

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
 For those that here we see no more,  
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
 Ring in redress to all mankind

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife,  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
The faithless coldness of the times,  
Ring out, ring out my mournful  
rhymes,  
But ring the fuller minstrel in

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite,  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,  
Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand,  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be

## CIV

It is the day when he was born  
A bitter day that early sunk  
Behind a purple frosty bank  
Of vapour, leaving night forlorn

The time admits not flowers or leaves  
To deck the banquet. Fiercely flies  
The blast of North and East, and ice  
Makes daggers at the shiver'd eaves,

And bustles all the brakes and thorns  
To yon hrid crescent, as she hangs  
Above the wood which guides and  
clangs

Its leafless ribs and iron horns

Together, in the drifts that pass  
To darken on the rolling brine  
That breaks the coast. But fetch  
the wine,

Arrange the board and bump the glass,  
Bring in great logs and let them lie,  
To make a solid core of heart,  
Be cheerful minded, talk and treat  
Of all things ev'n as he were by,

We keep the day With festal cheer,  
With books and music, surely we  
Will drink to him, whate'er he be,  
And sing the songs he loved to hear

## CVIII

I will not shut me from my kin,  
And, lest I stiffen into stone  
I will not eat my heart alone,  
Nor feed with sighs a passing wind

What profit lies in barren faith,  
And vacant yearning, tho' with might  
To scale the heaven's highest height,  
Or dive below the wells of Death?

What find I in the highest place,  
But mine own phantom chanting  
hymns?  
And on the depths of death there  
swims  
The reflex of a human face

I'll rather take what fruit may be  
Of sorrow under human skies  
'Tis held that sorrow makes us  
wise,  
Whatever wisdom sleep with thee

Heart affluence in discursive talk  
From household fountain, never  
dry,  
The critic clearness of an eye,  
That saw thro' all the Muses' walk,

Scaphic intellect and force  
To save and throw the doubts of  
man,  
Impression'd logic, which outran  
The heaver in its fiery course,

High nature ravenous of the good,  
But touch'd with no ascetic gloom,  
And passion pure in snowy bloom  
Thro' all the years of April blood,

A love of freedom cruelly felt,  
Of freedom in her regal seat  
Of England, not the schoolboy heart,  
The blind hysterics of the Celt,

And manhood fused with female grace  
 In such a sort, the child would twine  
 A trustful hand, unask'd, in thine,  
 And find his comfort in thy face,

All these have been, and thee mine eyes  
 Have look'd on if they look'd in  
 vain,  
 My shame is greater who remain,  
 Nor let thy wisdom make me wise

## CX

Thy converse drew us with delight,  
 The men of rath and ripper years  
 The feeble soul, a haunt of fears,  
 Forgot his weakness in thy sight

On thee the loyal hearted hung  
 The proud was half disarm'd of  
 pride,  
 Nor cared the serpent at thy side  
 To flicker with his double tongue

The stern were mild when thou wert by,  
 The flippant put himself to school  
 And heard thee, and the brazen fool  
 Was soften'd, and he knew not why,

While I, thy newest, sat apart,  
 And felt thy triumph was as mine,  
 And loved them more, that they  
 were thine,  
 The graceful tact, the Christian art,

Nor mine the sweetness of the skill,  
 But mine the love that will not tire,  
 And, born of love, the vague desire  
 That spins an imitative will

## CXI

The churl in spirit, up or down  
 Along the scale of ranks, thro' all,  
 To him who grasps a golden ball,  
 By blood a king, at heart a clown,

The churl in spirit, howe'er he veil  
 His want in forms for fashion's  
 sake,  
 Will let his coltish nature break  
 At seasons thro' the gilded pale

For who can always act? but he,  
 To whom a thousand memories call,  
 Not being less but more than all  
 The gentleness he seem'd to be,

Best seem'd the thing he was, and join'd  
 Each office of the social hour  
 To noble manners, as the flower  
 And native growth of noble mind,

Nor ever narrowness or spite,  
 Or villain fancy fleeting by,  
 Drew in the expression of an eye,  
 Where God and Nature met in light,

And thus he bore without abuse  
 The grand old name of gentleman,  
 Defamed by every charlatan,  
 And soil'd with all ignoble use

## CXII

High wisdom holds my wisdom less,  
 That I, who gaze with temperate  
 eyes  
 On glorious insufficiencies,  
 Set light by narrower perfectness

But thou, that fillest all the room  
 Of all my love, art reason why  
 I seem to cast a careless eye  
 On souls, the lesser lords of doom

For what wert thou? some novel power  
 Sprang up for ever at a touch,  
 And hope could never hope too  
 much,  
 In watching thee from hour to hour,

Large elements in order brought,  
 And tracts of calm from tempest  
 made,  
 And world wide fluctuation sway'd  
 In vassal tides that follow'd thought

## CXIII

'Tis held that sorrow makes us wise,  
 Yet how much wisdom sleeps with  
 thee  
 Which not alone had guided me,  
 But served the seasons that may use,

For can I doubt, who knew thee keen  
 In intellect, with force and skill  
 To strive, to fashion, to fulfil—  
 I doubt not what thou wouldst have been

A life in civic action won,  
 A soul on highest mission sent,  
 A potent voice of Parliament,  
 A pillar steadfast in the storm,  
 Should licensed boldness gather force,  
 Becoming, when the time has birth,  
 A lever to uplift the earth  
 And roll it in another course,  
 With thousand shocks that come and go,  
 With agonies, with energies,  
 With overthrowings, and with crises,  
 And undulations to and fro

## CXLV

Who loves not Knowledge? Who shall  
 rail  
 Against her beauty? May she mix  
 With men and prosper! Who shall  
 fix

Her pillars? Let her work prevail

But on her forehead sits a frown  
 She sets her forward countenance  
 And leaps into the future chance,  
 Submitting all things to desire

Half grown as yet, a child, and vain—  
 She cannot fight the frown of death  
 What is she, cut from love and faith,  
 But some wild Pallas from the brain

Of Demons? fiery hot to burst  
 All barriers in her onward race  
 For power I let her know her place,  
 She is the second, not the first

A higher hand must make her mild,  
 If all be not in vain, and guide  
 Her footsteps, moving side by side  
 With wisdom, like the younger child

For she is earthly of the mind,  
 But Wisdom heavenly of the soul  
 O, friend, who comest to thy goal  
 So early, leaving me behind,

I would the great world grew like thee,  
 Who grieved not alone in power  
 And knowledge, but by year and  
 hour  
 In reverence and in charity

## CXLV

Now fades the last long streak of snow,  
 Now burgeons every maze of quick  
 About the flowering squares, and  
 thick

By ashen roots the violets blow

Now rings the woodland loud and long,  
 The distance takes a lovelier hue,  
 And down'd in yonder living blue  
 The lark becomes a sightless song

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,  
 The flocks are whiter down the vale,  
 And milkier every milky sul  
 On winding stream or distant sea,

Where now the searow pipes, or dives  
 In yonder greening gleam, and fly  
 The happy buds, that change their  
 sky  
 To build and brood, that live their lives

From land to land, and in my breast  
 Spring wakens too, and my regret  
 Becomes an April violet,  
 And buds and blossoms like the rest

## CXLVI

Is it, then, regret for buried time  
 That keenlier in sweet April wakes,  
 And meets the year, and gives and  
 takes

The colours of the crescent prime?

Not all the songs, the stirring air,  
 The life is cut out of dust,  
 Cry thro' the sense to heaven trust  
 In that which made the world so fair

Not all regret the face will shine  
 Upon me, while I muse alone,  
 And that dear voice, I once have  
 known,  
 Still speak to me of me and mine

Yet less of sorrow lives in me  
 For days of happy commune dead,  
 Less yearning for the friendship  
 fled,  
 Than some strong bond which is to be

## CXVII

O days and hours, your work is this  
 To hold me from my proper place,  
 A little while from his embrace,  
 For fuller gain of after bliss

That out of distance might ensue  
 Desire of nearness doubly sweet,  
 And unto meeting when we meet,  
 Delight a hundredfold accrue,

For every grain of sand that runs,  
 And every span of shade that  
 steals,  
 And every kiss of toothed wheels,  
 And all the courses of the suns

## CXVIII

Contemplate all this work of Time,  
 The giant labouring in his youth,  
 Nor dream of human love and truth,  
 As dying Nature's earth and lime,

But trust that those we call the dead  
 Are breathers of an ampler day  
 For ever nobler ends They say,  
 The solid earth whereon we tread

In tracts of fluent heat begun,  
 And grew to seeming random forms,  
 The seeming prey of cyclic storms,  
 Till at the last arose the man,

Who throve and bianch'd from clime to  
 clime,  
 The herald of a higher race,  
 And of himself in higher place,  
 If so he type this work of time

Within himself, from more to more,  
 OI, crown'd with attributes of woe  
 Like glories, move his course, and  
 show  
 That life is not as idle ore,

But iron dug from central gloom,  
 And heated hot with burning fears,  
 And dipt in baths of hissing tears,  
 And batter'd with the shocks of doom

To shape and use Arise and fly  
 The reeling Faun, the sensual feast,  
 Move upward, working out the beast,  
 And let the ape and tiger die

## CXIX

Doors, where my heart was used to beat  
 So quickly, not as one that weeps  
 I come once more, the city sleeps,  
 I smell the meadow in the street,

I hear a chirp of birds, I see  
 Betwixt the black fronts long with  
 dawn  
 A light-blue lane of early dawn,  
 And think of early days and thee,

And bless thee, for thy lips are bland,  
 And bright the friendship of thine  
 eye,  
 And in my thoughts with scarce a sigh  
 I take the pressure of thine hand

## CXX

I trust I have not wasted breath  
 I think we are not wholly brain,  
 Magnetic mockeries, not in vain,  
 Like Paul with beasts, I fought with  
 Death,

Not only cunning casts in clay  
 Let Science prove we are, and then  
 What matters Science unto men,  
 At least to me? I would not stay

Let him, the wiser man who springs  
 Hereafter, up from childhood shape  
 His action like the greater ape,  
 But I was *born* to other things

## CXXI

Sad Hesper o'er the buried sun  
 And ready, thou, to die with him,  
 Thou watchest all things ever dim  
 And dummer, and a glory done

The team is loosen'd from the wun,  
 The boat is drawn upon the shore,  
 Thou listenest to the closing door,  
 And life is darken'd in the brain

Bright Phosphor, fiesher for the night,  
 By thee the world's great work is heard  
 Beginning, and the wakeful bird,  
 Behind thee comes the greater light

The market boat is on the stream,  
 And voices hail it from the brink,  
 Thou hearest the village hammer  
 clink,  
 And see'st the moving of the team

Sweet Hesper Phosphor, double name  
 For what is one, the first, the last,  
 Thou, like my present and my  
 past,  
 Thy place is changed, thou art the  
 same

## CXVII

Oh, wast thou with me, dearest, then,  
 While I rose up against my doom,  
 And yearn'd to burst the folded  
 gloom,  
 To bare the eternal Hecate's gun,

To feel once more, in placid awe,  
 The strong imagination roll  
 A sphere of stars about my soul,  
 In all her motion one with law,

If thou wert with me, and the grave  
 Divide us not, be with me now,  
 And enter in at breast and brow,  
 Till all my blood, a fuller wave,

Be quicken'd with a livelier breath,  
 And like an inconsiderate boy,  
 As in the former flash of joy,  
 I slip the thoughts of life and death,

And all the breeze of Fancy blows,  
 And every dew drop prints a bow,  
 The wizard lightnings deeply glow,  
 And every thought breaks out a rose

## CXVIII

There rolls the deep where grew the tree  
 O earth, what changes hast thou  
 seen!

There where the long street roars,  
 hath been  
 The stillness of the cental sea

The hills are shadows, and they flow  
 From form to form, and nothing  
 stands,  
 They melt like mist, the solid lands,  
 Like clouds they shape themselves and  
 go

But in my spirit will I dwell,  
 And dream my dream, and hold it  
 true,  
 For tho' my lips may breathe adieu,  
 I cannot think the thing farewell

## CXIX

That which we dare invoke to bless,  
 Our dearest faith, our ghastliest  
 doubt,  
 He, They, One, All, within, with  
 out,

The Power in darkness whom we guess,  
 I found Him not in world or sun,  
 On eagle's wing, on insect's eye,  
 Nor thro' the questions men may  
 try,  
 The petty cobwebs we have spun

If e'er when faith had fall'n asleep,  
 I heard a voice 'believe no more'  
 And heard an ever breaking shore  
 That tumbled in the Godless deep,

A warmth within the breast would melt  
 The freezing reason's colder part,  
 And like a man in wrath the heart  
 Stood up and answer'd 'I have felt'

No, like a child in doubt and fear  
 But that blind clamour made me  
 wise,  
 Then was I as a child that cries,  
 But, crying, knows his father near,

And what I am beheld again  
 What is, and no man understands,  
 And out of darkness came the hands  
 That reach thro' nature, moulding men

## CXXV

Whatever I have said or sung,  
 Some bitter notes my harp would give,  
 Yea, tho' there often seem'd to live  
 A contradiction on the tongue,

Yet Hope had never lost her youth,  
 She did but look through dimmer  
 eyes,

O! Love but play'd with gracious lies,  
 Because he felt so fix'd in truth

And if the song were full of care,  
 He breathed the spirit of the song,  
 And if the words were sweet and  
 strong

He set his royal signet there,

Abiding with me till I sail  
 To seek thee on the mystic deeps,  
 And this electric force, that keeps  
 A thousand pulses dancing, fail

## CXXVI

Love is and was my Lord and King,  
 And in his presence I attend  
 To hear the tidings of my friend,  
 Which every hour his counsels bring

Love is and was my King and Lord,  
 And will be, tho' as yet I keep  
 Within his court on earth, and sleep  
 Encompass'd by his faithful guard,

And hear at times a sentinel  
 Whom moves about from place to place,  
 And whispers to the worlds of space,  
 In the deep night, that all is well

## CXXVII

And all is well, tho' faith and form  
 Be Sunder'd in the night of fear,  
 Well roars the storm to those that  
 hear  
 A deeper voice across the storm,

Proclaiming social truth shall spread,  
 And justice, ev'n tho' thence again  
 The red fool fury of the Seine  
 Should pile her barricades with dead

But ill for him that wears a crown,  
 And him, the lazy, in his rags  
 They tremble, the sustaining crags  
 The spires of ice are toppled down,

And molten up, and roar in flood,  
 The fortress crashes from on high,  
 The brute earth lightens to the sky,  
 And the great Æon sinks in blood,

And compass'd by the fires of Hell,  
 While thou, dear spirit, happy star,  
 O'erlook'st the tumult from afar,  
 And smilest, knowing all is well

## CXXVIII

The love that rose on stronger wings,  
 Unpalsied when he met with Death,  
 Is comrade of the lesser faith  
 That sees the course of human things

No doubt vast eddies in the flood  
 Of onward time shall yet be made,  
 And throned races may degrade,  
 Yet O ye mystics of good,

Wild Hours that fly with Hope and Fear,  
 If all your office had to do  
 With old results that look like new,  
 If this were all your mission here,

To draw, to sheathe a useless sword,  
 To fool the crowd with glorious  
 lies,

To cleave a creed in sects and cries,  
 To change the bearing of a word,

To shift an arbitrary power,  
 To cramp the student at his desk,  
 To make old business picturesque  
 And tuft with grass a feudal tower,

Why then my scorn might well descend  
 On you and yours I see in part  
 That all, as in some piece of art,  
 Is toil coopeant to an end

## CXXIX

Dear friend, far off, my lost desire,  
 So far, so near in woe and weal,  
 O loved the most, when most I feel  
 There is a lower and a higher,

Known and unknown, human, divine,  
 Sweet human hand and lips and eye,  
 Dear heavenly friend that canst not  
 die,  
 Mine, mine, for ever, ever mine,

Strange friend, past, present, and to be,  
 Loved deeper, darker understood,  
 Behold, I dream a dream of good,  
 And mingle all the world with thee

## CXXX

Thy voice is on the rolling air,  
 I hear thee where the waters run,  
 Thou standest in the rising sun,  
 And in the setting thou art fair

What art thou then? I cannot guess,  
 But tho' I seem in star and flower  
 To feel thee some diffusive power,  
 I do not therefore love thee less

My love involves the love before,  
 My love is vaster passion now,  
 Tho' mix'd with God and Nature  
 thou,

I seem to love thee more and more

Far off thou art, but ever nigh,  
 I have thee still, and I rejoice,  
 I prosper, circled with thy voice,  
 I shall not lose thee tho' I die

## CXXVI

O living will that shalt endure  
 When all that seems shall suffer  
 shock,

Rise in the spiritual rock,  
 Flow thro' our deeds and make them pure,

That we may lift from out of dust  
 A voice as unto him that hears,  
 A cry above the conquer'd years  
 To one that with us works, and trusts,

With faith that comes of self control,  
 The truths that never can be proved  
 Until we close with all we loved,  
 And all we flow from, soul in soul

O true and tried, so well and long,  
 Demand not thou a marriage lay,  
 In that it is thy marriage day  
 Is music more than any song

Nor have I felt so much of bliss  
 Since first he told me that he loved  
 A daughter of our house, nor proved  
 Since that dark day a day like this,

Tho' I since then have number'd o'er  
 Some thrice three years they went  
 and came,  
 Remade the blood and changed the  
 frame,  
 And yet is love not less, but more,

No longer caring to embalm  
 In dying songs a dead regret,  
 But like a statue solid set,  
 And moulded in colossal calm

Regret is dead, but love is more  
 Than in the summers that are flown,  
 For I myself with these have grown  
 To something greater than before,

Which makes appear the songs I made  
 As echoes out of weaker times,  
 As half but idle brawling rhymes,  
 The sport of random sun and shade

But where is she, the bridal flower,  
 That must be made a wife ere noon?  
 She enters, glowing like the moon  
 Of Eden on its bridal bower

On me she bends her blissful eyes  
 And then on thee, they meet thy look  
 And brighten like the stars that shook  
 Betwixt the palms of paradise

O when her life was yet in bud,  
 He too foretold the perfect rose  
 For thee she grew, for thee she grows  
 For ever, and as fair as good



And thou art worthy, full of power,  
 As gentle, liberal minded, great,  
 Consistent, wearing all that weight  
 Of learning lightly like a flower

But now set out the noon is near,  
 And I must give away the bride,  
 She fears not, or with thee beside  
 And me behind her, will not fear

For I that danced her on my knee,  
 That watch'd her on her nurse's arm,  
 That shielded all her life from harm  
 At last must part with her to thee,

Now waiting to be made a wife,  
 Ife feel, my darling, on the dead,  
 Their pensive tablets round her head,  
 And the most living words of life

Breathed in her ear The ring is on,  
 The 'wilt thou' answer'd, and again  
 The 'wilt thou' ask'd, till out of  
 twain

Her sweet 'I will' has made you one

Now sign your names, which shall be  
 read,  
 Mute symbols of a joyful morn,  
 By village eyes as yet unborn,  
 The names are sign'd, and overher'd

Begins the clash and clang that tells  
 The joy to every wandering breeze,  
 The blind wall rocks, and on the trees  
 The dead leaf trembles to the bells

O happy hour, and happier hours  
 Await them Many a merry face  
 Salutes them—maidens of the place,  
 That pelt us in the porch with flowers

O happy hour, behold the bride  
 With him to whom her hand I gave  
 They leave the porch, they pass the  
 grave

That has to day its sunny side

To dry the grave is bright for me,  
 For them the light of life increased,  
 Who stay to share the morning feast,  
 Who rest to night beside the sea

Let all my genial spirits advance  
 To meet and greet a white sun,  
 My drooping memory will not shun  
 The forming grape of eastern France

It circles round, and fancy plays,  
 And hearts are warm'd and faces  
 bloom,  
 As drinking health to bride and  
 groom

We wish them store of happy days

Nor count me all to blame if I  
 Conjecture of a stiller guest,  
 Perchance, perchance, among the  
 rest,

And, tho' in silence, wishing joy

But they must go, the time draws on,  
 And those white-favour'd hoises  
 wait,

They use, but linger, it is late,  
 Farewell, we kiss, and they are gone

A shade falls on us like the dark  
 From little cloudlets on the grass,  
 But sweeps away as out we pass  
 To range the woods, to roam the park,

Discussing how their courtship grew,  
 And talk of others that are wed,  
 And how she look'd, and what he  
 said,

And back we come at full of dew

Again the feast, the speech, the glee,  
 The shade of passing thought, the  
 wealth

Of words and wit, the double health,  
 The crowning cup, the three times-three,

And last the dance,—till I retire  
 Dumb is that tower which spake so  
 loud,  
 And hush in heaven the streaming  
 cloud,

And on the downs a rising fire

And use, O moon, from yonder down,  
 Lull over down and over dale  
 All night the shining vapour sail  
 And pass the silent lighted town,

The white faced halls, the glancing hills,  
 And catch at every mountain head,  
 And o'er the firths that branch and  
 spread  
 Their sleeping silver thro' the hills,  
 And touch with shade the bridal doos,  
 With tender gloom the roof, the  
 wall,  
 And breaking let the splendour fall  
 To spangle all the happy shores  
 By which they rest, and ocean sounds,  
 And, star and system rolling past,  
 A soul shall draw from out the vast  
 And strike his being into bounds,  
 And, moved thro' life of lower phase,  
 Result in man, be born and think,  
 And act and love, a closer link  
 Between us and the crowning race

Of those that, eye to eye, shall look  
 On knowledge, under whose com-  
 mand  
 Is Earth and Earth's, and in their  
 hand  
 Is Nature like an open book,  
 No longer half akin to brute,  
 For all we thought and loved and did,  
 And hoped, and suffer'd, is but seed  
 Of what in them is flower and fruit,  
 Whereof the man, that with me trod  
 This planet, was a noble type  
 Appearing ere the times were ripe,  
 That friend of mine who lives in God,  
 That God, which ever lives and loves,  
 One God, one law, one element,  
 And one far off divine event,  
 To which the whole creation moves

## MAUD, A MONODRAMA

### PART I

#### I

#### I

I HATE the dreadful hollow behind the little wood,  
 Its lips in the field above me dribbled with blood red heath,  
 The red mib'd ledges drip with a silent horror of blood,  
 And Echo there, whatever is ask'd her, answers 'Death'

#### II

For there in the ghastly pit long since a body was found,  
 His who had given me life—O father! O God! was it well?—  
 Mangled, and fluted, and crush'd, and dived into the ground  
 There yet lies the rock that fell with him when he fell

#### III

Did he fling himself down? who knows? for a vast speculation had fail'd,  
 And ever he mutter'd and madden'd, and ever warn'd with despair,  
 And out he walk'd when the wind like a broken wouldling wail'd,  
 And the flying gold of the ruin'd woodlands drove thro' the air

#### IV

I remember the time, for the roots of my hair were stain'd  
 By a shuffled step, by a dead weight trail'd, by a whisper'd night,  
 And my pulses closed their gates with a shock on my heart as I heard  
 The shuddered shriek of a mother divide the shuddering night

## V

Villany somewhere ' whose ? One says, we are villains all  
Not he his honest fame should at least by me be maintained  
But that old man, now lord of the broad estate and the Hall,  
Dropt off goiged from a scheme that had left us flaccid and drain'd

## VI

Why do they prate of the blessings of Peace ? we have made them a curse,  
Pickpockets, each hand lusting for all that is not its own ,  
And lust of gain, in the spirit of Cain, is it better or worse  
Than the heart of the citizen hissing in wai on his own heathstone ?

## VII

But these are the days of advance, the works of the men of mind,  
When who but a fool would have faith in a tradesman's ware or his word ?  
Is it peace or war ? Civil war, as I think, and that of a kind  
The viler, as underhand, not openly bearing the sword

## VIII

Sooner or later I too may passively take the print  
Of the golden age—why not ? I have neither hope nor trust ,  
May make my heart as a millstone, set my face as a flint,  
Cheat and be cheated, and die who knows ? we are ashes and dust

## IX

Peace sitting under her olive, and slumbering the days gone by,  
When the poor are hovell'd and hustled together, each sex, like swine,  
When only the ledger lives, and when only not all men lie ,  
Peace in her vineyard—yes !—but a company forges the wine

## X

And the vitriol madness flushes up in the ruffian's head,  
Till the filthy by-linings to the yell of the trampled wife,  
And chalk and alum and plaster are sold to the poor for bread,  
And the spirit of murder works in the very means of life,

## XI

And Sleep must lie down arm'd, for the villainous centie-bits  
Grind on the wakeful ear in the hush of the moonless nights,  
While another is cheating the sick of a few last gasps, as he sits  
To pestle a poison'd poison behind his crimson lights

## XII

When a Mammonite mother kills her babe for a burial fee,  
And Timour Mammon grins on a pile of children's bones,  
Is it peace or war ? better, wai ! loud war by land and by sea,  
Wai with a thousand battles, and shaking a hundred thrones

## XIII

For I trust if an enemy's fleet came yonder round by the hill,  
And the rushing battle bolt sang from the three decket out of the foam,  
That the smooth faced snubnosed rogue would leap from his counter and till,  
And strike, if he could, were it but with his cheating yaidwand, home —

## XIV

What 'am I aching alone as my father ached in his mood ?  
Must I too creep to the hollow and dash myself down and die  
Rather than hold by the law that I made, nevcimore to brood  
On a horror of shatter'd limbs and a wretched swindler's lie ?

## XV

Would there be sorrow for me ? there was *love* in the passionate shriek,  
Love for the silent thing that had made false haste to the grave—  
Wrapt in a cloak, as I saw him, and thought he would rise and speak  
And rave at the he and the hai, ah God, as he used to rave

## XVI

I am sick of the Hall and the hill, I am sick of the moon and the man  
Why should I stay ? can a sweeter chance ever come to me here ?  
O, having the nerves of motion as well as the nerves of pain,  
Were it not wise if I fled from the place and the pit and the fear ?

## XVII

Workmen up at the Hall !—they are coming back from abroad  
The dark old place will be gilt by the touch of a millionaire  
I have heard, I know not whence, of the singular beauty of Maud,  
I play'd with the girl when a child, she promised then to be fair

## XVIII

Maud with her venturesome climbings and tumbles and childish escapes,  
Maud the delight of the village, the ringing joy of the Hall,  
Maud with her sweet purse mouth when my father dangled the grapes,  
Maud the beloved of my mother, the moon faced darling of all,—

## XIX

What is she now ? My dreams are bled She may bring me a curse  
No, there is fatter game on the moon, she will let me alone  
Thanks, for the fiend best knows, whether woman or man be the worse  
I will bury myself in myself, and the Devil may pipe to his own

## II

Long have I sigh'd for a calm God grant I may find it at last !  
It will never be broken by Maud, she has neither savour nor salt,  
But a cold and cleru cut face, as I found when her carriage past,  
Perfectly beautiful let it be granted her where is the fault ?

All that I saw (for her eyes were downcast, not to be seen)  
 Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null,  
 Dead perfection, no more, nothing more, if it had not been  
 For a chance of travel, a paleness, an hour's defect of the rose,  
 Or an underlip, you may call it a little too ripe, too full,  
 Or the least little delicate aquiline curve in a sensitive nose,  
 From which I escaped heart free, with the least little touch of spleen

## III

Cold and clear cut face, why come you so cruelly meek,  
 Breaking a slumber in which all spleenful folly was down'd,  
 Pale with the golden beam of an eyelash dead on the cheek,  
 Passionless, pale, cold face, star sweet on a gloom profound,  
 Womanlike, taking revenge too deep for a transient wrong  
 Done but in thought to your beauty, and ever as pale as before  
 Growing and fading and growing upon me without a sound,  
 Luminous, gemlike, ghostlike, deathlike, half the night long  
 Growing and fading and growing, till I could bear it no more,  
 But arose, and all by myself in my own dark garden ground,  
 Listening now to the tide in its broad flung shipwrecking roar,  
 Now to the scream of a madden'd beach dragg'd down by the wave,  
 Walk'd in a wintry wind by a ghastly glimmer, and found  
 The shining daffodil dead, and Onion lov' in his grave

## IV

## I

A million emeralds break from the ruby budded lime  
 In the little grove where I sit—ah, wherefore cannot I be  
 Like things of the season gay, like the bountiful season bland,  
 When the fair soft soul is blown by the breeze of a softer clime,  
 Half-lost in the liquid azure bloom of a crescent of sea,  
 The silent sapphire spangled marriage ring of the land?

## II

Below me, there, is the village, and looks how quiet and small!  
 And yet bubbles o'er like a city, with gossip, scandal, and spite,  
 And Jack on his ale house bench has as many lies as a Czar,  
 And here on the landward side, by a red rock, glimmers the Hall,  
 And up in the high Hall garden I see her pass like a light,  
 But sorrow seize me if ever that light be my leading star!

## III

When have I bow'd to her father, the wrinkled head of the race?  
 I met her to-day with her brother, but not to her brother I bow'd  
 I bow'd to his lady sister as she rode by on the moon,  
 But the fire of a foolish pride flash'd over her beautiful face  
 O child, you wrong your beauty, believe it, in being so proud,  
 Your father has wealth well gotten, and I am nameless and poor

## IV

I keep but a man and a maid, ever ready to slander and steal,  
 I know it, and smile a hard set smile, like a stoic, or like  
 A wise epicurean, and let the world have its way  
 For nature is one with rapine, a hum no preacher can heal  
 The Mayfly is torn by the swallow, the sparrow spear'd by the shrike,  
 And the whole little world where I sit is a world of plunder and prey

## V

We are puppets, Man in his pride, and Beauty fair in her flower,  
 Do we move ourselves, or are moved by an unseen hand at a game  
 That pushes us off from the board, and others ever succeed?  
 Ah yet, we cannot be kind to each other here for an hour,  
 We whisper, and hint, and chuckle, and grin at a brother's shame,  
 However we brave it out, we men are a little breed

## VI

A monstrous eft was of old the Lord and Master of Earth,  
 For him did his high sun flame, and his river billowing ran,  
 And he felt himself in his force to be Nature's crowning race  
 As nine months go to the shaping an infant ripe for his birth,  
 So many a million of ages have gone to the making of man  
 He now is first, but is he the last? is he not too base?

## VII

The man of science himself is fonder of glory, and vain,  
 An eye well-practised in nature, a spirit bounded and poor,  
 The passionate heart of the poet is whirled into folly and vice  
 I would not marvel at either, but keep a temperate brain,  
 For not to desire or admire, if a man could learn it, were more  
 Than to walk all day like the sultan of old in a garden of spice

## VIII

For the dust of the Maker is dark, an Isis hid by the veil  
 Who knows the ways of the world, how God will bring them about?  
 Our planet is one, the suns are many, the world is wide  
 Shall I weep if a Poland fall? shall I shriek if a Hungary fail?  
 Or an infant civilisation be ruled with rod or with knout?  
 I have not made the world, and He that made it will guide

## IX

Be mine a philosopher's life in the quiet woodland ways,  
 Where if I cannot be gay let a passionless peace be my lot,  
 Far off from the clamour of liars belied in the hubbub of lies,  
 From the long neck'd geese of the world that are ever hissing dispraise  
 Because their natures are little, and, whether he heed it or not,  
 Where each man walks with his head in a cloud of poisonous flies

## X

And most of all would I flee from the cruel madness of love,  
 The honey of poison flowers and all the measuless ill  
 Ah Maud, you milk-white fawn, you are all unmeet for a wife  
 Your mother is mute in her grave as her image in marble above,  
 Your father is ever in London, you wander about at your will,  
 You have but fed on the roses and lain in the lilies of life

## V

## I

A voice by the cedar tree  
 In the meadow under the Hall !  
 She is singing an air that is known to me,  
 A passionate ballad gallant and gay,  
 A martial song like a trumpet's call !  
 Singing alone in the morning of life,  
 In the happy morning of life and of May,  
 Singing of men that in battle array,  
 Ready in heart and ready in hand,  
 March with banner and bugle and fife  
 To the death, for their native land

## II

Maud with her exquisite face,  
 And wild voice pealing up to the sunny  
   sky,  
 And feet like sunny gems on an English  
   green,  
 Maud in the light of her youth and her  
   grace,  
 Singing of Death, and of Honour that  
   cannot die,  
 Till I well could weep for a time so sordid  
   and mean,  
 And myself so languid and base

## III

Silence, beautiful voice !  
 Be still, for you only trouble the mind  
 With a joy in which I cannot rejoice,  
 A glory I shall not find  
 Still ! I will hear you no more,  
 For your sweetness hardly leaves me a  
   choice  
 But to move to the meadow and fall before  
 Her feet on the meadow grass, and adore,  
 Not her, who is neither countly nor kind,  
 Not her, not her, but a voice

## VI

## I

Morning arises stormy and pale,  
 No sun, but a wannish glare  
 In fold upon fold of hueless cloud,  
 And the budded peaks of the wood are  
   bow'd  
 Caught and cuff'd by the gale  
 I had fancied it would be far

## II

Whom but Maud should I meet  
 Last night, when the sunset burn'd  
 On the blossom'd gable-ends  
 At the head of the village street,  
 Whom but Maud should I meet ?  
 And she touch'd my hand with a smile  
   so sweet,  
 She made me divine amends  
 For a courtesy not return'd

## III

And thus a delicate spail  
 Of glowing and growing light  
 Thro' the livelong hours of the dark  
 Kept itself warm in the heart of my  
   dreams,  
 Ready to burst in a colour'd flame,  
 Till at last when the morning came  
 In a cloud, it faded, and seems  
 But an ashen-gray delight

## IV

What if with her sunny hair,  
 And smile as sunny as cold,  
 She meant to weave me a snare  
 Of some coquettish deceit,  
 Cleopatra like as of old  
 To entangle me when we met,  
 To have her lion roll in a silken net  
 And fawn at a victor's feet

Ah, what shall I be at fifty  
 Should Nature keep me alive,  
 If I find the world so bitter  
 When I am but twenty five?  
 Yet, if she were not a chert,  
 If Maud were all that she seem'd,  
 And her smile were all that I dream'd,  
 Then the world were not so bitter  
 But a smile could make it sweet

## VI

What if tho' her eye seem'd full  
 Of a kind intent to me,  
 What if that dandy despot, he,  
 That jewell'd mass of millinery,  
 That oil'd and curl'd Assyrian Bull  
 Smelling of musk and of insolence,  
 Her brother, from whom I keep aloof,  
 Who wants the finer politic sense  
 To mask, tho' but in his own behoof,  
 With a glassy smile his brutal scorn—  
 What if he had told her yesternoon  
 How prettily for his own sweet sake  
 A face of tenderness might be feign'd,  
 And a moist mirage in desert eyes,  
 That so, when the rotten hustings shake  
 In another month to his barren lies,  
 A wretched vote may be gain'd

## VII

For a raven ever crows, at my side,  
 Keep watch and ward, keep watch and  
 ward,  
 Or thou wilt prove then fool  
 Yea, too, myself from myself I guard,  
 For often a man's own angry pride  
 Is cup and bells for a fool

## VIII

Perhaps the smile and tender tone  
 Came out of her pitying womanhood,  
 For am I not, am I not, here alone  
 So many a summer since she died,  
 My mother, who was so gentle and  
 good?  
 Living alone in an empty house,  
 Here half hid in the gleaming wood,  
 Where I hear the dead at midday noon,

And the shuddering rush of the wainscot  
 mouse,  
 And my own sad name in corners cued,  
 When the shiver of dancing leaves is  
 thrown  
 About its echoing chambers wide,  
 Fill a morbid hate and horror have  
 grown  
 Of a world in which I have hardly met,  
 And a morbid eating lichen fit  
 On a heart half ruin'd to stone

## IX

O heart of stone, are you flesh, and crught  
 By that you swore to withstand?  
 For what was it else within me wrought  
 But, I fear, the new strong wine of  
 love,  
 That made my tongue so stammer and  
 trip  
 When I saw the treasured splendour her  
 hand,  
 Come sliding out of her sacred glove,  
 And the sunlight broke from her lip?

## X

I have play'd with her when a child,  
 She remembers it now we meet  
 Ah well, well, well, I may be beguiled  
 By some coquettish deceit  
 Yet, if she were not a chert,  
 If Maud were all that she seem'd,  
 And her smile had all that I dream'd,  
 Then the world were not so bitter  
 But a smile could make it sweet

## VII

## I

Did I hear it half in a doze  
 Long since, I know not where?  
 Did I dream it an hour ago,  
 When asleep in this arm chair?

## II

Men were drinking together,  
 Drinking and talking of me,  
 'Well, if it prove a gail, the boy  
 Will have plenty so let it be'



## III

Is it an echo of something  
 Read with a boy's delight,  
 Viziers nodding together  
 In some Arabian night?

## IV

Strange, that I hear two men,  
 Somewhere, talking of me,  
 'Well, if it prove a gail, my boy  
 Will have plenty so let it be'

## VIII

She came to the village church,  
 And sat by a pillar alone,  
 An angel watching an urn  
 Wept over her, carved in stone,  
 And once, but once, she lifted her  
 eyes,  
 And suddenly, sweetly, strangely blush'd  
 To find they were met by my own,  
 And suddenly, sweetly, my heart beat  
 stronger  
 And thicker, until I heard no longer  
 The snowy banded, dilettante,  
 Delicate handed priest intone,  
 And thought, is it pride, and mused and  
 sigh'd  
 'No surly, now it cannot be pride'

## IX

I was walking a mile,  
 More than a mile from the shore,  
 The sun look'd out with a smile  
 Betwixt the cloud and the moon  
 And riding at set of day  
 Over the dark moon land,  
 Rapidly riding far away,  
 She waved to me with her hand  
 There were two at her side,  
 Something flash'd in the sun,  
 Down by the hill I saw them ride,  
 In a moment they were gone  
 Like a sudden spark  
 Struck vainly in the night,  
 Then returns the dark  
 With no more hope of light

## X

## I

Sick, am I sick of a jealous dread?  
 Was not one of the two at her side  
 This new made lord, whose splendour  
 plucks  
 The slavish hat from the villager's head?  
 Whose old grandfather has lately died,  
 Gone to a blacker pit, for whom  
 Grimy nakedness dragging his trucks  
 And laying his tiams in a poison'd gloom  
 Wrought, till he crept from a gutted  
 mine  
 Master of half a servile shire,  
 And left his coal all turn'd into gold  
 To a grandson, first of his noble line,  
 Rich in the grace all women desire,  
 Strong in the power that all men adore,  
 And surper and set their voices lower,  
 And soften as if to a gail, and hold  
 Awe stricken breaths at a work divine,  
 Seeing his gewgaw castle shine,  
 New as his title, built last year,  
 There amid peiky larches and pine,  
 And over the sullen-purple moon  
 (Look at it) picking a cockney ear

## II

What, has he found my jewel out?  
 For one of the two that rode at her side  
 Bound for the Hall, I am sure was he  
 Bound for the Hall, and I think for a  
 bride  
 Blithe would her brother's acceptance be  
 Maud could be gracious too, no doubt  
 To a lord, a captain, a padded shape,  
 A bought commission, a waxen face,  
 A rabbit mouth that is ever agape—  
 Bought? what is it he cannot buy?  
 And therefore splenetic, personal, base,  
 A wounded thing with a rancorous cry,  
 At war with myself and a wretched race,  
 Sick, sick to the heart of life, am I

## III

Last week came one to the county town,  
 To preach our poor little rummy down,  
 And play the game of the despot kings,

Tho' the state has done it and thence as  
 well  
 This broad-bum'd hawket of holy  
 things,  
 Whose ear is cramm'd with his cotton,  
 and rings  
 Even in diems to the chunk of his pence,  
 This huckster put down wu ' can he tell  
 Whether wu be a cause or a consequence?  
 Put down the passions that make earth  
 Hell!

Down with ambition, avice, pride,  
 Jealousy, down ' cut off from the mind  
 The bitter springs of anger and fear,  
 Down too, down at your own inside,  
 With the evil tongue and the evil eye,  
 For each is it wu with mankind

## IV

I wish I could hear again  
 The chivalrous battle song  
 That she waibled alone in her joy!  
 I might persuade myself then  
 She would not do herself this great wrong,  
 To take a wanton dissolute boy  
 For a man and leader of men

## V

Ah God, for a man with heart, head, hand,  
 Like some of the simple great ones gone  
 For ever and ever by,  
 One still strong man in a blutant land,  
 Whatever they call him, what eue I,  
 Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat — one  
 Who can rule and dare not lie

## VI

And ah for a man to arise in me,  
 That the man I am may cease to be!

## XI

## I

O let the solid ground  
 Not fail beneath my feet  
 Before my life has found  
 What some have found so sweet,  
 Then let come what come may,  
 What matter if I go mad,  
 I shall have had my day

## II

Let the sweet heavens endure,  
 Not close and darken above me  
 Before I am quite quite sure  
 That there is one to love me,  
 Then let come what come may  
 For a life that has been so sad,  
 I shall have had my day

## XII

## I

Buds in the high Hall garden  
 When twilight was falling,  
 Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,  
 They were crying and calling

## II

Where was Maud? in our wood,  
 And I, who else, was with her,  
 Gathering woodland lilies,  
 Myrinds blow together

## III

Buds in our wood sang  
 Ringing thro' the valleys,  
 Maud is here, here, here  
 In among the lilies

## IV

I kiss'd her slender hand,  
 She took the kiss sedately,  
 Maud is not seventeen,  
 But she is tall and stately

## V

I to cry out on pride  
 Who have won her favour!  
 O Maud were she of Heaven  
 If lowliness could save her

## VI

I know the way she went  
 Home with her maiden posy,  
 For her feet have touch'd the meadows  
 And left the daisies rose

## VII

Buds in the high Hall garden  
 Were crying and calling to her,  
 Where is Maud, Maud, Maud?  
 One is come to woo her

## VIII

Look, a hoise at the dooi,  
And little King Charley snarling,  
Go back, my lord, across the moor,  
You are not her dailing

## XIII

## I

Scorn'd, to be scorn'd by one that I scorn,  
Is that a matter to make me fiet?  
That a calamity hard to be borne?  
Well, he may live to hate me yet  
Fool that I am to be vex't with his pride!  
I past him, I was crossing his lands,  
He stood on the path a little aside,  
His face, as I grant, in spite of spite,  
Has a broad blown comeliness, red and  
white,  
And six feet two, as I think, he stands,  
But his essences turn'd the live air sick,  
And barbarous opulence jewel thick  
Sunn'd itself on his breast and his hands

## II

Who shall call me ungentle, unfan,  
I long'd so heartily then and there  
To give him the grasp of fellowship,  
But while I past he was humming an air,  
Stopt, and then with a riding whip  
Leisurely tapping a glossy boot,  
And curving a contumelious lip,  
Gorgonised me from head to foot  
With a stony British stare

## III

Why sits he here in his father's chan?  
That old man never comes to his place  
Shall I believe him ashamed to be seen?  
For only once, in the village street,  
Last year, I caught a glimpse of his face,  
A gray old wolf and a lean  
Scarcely, now, would I call him a cheat,  
For then, perhaps, as a child of deceit,  
She might by a true descent be untrue,  
And Maud is as true as Maud is sweet  
Tho' I fancy her sweetness only due  
To the sweeter blood by the other side,  
Her mother has been a thing complete,  
However she came to be so allied

And fan without, faithful within,  
Maud to him is nothing akin  
Some peculiar mystic grace  
Made her only the child of her mother,  
And heap'd the whole inherited sin  
On that huge scapegoat of the race,  
All, all upon the brother

## IV

Peace, angry spirit, and let him be!  
Has not his sister smiled on me?

## XIV

## I

Maud has a garden of roses  
And lilies fan on a lawn,  
There she walks in her state  
And tends upon bed and bower,  
And thither I climb'd at dawn  
And stood by her garden gate,  
A lion ramps at the top,  
He is clasp't by a passion flower

## II

Maud's own little oak room  
(Which Maud, like a precious stone  
Set in the heart of the caiven gloom,  
Lights with herself, when alone  
She sits by her music and books  
And her brother lingers late  
With a roystering company) looks  
Upon Maud's own garden gate  
And I thought as I stood, if a hand, as  
white

As ocean foam in the moon, were laid  
On the hasp of the window, and my  
Delight  
Had a sudden desire, like a glorious ghost,  
to glide,  
Like a beam of the seventh Heaven, down  
to my side,  
There were but a step to be made

## III

The fancy flatter'd my mind,  
And again seem'd overbold,  
Now I thought that she cared for me,  
Now I thought she was kind  
Only because she was cold

## IV

I heard no sound where I stood  
 But the ivy-leaf on from the lawn  
 Running down to my own dark wood,  
 O! the voice of the long sea-wave as it  
     swell'd  
 Now and then in the dim gray dawn,  
 But I look'd, and round, all round the  
     house I beheld  
 The death-white curtain drawn,  
 Felt a horror over me creep,  
 Prickle my skin and catch my breath,  
 Knew that the death white curtain meant  
     but sleep,  
 Yet I shudder'd and thought like a fool  
     of the sleep of death

## XV

So dark a mind within me dwells,  
 And I make myself such evil cheer,  
 That if I be dear to some one else,  
     Then some one else may have much to  
     fear,  
 But if I be dear to some one else,  
 Then I should be to myself more dear  
 Shall I not take care of all that I think,  
 Yea even of wretched meat and drink,  
 If I be dear,  
 If I be dear to some one else

## XVI

## I

This lump of earth has left his estate  
 The lighter by the loss of his weight,  
 And so that he find what he went to  
     seek,  
 And fulsome Pleasure clog him, and  
     down  
 His heart in the gross mud-honey of town,  
 He may stay for a year who has gone for  
     a week  
 But this is the day when I must speak,  
 And I see my Oread coming down,  
 O this is the day!  
 O beautiful creature, what am I  
 That I dare to look her way,  
 Think I may hold dominion sweet,  
 Lord of the pulse that is lord of her breast,

And dream of her beauty with tender  
     dread,  
 From the delicate Arab arch of her feet  
 To the grace that, bright and light as the  
     clearest  
 Of a peacock, sits on her shining head,  
 And she knows it not O, if she knew it,  
 To know her beauty might half undo it  
 I know it the one bright thing to save  
 My yet young life in the wilds of Time,  
 Perhaps from madness, perhaps from crime,  
 Perhaps from a selfish grave

## II

What, if she be fasten'd to this fool lord,  
 Dare I bid her abide by her word?  
 Should I love her so well if she  
 Had given her word to a thing so low?  
 Shall I love her as well if she  
 Can break her word were it even for me?  
 I trust that it is not so

## III

Catch not my breath, O clamorous heart,  
 Let not my tongue be a thall to my eye,  
 For I must tell her before we part,  
 I must tell her, or die

## XVII

Go not, happy day,  
     From the shining fields,  
 Go not, happy day,  
     Till the maiden yields  
 Rosy is thy West,  
     Rosy is the South,  
 Roses are her cheeks,  
     And a rose her mouth  
 When the happy Yea  
     Falters from her lips,  
 Pass and blush the news  
     Over glowing ships,  
 Over blowing seas,  
     Over seas at rest,  
 Press the happy news,  
     Blush it thro' the West,  
 Till the red man dance  
     By his red cedar tree,  
 And the red man's babe  
     Leap, beyond the sea

Blush from West to East,  
Blush from East to West,  
Till the West is East,  
Blush it thro' the West  
Rosy is the West,  
Rosy is the South,  
Roses are her cheeks,  
And a rose her mouth

## XVIII

## I

I have led her home, my love, my only  
friend  
There is none like her, none  
And never yet so warmly ran my blood  
And sweetly, on and on  
Calming itself to the long wish'd for end,  
Full to the banks, close on the promised  
good

## II

None like her, none  
Just now the dry tongued lamels' pitter  
ing talk  
Seem'd her light foot along the garden  
walk,  
And shook my heart to think she comes  
once more,  
But even then I heard her close the  
door,  
The gates of Heaven are closed, and she  
is gone

## III

There is none like her, none  
Nor will be when our summers have de  
ceased  
O, art thou sighing for Lebanon  
In the long breeze that streams to thy  
delicious East,  
Sighing for Lebanon,  
Dark cedar, tho' thy limbs have here un  
coursed,  
Upon a pastoral slope as fair,  
And looking to the South, and fed  
With honey'd run and delicate air,  
And haunted by the stony head  
Of her whose gentle will has changed my  
fate,

And made my life a perfumed altar flame,  
And over whom thy darkness must have  
spread  
With such delight as thens of old, thy  
great  
Forefathers of the thornless garden, there  
Shadowing the snow-limb'd Eve from  
whom she came

## IV

Here will I lie, while these long branches  
sway,  
And you fan stars that crown a happy day  
Go in and out as if at merry play,  
Who am no more so all forlorn,  
As when it seem'd far better to be born  
To labour and the mattock-harden'd  
hand,  
Than nursed at ease and brought to un  
deistand  
A sad astrology, the boundless plan  
That makes you tyrants in your iron  
skies,  
Innumerable, pitiless, passionless eyes,  
Cold fires, yet with power to burn and  
brand  
His nothingness into man

## V

But now shine on, and what care I,  
Who in this stormy gulf have found a  
pearl  
The countercharm of spice and hollow  
sky,  
And do accept my madness, and would die  
To save from some slight shame one  
simple girl

## VI

Would die, for sullen seeming Death  
may give  
More life to Love than is or ever was  
In our low world, where yet 'tis sweet to  
live  
Let no one ask me how it came to pass,  
It seems that I am happy, that to me  
A livelier emerald twinkles in the grass,  
A purer sapphire melts into the sea

## VII

Not die, but live a life of truest breath,  
 And teach true life to fight with mortal  
 wrongs  
 O, why should Love, like men in drink  
 ing-songs,  
 Spice his fair banquet with the dust of  
 death?  
 Make answer, Maud my bliss,  
 Maud made my Maud by that long loving  
 kiss,  
 Life of my life, wilt thou not answer this?  
 'The dusky strand of Death inwoven  
 here  
 With dear Love's tie, makes Love himself  
 more dear'

## VIII

Is that enchanted morn only the swell  
 Of the long waves that roll in yonder bay?  
 And hark the clock within, the silver  
 knell  
 Of twelve sweet hours that past in bridal  
 white,  
 And died to live, long as my pulses play,  
 But now by this my love has closed her  
 sight  
 And given false death her hand, and stol'n  
 away  
 To dreamful wastes where footless fancies  
 dwell  
 Among the fragments of the golden day  
 My nothing there her maiden grace  
 affright!  
 Dear heart, I feel with thee the drowsy  
 spell  
 My bide to be, my evermore delight,  
 My own heart's heart, my ownest own,  
 farewell,  
 It is but for a little space I go  
 And ye meanwhile full over moon and fell  
 Beat to the noiseless music of the night!  
 Has our whole earth gone nearer to the  
 glow  
 Of your soft splendours that you look so  
 bright?  
 I have climb'd nearer out of lonely Hell  
 Beat, happy stars, tuning with things  
 below,

Beat with my heart more blest than heart  
 can tell,  
 Blest, but for some dark undercurrent  
 woe  
 That seems to draw—but it shall not be  
 so  
 Let all be well, be well

## XIX

## I

Her brother is coming back to night,  
 Drinking up my dream of delight

## II

My dream? do I dream of bliss?  
 I have walk'd awake with Truth  
 O when did a morning shine  
 So rich in atonement as this  
 For my dark drowning youth,  
 Drunken'd watching a mother decline  
 And that dead man at her heart and  
 mine  
 For who was left to watch her but I?  
 Yet so did I let my freshness die

## III

I trust that I did not talk  
 To gentle Maud in our walk  
 (For often in lonely wanderings  
 I have curs'd him even to lifeless things)  
 But I trust that I did not talk,  
 Not touch on her father's sin  
 I am sure I did but speak  
 Of my mother's faded cheek  
 When it slowly grew so thin,  
 That I felt she was slowly dying  
 Vex'd with lawyers and harass'd with  
 debt  
 For how often I caught her with eyes all  
 wet,  
 Shaking her head at her son and sighing  
 A world of trouble within!

## IV

And Maud too, Maud was moved  
 To speak of the mother she loved  
 As one scarce less forlorn,  
 Dying abroad and it seems apart

From him who had ceased to share her  
heat,

And ever mourning over the feud,  
The household Fury sprinkled with blood  
By which our houses are torn  
How strange was what she said,  
When only Maud and the brother  
Hung over her dying bed—  
That Maud's dark father and mine  
Had bound us one to the other,  
Betrothed us over their wine,  
On the day when Maud was born,  
Seal'd her mine from her first sweet  
breath

Mine, mine by a right, from both till  
death

Mine, mine—our fathers have sworn

## V

But the true blood spilt had in it a heat  
To dissolve the precious seal on a bond,  
That, if left uncancell'd, had been so  
sweet

And none of us thought of a something  
beyond,

A desire that awoke in the heart of the  
child,

As it were a duty done to the tomb,  
To be friends for her sake, to be reconciled,

And I was cursing them and my doom,  
And letting a dangerous thought run  
wild

While often abroad in the fragrant gloom  
Of foreign churches—I see her there,  
Bright English lily, breathing a prayer  
To be friends, to be reconciled!

## VI

But then what a flint is he!

Abroad, at Florence, at Rome,  
I find whenever she touch'd on me  
This brother had laugh'd her down,  
And at last, when each came home,  
He had darken'd into a frown,  
Chid her, and forbid her to speak  
To me, her friend of the years before,  
And this was what had reddened her  
cheek

When I bow'd to her on the moon

## VII

Yet Maud, altho' not blind  
To the faults of his heart and mind,  
I see she cannot but love him,  
And says he is rough but kind,  
And wishes me to approve him,  
And tells me, when she lay  
Sick once, with a fear of worse,  
That he left his wine and horses and play,  
Sat with her, read to her, night and day,  
And tended her like a nurse

## VIII

Kind? but the deathbed desire  
Spurn'd by this heir of the heir—  
Rough but kind? yet I know  
He has plotted against me in this,  
That he plots against me still  
Kind to Maud? that were not amiss  
Well, rough but kind, why let it be so  
For shall not Maud have her will?

## IX

For, Maud, so tender and true,  
As long as my life endures  
I feel I shall owe you a debt,  
That I never can hope to pay,  
And if ever I should forget  
That I owe this debt to you  
And for your sweet sake to yours,  
O then, what then shall I say?—  
If ever I should forget,  
May God make me more wretched  
Than ever I have been yet!

## X

So now I have sworn to bury  
All this dead body of hate,  
I feel so free and so clear  
By the loss of that dead weight,  
That I should grow light headed, I fear,  
Fantastically merry,  
But that her brother comes, like a blight—  
On my fresh hope, to the Hall to night

## XX

## I

Strange, that I felt so gay,  
Strange, that I tried to day

To beguile her melancholy,  
 The Sultan, as we name him,—  
 She did not wish to blame him—  
 But he vext her and perplext her  
 With his worldly talk and folly  
 Was it gentle to reprove her  
 For stealing out of view  
 From a little lazy lover  
 Who but claims her as his due?  
 O! for chilling his caresses  
 By the coldness of her manners,  
 Nay, the plainness of her dresses?  
 Now I know her but in two,  
 Nor can pronounce upon it  
 If one should ask me whether  
 The habit, hat, and feather,  
 Or the flock and glossy bonnet  
 Be the better and completer,  
 For nothing can be sweeter  
 Than maiden Maud in either

## II

But to-morrow, if we live,  
 Our ponderous squire will give  
 A grand political dinner  
 To half the squelings here,  
 And Maud will wear her jewels,  
 And the bird of prey will hover,  
 And the titmouse hope to win her  
 With his chirrup at her ear

## III

A grand political dinner  
 To the men of many acres,  
 A gathering of the Toiy,  
 A dinner and then a dance  
 For the maids and marriage-makers,  
 And every eye but mine will glance  
 At Maud in all her glory

## IV

For I am not invited,  
 But, with the Sultan's pardon,  
 I am all as well delighted,  
 For I know her own rose garden,  
 And mean to linger in it  
 Till the dancing will be over,  
 And then, oh then, come out to me  
 For a minute, but for a minute,

Come out to your own true lover,  
 That your true lover may see  
 Your glory also, and render  
 All homage to his own dailing,  
 Queen Maud in all her splendour

## XXI

Rivulet crossing my ground,  
 And bringing me down from the Hall  
 This garden rose that I found,  
 Forgetful of Maud and me,  
 And lost in trouble and moving sound  
 Here at the head of a tinkling fall,  
 And trying to pass to the sea,  
 O Rivulet, born at the Hall,  
 My Maud has sent it by thee  
 (If I read her sweet will right)  
 On a blushing mission to me,  
 Srying in odour and colour, 'Ah, be  
 Among the roses to-night'

## XXII

## I

Come into the garden, Maud,  
 For the black bat, night, has flown,  
 Come into the garden, Maud,  
 I am here at the gate alone,  
 And the woodbine spicks are wasted  
 abroad,  
 And the musk of the rose is blown

## II

For a breeze of morning moves,  
 And the pluck of Love is on high,  
 Beginning to fume in the light that she  
 loves  
 On a bed of daffodil sky,  
 To fume in the light of the sun she loves,  
 So faint in his light, and to die

## III

All night have the roses heard  
 The flute, violin, bassoon,  
 All night has the crimsoned jessamine  
 staid  
 To the dancers dancing in tune,  
 Till a silence fell with the waking bird,  
 And a hush with the setting moon



## IV

I said to the lily, 'There is but one  
 With whom she has heart to be gay  
 When will the dances leave her alone?  
 She is weary of dance and play'  
 Now half to the setting moon are gone,  
 And half to the rising day,  
 Low on the sand and loud on the stone  
 The last wheel echoes away

## V

I said to the rose, 'The brief night goes  
 In babble and revel and wine  
 O young lord-lover, what sighs are those,  
 For one that will never be thine?  
 But mine, but mine,' so I sware to the  
 rose,  
 'For ever and ever, mine'

## VI

And the soul of the rose went into my  
 blood,  
 As the music clash'd in the hall,  
 And long by the garden lake I stood,  
 For I heard your violet fall  
 From the lake to the meadow and on to  
 the wood,  
 Our wood, that is dearer than all,

## VII

From the meadow your walks have left  
 so sweet  
 That whenever a March wind sighs  
 He sets the jewel print of your feet  
 In violets blue as your eyes,  
 To the woody hollows in which we meet  
 And the valleys of Paradise

## VIII

The slender acacia would not shake  
 One long milk bloom on the tree,  
 The white lake blossom fell into the lake  
 As the pimpernel dozed on the lee,  
 But the rose was awake all night for your  
 sake,  
 Knowing your promise to me,  
 The lilacs and roses were all awake,  
 They sigh'd for the dawn and thee

## IX

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of guls,  
 Come hither, the dances are done,  
 In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,  
 Queen lily and rose in one,  
 Shine out, little head, sunning over with  
 curls,  
 To the flowers, and be then sun

## X

There has fallen a splendid tear  
 From the passion flower at the gate  
 She is coming, my dove, my dear,  
 She is coming, my life, my fate,  
 The red rose cries, 'She is near, she is  
 near,'  
 And the white rose weeps, 'She is  
 late,'  
 The larkspur listens, 'I hear, I hear,'  
 And the lily whispers, 'I wait'

## XI

She is coming, my own, my sweet,  
 Were it ever so airy a tread,  
 My heart would hear her and beat,  
 Were it earth in an earthy bed,  
 My dust would hear her and beat,  
 Had I lain for a century dead,  
 Would start and tremble under her feet,  
 And blossom in purple and red

## PART II

## I

## I

'The fault was mine, the fault was  
 mine'—

Why am I sitting here so stunn'd and still,  
 Plucking the harmless wild-flower on the  
 hill?—

It is this guilty hand!—

And there rises ever a passionate cry  
 From underneath in the darkening land—  
 What is it, that has been done?

O dawn of Eden bright over earth and sky,  
 The fires of Hell brake out of thy rising  
 sun,

The fires of Hell and of Hate,

For she, sweet soul, had hardly spoken a  
word,  
When her brother ran in his rage to the  
gate,  
He came with the babe-faced lord,  
Heard on her terms of disgrace,  
And while she wept, and I strove to be  
cool,  
He fiercely gave me the lie,  
Till I with as fierce an anger spoke,  
And he struck me, madman, over the  
face,  
Struck me before the languid fool,  
Who was gaping and gunning by  
Struck for himself an evil stroke,  
Wrought for his house an unredeemable  
woe,  
For front to front in an hour we stood,  
And a million horrible bellowing echoes  
broke  
From the red ribb'd hollow behind the  
wood,  
And thunder'd up into Heaven the Christ  
less code,  
That must have life for a blow  
Ever and ever afresh they seem'd to grow  
Was it he lay there with a fading eye?  
'The fault was mine,' he whisper'd, 'fly!'  
Then glided out of the joyous wood  
The ghastly Wraith of one that I know,  
And there rang on a sudden a passionate  
cry,  
A cry for a brother's blood  
It will ring in my heart and my ears, till  
I die, till I die

## II

Is it gone? my pulses beat—  
What was it? a lying trick of the sun?  
Yet I thought I saw her stand,  
A shadow there at my feet,  
High over the shadowy land  
It is gone, and the heavens fall in a  
gentle rain,  
When they should burst and drown with  
deluging storms  
The feeble vassals of wine and anger and  
lust,  
The little hearts that know not how to  
forgive

Arise, my God, and strike, for we hold  
Thee just,  
Strike dead the whole weak race of veno-  
mous worms,  
That sting each other here in the dust,  
We are not worthy to live

## II

## I

See what a lovely shell,  
Small and pure as a pearl,  
Lying close to my foot,  
Faint, but a work divine,  
Made so faintly well  
With delicate spire and whorl,  
How exquisitely minute,  
A miracle of design!

## II

What is it? a learned man  
Could give it a clumsy name  
I let him name it who can,  
The beauty would be the same

## III

The tiny cell is solemn,  
Void of the little living will  
That made it stir on the shore  
Did he stand at the diamond door  
Of his house in a rainbow fall?  
Did he push, when he was uncull'd,  
A golden foot or a fairy horn  
Thro' his dim water world?

## IV

Slight, to be crush'd with a tap  
Of my finger nail on the sand,  
Small, but a work divine,  
Faint, but of force to withstand,  
Year upon year, the shock  
Of cataract seas that snap  
The three-decker's osier spine  
Athwart the ledges of rock,  
Here on the Breton strand!

## V

Breton, not Briton, here  
Like a shipwreck'd man on a coast  
Of ancient fable and fern—

Plagued with a fitting to and fro,  
 A disease, a hard mechanic ghost  
 That never came from on high  
 Nor ever arose from below,  
 But only moves with the moving eye,  
 Flying along the land and the main—  
 Why should it look like Maud?  
 Am I to be overawed  
 By what I cannot but know  
 Is a juggle boin of the brain?

## VI

Back from the Bieton coast,  
 Sick of a nameless feul,  
 Back to the dark sea line  
 Looking, thinking of all I have lost,  
 An old song vexes my ear,  
 But that of Lamech is mine

## VII

For years, a measureless ill,  
 For years, for ever, to part—  
 But she, she would love me still,  
 And as long, O God, as she  
 Have a grain of love for me,  
 So long, no doubt, no doubt,  
 Shall I nurse in my dark heart,  
 However weary, a spark of will  
 Not to be trampled out

## VIII

Strange, that the mind, when fraught  
 With a passion so intense  
 One would think that it well  
 Might down all life in the eye,—  
 That it should, by being so overwrought,  
 Suddenly strike on a sharper sense  
 For a shell, or a flower, little things  
 Which else would have been past by  
 And now I remember, I,  
 When he lay dying there,  
 I noticed one of his many rings  
 (For he had many, poor worm) and  
 thought  
 It is his mother's hair

## IX

Who knows if he be dead?  
 Whether I need have fled?

Am I guilty of blood?  
 However this may be,  
 Comfort her, comfort her, all things  
 good,  
 While I am over the sea  
 Let me and my passionate love go by,  
 But speak to her all things holy and  
 high,  
 Whatever happen to me  
 Me and my humble love go by,  
 But come to her waking, find her asleep,  
 Powers of the height, Powers of the  
 deep,  
 And comfort her tho' I die

## III

Courage, poor heart of stone!  
 I will not ask thee why  
 Thou canst not understand  
 That thou art left for ever alone  
 Courage, poor stupid heart of stone—  
 Or if I ask thee why,  
 Care not thou to reply  
 She is but dead, and the time is at hand  
 When thou shalt more than die

## IV

## I

O that 'twere possible  
 After long grief and pain  
 To find the arms of my true love  
 Round me once again!

## II

When I was wont to meet her  
 In the silent woody places  
 By the home that gave me birth,  
 We stood tranced in long embraces  
 Mixt with kisses sweeter sweeter  
 Than anything on earth

## III

A shadow flits before me,  
 Not thou, but like to thee  
 Ah Christ, that it were possible  
 For one short hour to see  
 The souls we loved, that they might tell us  
 What and where they be

## IV

It leads me forth at evening,  
It lightly winds and steals  
In a cold white robe before me,  
When all my spirit reels  
At the shouts, the leagues of lights,  
And the roaring of the wheels

## V

Half the night I waste in sighs,  
Half in dreams I sorrow after  
The delight of early skies,  
In a wakeful doze I sorrow  
For the hand, the lips, the eyes,  
For the meeting of the morrow,  
The delight of happy laughter,  
The delight of low replies

## VI

'Tis a morning pure and sweet,  
And a dewy splendour falls  
On the little flower that clings  
To the turrets and the walls,  
'Tis a morning pure and sweet,  
And the light and shadow fleet,  
She is walking in the meadow,  
And the woodland echoes ring,  
In a moment we shall meet,  
She is singing in the meadow  
And the rivulet at her feet  
Ripples on in light and shadow  
To the ballad that she sings

## VII

Do I hear her sing as of old,  
My bird with the shining head,  
My own dove with the tender eye?  
But there rings on a sudden a passionate  
cry,  
There is some one dying or dead,  
And a sullen thunder is roll'd,  
For a tumult shakes the city,  
And I wake, my dream is fled,  
In the shuddering dawn, behold,  
Without knowledge, without pity,  
By the curtains of my bed  
That abiding phantom cold

## VIII

Get thee hence, nor come again,  
Mix not memory with doubt,  
Pass, thou deathlike type of pain,  
Pass and cease to move about!  
'Tis the blot upon the brain  
That will show itself without

## IX

Then I rise, the eyedrops fall,  
And the yellow vapours choke  
The great city sounding wide,  
The day comes, a dull red ball  
Wrapt in drifts of lung smoke  
On the misty river tide

## X

Thro' the hubbub of the market  
I staid, a wasted flame,  
It crosses here, it crosses there,  
Thro' all that crowd confused and loud,  
The shadow still the same,  
And on my heavy eyelids  
My anguish hangs like shame

## XI

Alas for her that met me,  
That heard me softly call,  
Came glimmering thro' the laurels  
At the quiet evenfall,  
In the garden by the turrets  
Of the old manorial hall

## XII

Would the happy spirit descend,  
From the realms of light and song,  
In the chamber of the street,  
As she looks among the blest,  
Should I fear to greet my friend  
Or to say 'Forgive the wrong,'  
Or to ask her, 'Take me, sweet,  
To the regions of thy rest?'

## XIII

But the broad light glues and beats,  
And the shadow flits and fleets  
And will not let me be,  
And I loathe the squares and streets,  
And the faces that once met,  
Hearts with no love for me

Always I long to creep  
 Into some still cavern deep,  
 There to weep, and weep, and weep  
 My whole soul out to thee

## V

## I

Dead, long dead,  
 Long dead !  
 And my heart is a handful of dust,  
 And the wheels go over my head,  
 And my bones are shaken with pain,  
 For into a shallow grave they are thrust,  
 Only a yard beneath the street,  
 And the hoofs of the horses beat, beat,  
 The hoofs of the houses beat,  
 Beat into my scalp and my brain,  
 With never an end to the stream of passing  
     feet,  
 Driving, hurrying, mairying, burying,  
 Clamour and rumble, and ringing and  
     clatter,  
 And here beneath it is all as bad,  
 For I thought the dead had peace, but it  
     is not so,  
 To have no peace in the grave, is that  
     not sad ?  
 But up and down and to and fro,  
 Ever about me the dead men go,  
 And then to hear a dead man chatter  
 Is enough to drive one mad

## II

Wretchedest age, since Time began,  
 They cannot even bury a man,  
 And tho' we paid our tithes in the days  
     that are gone,  
 Not a bell was rung, not a prayer was  
     read,  
 It is that which makes us loud in the  
     world of the dead,  
 There is none that does his work, not  
     one,  
 A touch of their office might have  
     sufficed,  
 But the churchmen fain would kill their  
     church,  
 As the churches have kill'd their Christ

## III

See, there is one of us sobbing,  
 No limit to his distress,  
 And another, a lord of all things, praying  
 To his own great self, as I guess,  
 And another, a statesman there, betraying  
 His party secret, fool, to the press,  
 And yonder a vile physician, blabbing  
 The case of his patient—all for what ?  
 To tickle the maggot born in an empty  
     head,  
 And wheedle a world that loves him not,  
 For it is but a world of the dead

## IV

Nothing but idiot gabble !  
 For the prophecy given of old  
 And then not understood,  
 Has come to pass as foretold,  
 Not let any man think for the public  
     good,  
 But babble, merely for babble  
 For I never whisper'd a private affair  
 Within the hearing of cat or mouse,  
 No, not to myself in the closet alone,  
 But I heard it shouted at once from the  
     top of the house,  
 Everything came to be known  
 Who told *hurry* we were there ?

## V

Not that gray old wolf, for he came not  
     back  
 From the wilderness, full of wolves, where  
     he used to lie,  
 He has gather'd the bones for his o'er-  
     grown whelp to crack,  
 Crack them now for yourself, and howl,  
     and die

## VI

Prophet, curse me the blabbing lip,  
 And curse me the British vermin, the rat,  
 I know not whether he came in the  
     Hanover ship,  
 But I know that he lies and listens mute  
 In an ancient mansion's crannies and  
     holes

Arsenic, arsenic, sure, would do it,  
Except that now we poison our babe's,  
poor souls !  
It is all used up for that

## VII.

Tell him now she is standing here at my  
head,  
Not beautiful now, not even kind,  
He may take her now, for she never  
spricks her mind,  
But is ever the one thing silent here  
She is not of us, as I divine,  
She comes from another stiller world of  
the dead,  
Stiller, not fainter than mine

## VIII

But I know where a garden grows,  
Furc'r than aught in the world beside,  
All made up of the lily and rose  
That blow by night, when the season is  
good,  
To the sound of dancing music and flutes  
It is only flowers, they had no fruits,  
And I almost fear they are not roses, but  
blood,  
For the keeper was one, so full of pride,  
He linkt a dead man there to a spectral  
bird,  
For he, if he had not been a Sultan of  
brutes,  
Would he have that hole in his side ?

## IX

But what will the old man say ?  
He laid a cruel snare in a pit  
To catch a friend of mine one stormy  
day,  
Yet now I could even weep to think  
of it,  
For what will the old man say  
When he comes to the second corpse in  
the pit ?

## X

Friend, to be struck by the public foe,  
Then to strike him and lay him low,  
That were a public merit, fair,  
Whatever the Quakers holds, from sin,  
But the red life spilt for a private blow—  
I swear to you, lawful and lawless war  
Aie scarcely even all in

## XI

O me, why have they not buried me deep  
enough ?  
Is it kind to have made me a grave so  
rough,  
Me, that was never a quiet sleeper ?  
Maybe still I am but half dead,  
Then I cannot be wholly dumb,  
I will cry to the steps above my head  
And somebody, surely, some kind heart  
will come  
To bury me, bury me  
Deeper, ever so little deeper

## PART III

## VI

## I

My life has crept so long on a broken wing  
I ho' calls of madness, hounds of honor and fear,  
That I come to be grateful at last for a little thing  
My mood is changed, for it fell at a time of yeu  
When the face of night is fur on the dewy downs,  
And the shining daffodil dies, and the Charivari  
And sturvy Gemini hang like glorious crowns  
Over Orion's grave low down in the west,  
That like a silent lightning under the stars  
She seem'd to divide in a dream from a band of the blest,

And spoke of a hope for the world in the coming wars—  
 'And in that hope, dear soul, let trouble have rest,  
 Knowing I tarry for thee,' and pointed to Mars  
 As he glow'd like a ruddy shield on the Lion's breast.

## II.

And it was but a dream, yet it yielded a dear delight  
 To have look'd, tho' but in a dream, upon eyes so fair,  
 That had been in a weary world my one thing bright;  
 And it was but a dream, yet it lighten'd my despair  
 When I thought that a war would arise in defence of the right,  
 That an iron tyranny now should bend or cease,  
 The glory of manhood stand on his ancient height,  
 Nor Britain's one sole God be the millionaire:  
 No more shall commerce be all in all, and Peace  
 Pipe on her pastoral hillock a languid note,  
 And watch her harvest ripen, her herd increase,  
 Nor the cannon-bullet rust on a slothful shore,  
 And the cobweb woven across the cannon's throat  
 Shall shake its threaded tears in the wind no more.

## III.

And as months ran on and rumour of battle grew,  
 'It is time, it is time, O passionate heart,' said I  
 (For I cleaved to a cause that I felt to be pure and true),  
 'It is time, O passionate heart and morbid eye,  
 That old hysterical mock-disease should die.'  
 And I stood on a giant deck and mix'd my breath  
 With a loyal people shouting a battle cry,  
 Till I saw the dreary phantom arise and fly  
 Far into the North, and battle, and seas of death.

## IV.

Let it go or stay, so I wake to the higher aims  
 Of a land that has lost for a little her lust of gold,  
 And love of a peace that was full of wrongs and shames,  
 Horrible, hateful, monstrous, not to be told;  
 And hail once more to the banner of battle unroll'd!  
 Tho' many a light shall darken, and many shall weep  
 For those that are crush'd in the clash of jarring claims,  
 Yet God's just wrath shall be wreak'd on a giant liar;  
 And many a darkness into the light shall leap,  
 And shine in the sudden making of splendid names,  
 And noble thought be freer under the sun,  
 And the heart of a people beat with one desire;  
 For the peace, that I deem'd no peace, is over and done,  
 And now by the side of the Black and the Baltic deep,  
 And deathful-grinning mouths of the fortress, flames  
 The blood-red blossom of war with a heart of fire.

## V.

Let it flame or fade, and the war roll down like a wind,  
We have proved we have hearts in a cause, we are noble still,  
And myself have awaked, as it seems, to the better mind ;  
It is better to fight for the good than to rail at the ill ;  
I have felt with my native land, I am one with my kind,  
I embrace the purpose of God, and the doom assign'd.